MILHEUGH.

Ulrich Middeldorf

A

VIEW

OF

SOCIETY AND MANNERS

IN

ITALY:

WITH

ANECDOTES relating to ſome EMINENT CHARACTERS.

BY JOHN MOORE, M. D.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

Strenua nos exercet inertia: navibus atque
Quadrigis petimus bene vivere. Quod petis, hic eſt.
HOR.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following obſervations on Italy, and on Italian manners, occurred in the courſe of the ſame Tour in which thoſe contained in a book lately publiſhed, entitled *A View of Society and Manners in France, Switzerland, and Germany*, were made. All who have read that book will perceive, at firſt ſight, that the preſent work is a continuation of the former; but to thoſe who have not, it was thought neceſſary to account for the abrupt manner in which the following Letters begin.

Clarges-ſtreet,
December 14, 1780.

Juſt Publiſhed,

A NEW EDITION OF

A VIEW of SOCIETY and MANNERS in FRANCE, SWITZERLAND, and GERMANY; with ANECDOTES relating to ſome EMINENT CHARACTERS. In Two Volumes. Price 10s. in Boards.

CONTENTS

OF THE

FIRST VOLUME.

LETTER I. p. 1.

Journey from Vienna to Venice.

LETTER II. p. 20.

The arsenal.—The Bucentaur.—Doge's marriage.

LETTER III. p. 27.

The island of Murano.—Glass manufactory.—Mr. Montague.

LETTER IV. p. 39.

Situation of Venice.—Lagune.—Canals.—Bridges.

LETTER V. p. 46.

Piazza di St. Marco.—Patriarchal church.—Ducal palace.—Broglio.

LETTER VI. p. 56.

Reflections excited by the various objects around St. Mark's square.—On painting.—A connoisseur.

LETTER VII. p. 69.

Origin of Venice.

LETTER VIII. p. 77.

Various changes in the form of government.—Tyrannical conduct of a Doge.—Savage behaviour of the people.—Commerce of Venice.

LETTER IX. p. 89.

New regulations.—Foundation of the ariſtocracy—Origin of the ceremony of eſpouſing the Sea.—New forms of magiſtracy.

LETTER X. p. 104.

Henry Dandolo.

LETTER XI. p. 114.

New courts.—New magiſtrates.—Reformation of the Venetian code.—The form of electing the Doge.

LETTER XII. p. 129.

Ariſtocracy eſtabliſhed.—Conſpiracies.—Inſurrections.—Eccleſiaſtical Inquiſition.—The College, or Seigniory.

LETTER XIII. p. 144.

Conſpiracy againſt the State, by a Doge.—Singular inſtance of weakneſs and vanity in a noble Venetian.—New magiſtrates to prevent luxury.—Courteſans.

LETTER XIV. p. 157.

Rigour of Venetian laws exemplified in the caſes of Antonio Venier, Carlo Zeno, and young Foſcari.

LETTER XV. p. 171.

The Council of Ten, and the State Inquiſitors.—Reflections on theſe inſtitutions.

LETTER XVI. p. 187.

League of Cambray.—War with Turks.—Antonio Bragadino.—Battle of Lapanto.—Diſputes with the Pope.

LETTER XVII. p. 201.

Marquis of Bedamar's conſpiracy.—Falſe accuſations.—The ſiege of Candia.—The impatience of a Turkiſh Emperor.—Concluſion of the review of the Venetian Government.

LETTER XVIII. p. 215.

Venetian manners.—Opera.—Affectation.—A Duo.—Dancers.

LETTER XIX. p. 227.

No military eſtabliſhment at Venice.—What ſupplies its place.

LETTER XX. p. 232.

Reflections on the nature of Venetian Government.—Gondoleers.—Citizens.—The Venetian ſubjects on the Terra Firma.

LETTER XXI. p. 240.

Gallantry.—Caſſinos.

LETTER XXII. p. 249.

Character of Venetians.—Cuſtoms and uſages.—Influence of faſhion in matters of taſte.—Prejudice.—The excellence of Italian comic actors.

LETTER XXIII. p. 262.

Departure from Venice.—Padua.—St. Anthony, his tomb and miracles.

LETTER XXIV. p. 270.

Church of St. Juſtina.—The bodies of St. Matthew and St. Luke.—The univerſity.—Beggars.

LETTER XXV. p. 275.

The antiquity of Padua.—The Brenta.—The Po.—The Thames.

LETTER XXVI. p. 285.

Ferrara.—The Family of Eſte.—Arioſto, the Emperor, and his brothers, lodge at an inn, which overſets the underſtanding of the landlord. An inſcription.

LETTER XXVII. p. 292.

Bologna. Its government, commerce, palaces.

LETTER XXVIII. p. 301.

The academy of arts and ſciences.—Church of St. Petronius.—Dominican convent.—Palaces.—Raphael.—Guido.

LETTER XXIX. p. 313.

Journey from Bologna to Ancona.—The Rubicon.—Julius Cæſar.—Peſaro.—Fano.—Claudius Nero.—Aſdrubal.—Senegalia.

LETTER XXX. p. 323.

Ancona.—The influence of commerce on the characters of mankind.—The Mole.—The triumphal arch of the Emperor Trajan.

LETTER XXXI. p. 333.

Loretto.—History of the Casa Santa.

LETTER XXXII. p. 340.

Description of the sacred chapel.—The treasury.

LETTER XXXIII. p. 351.

Pilgrimages to Loretto.—Manufactures.—Confessionals.—Basso relievos.—Zeal of pilgrims.—Iron grates before the chapels.—Reflections.

LETTER XXXIV. p. 362.

Tolentino.—The Apennines.—A hermit.—Umbria.—Spoletto.

LETTER XXXV. p. 371.

Terni.—Narni.—Otricoli.—Civita Caſtellana.—Campania of Rome.

LETTER XXXVI. p. 380.

Rome.—Converſazionis.—Cardinal Bernis.—The diſtreſs of an Italian lady.

LETTER XXXVII. p. 389.

Remarks on ancient and modern Rome.—The church of St. Peter's.

LETTER XXXVIII. p. 404.

The ceremony of the Poſſeſſo.

LETTER XXXIX. p. 413.

Pantheon.—Coliſeum.—Gladiators.

LETTER XL. p. 432.

The Campidoglio.—Forum Romanum.—Jews.

LETTER XLI. p. 442.

Ruins.—Via Sacra.—Tarpeian Rock.—Campus Martius.—Various Forums.—Trajan's Column.

LETTER XLII. p. 452.

The beatification of a Saint.

LETTER XLIII. p. 459.

Character of modern Italians.—Observations on human nature in general.—An Englifh Officer.—Cauſe of the frequency of the crime of murder.

LETTER XLIV. p. 474.

Different kinds of puniſhment.—Account of an execution.—Souls in purgatory.

LETTER XLV. p. 487.

The uſual courſe with an antiquarian.—An expeditious courſe, by a young Engliſhman.—The Villa Borgheſe.

LETTER XLVI. p. 506.

The morning ſtudy of an artiſt.—Converſation with him on that ſubject.—An Italian lady and her Confeſſor.—The Lady's religious ſcruples and precaution.

A VIEW

A

VIEW

OF

SOCIETY AND MANNERS

IN

ITALY.

LETTER I.

DEAR SIR, Venice.

HAVING left Vienna, we proceeded through the Duchies of Stiria, Carinthia, and Carniola, to Venice. Notwithstanding the mountainous nature of those countries, the roads are remarkably good. They were formed originally at a vast expence of labour to the inhabitants, but in such a durable manner, that it re-

quires no great trouble to keep them in repair, to which all neceſſary attention ſeems to be paid. Some of the mountains are covered with wood, but more generally they are quite bare. Among them are many fields and vallies, fit for paſturage and the cultivation of grain; a few of theſe vallies are remarkably fertile, particularly in the Duchy of Carniola. The bowels of the earth abound in lead, copper, and iron. Stirian ſteel is reckoned excellent; and the little town of Idra, in Carniola, is famous for the quickſilver mines in its neighbourhood.

It has been a matter of controverſy among the learned (for the learned diſpute about many things which the ignorant think of little importance), by what road the original inhabitants came, who firſt peopled Italy? And it has been decided by ſome, that they muſt have entered by this very country of Carniola. Theſe gentlemen

men lay it down as an axiom, that the firſt inhabitants of every country in the world, that is not an iſland, muſt have come by land, and not by ſea, on account of the ignorance of the early inhabitants of the earth in the art of navigation; but Italy being a peninſula, the only way to enter it by land, is at ſome part of the iſthmus by which it is joined to the reſt of Europe. The Alps form great part of that iſthmus, and, in the early ages, would exclude ſtrangers as effectually as the ſea. The eaſieſt, ſhorteſt, and only poſſible way of avoiding ſeas and mountains, in entering Italy, is by the Duchy of Carniola and Friuli. *Ergo*, they came that way. Q. E. D.

In contradiction to the preceding demonſtration, others aſſert, that the firſt inhabitants came in ſhips from Greece; and others have had the boldneſs to affirm, that Italy had as good a right as any other

country to have inhabitants of its own original production, without being obliged to any vagrants whatever.

I thought it right to give you the opinion of the learned on this country, becauſe it is not in my power to deſcribe it from my own obſervation; for we paſſed through thoſe Duchies with a rapidity which baffles all *deſcription.*

The inns are as bad as the roads are good; for which reaſon we choſe to ſleep on the latter rather than in the former, and actually travelled five days and nights, without ſtopping any longer than was neceſſary to change horſes.

This method of travelling, however agreeable and improving it may be in other reſpects, is by no means calculated to give one the moſt perfect and laſting idea of the face of a country, or of the manners and

and characters of the inhabitants; and therefore I hope you will not inſiſt upon an exact account of either.

Among other curioſities which our uninterrupted and expeditious movement prevented us from obſerving with due attention, was the town of Gratz, the capital of Stiria, through which we unfortunately paſſed in the middle of the night.

I did not regret this on account of the regularity of the ſtreets, the venerable aſpect of the churches, the ſublime ſite of the caſtle, and other things which we had heard extolled; but ſolely becauſe we had not an opportunity of viſiting the ſhrine of St. Allan, a native of England, who formerly was a Dominican Monk of a convent in this town, and in high favour with the Virgin Mary, of which ſhe gave him ſome proofs as ſtrong as they were extraordinary. Amongſt other marks of

her regard, ſhe uſed to comfort him with milk from her breaſts. This, to be ſure, is a mark of affection ſeldom beſtowed upon favourites above a year old, and will, I dare ſay, ſurpriſe you a good deal. There is no great danger, however, that an example of this kind ſhould ſpread among virgins. Of the fact in the preſent inſtance there can be no doubt; for it is recorded in an inſcription underneath a portrait of the Saint, which is carefully preſerved in the Dominican convent of this city. We continued our journey, in the full reſolution of reaching Venice before we indulged in any other bed than the poſt-chaiſe; but were obliged to ſtop ſhort on a ſudden for want of horſes, at a ſmall town called Wipach, bordering on the county of Goritia, in Carniola.

Before ſetting out from Vienna, we had been informed, that the Archduke and his Princeſs were about to return to Milan; for

for which reaſon we thought it adviſeable to remain at Vienna eight days after their departure, to avoid the inconveniencies which might ariſe from a deficiency of poſt-horſes on ſuch an unfrequented road.

Having taken our meaſures with ſo much foreſight, we little expected, when we actually did ſet out, to meet with any delay in our progreſs.

The Archduke and his Ducheſs, however, had thought proper to go out of the direct road as far as Trieſte, to view the late improvements of that town, whoſe commerce is greatly encouraged and protected by the Emperor; and remaining there a few days, all the poſt-horſes which had been aſſembled to carry them to Trieſte, were kept in the poſt-houſes for their uſe; conſequently we found none at Wipach. It began to grow dark when we arrived; the Poſt-maſter was ſmoking his

pipe at the door. As ſoon as the chaiſe ſtopped, we called to him to get ready the horſes without loſs of time; for, I added, with a tone of importance, that we could not poſſibly ſtay a moment. To this he replied coolly, that ſince we were in ſo very great a hurry, he ſhould not attempt to detain us, but that he had no horſes to carry us on. I aſked, how ſoon they could be got. He anſwered, when they returned from attending the Archduke; but whether that would be the next day, the following, or a day or two after, he could not tell.

It appeared a great hardſhip to be ſtopped ſhort, ſo unexpectedly, at a little paultry inn, and we agreed that nothing could have happened more unfortunately. After a few haſty ejaculations, which regarded the poſting eſtabliſhment, and the Lords of Police of this country, we reſolved to make a virtue of neceſſity, and bear our misfortunes with firmneſs and equanimity.

As we ſtepped out of the chaiſe, I ordered the Poſt-maſter, therefore, to get ready beds, a good ſupper, and ſome of his beſt wine. Inſtead of receiving theſe injunctions with marks of ſatisfaction, as I expected, he anſwered without emotion, that he had no wine but for his own drinking; that he never gave ſuppers to any but his own family; and that he had no bed, except that which he himſelf, his wife, and his child occupied, which could not eaſily hold any more than them three at a time.

I had not hitherto perceived that this man's houſe was not an inn: as ſoon as I was undeceived, I begged he would inform us where the inn was. He pointed with his pipe to a ſmall houſe on the oppoſite ſide of the ſtreet.

There we were told, that all the victuals in the houſe were already devoured—three or four gueſts were in every ſpare room—

the

the family going to bed—and they could not poſſibly receive any more company. We had nearly the ſame account at another little inn, and an abſolute refuſal at every houſe where we ſued for admittance.

The town of Wipach is ſo near Goritia, that no travellers, except thoſe of the meaneſt kind, ever think of ſtopping at the former; and therefore the inhabitants have no idea of making preparations for other gueſts.

In this dilemma I returned to our Poſtmaſter, who was ſtill ſmoking his pipe before the door. I informed him of our bad ſucceſs, and, in a more ſoothing tone of voice than that in which I had formerly addreſſed him, begged to know how we were to diſpoſe of ourſelves that night. He replied, with admirable compoſure, *that* was more than he could tell; but as the horſes were expected in a few days, if I

ſhould ſend him word where we were to be found, he would take care to let us know the moment they ſhould be ready; in the mean time, as it began to rain, and the evening was exceedingly cold, he wiſhed us a very good night. So ſaying, he went into the houſe, ſhutting and bolting the door very carefully after him.

No philoſopher, ancient or modern, ever ſupported the diſtreſſes of others with more equanimity than this man.

We were now fully convinced, that to be under the neceſſity of remaining all night at an inn, when they incline to proceed on their journey, is not the moſt unfortunate thing that can befal travellers, and would have now been happy in that ſituation which we had conſidered with horror an hour or two before.

In this forlorn condition I turned to an Italian ſervant of the Duke of H———'s, a ſhrewd

a ſhrewd fellow, who ſeldom wanted a reſource in times of difficulty. He ſeemed, however, a little nonpluſſed on the preſent emergency; he ſtood ſhrugging his ſhoulders, with his eyes fixed on the ground. At length, ſtarting as if he had that inſtant awaked, he muttered, "Cent ore di maniconia non pangano un quattrino di debito," and then walked away with an air not totally devoid of hope.

I attended him, without knowing upon what his expectations were founded. We came to a convent of Monks, and got admittance; the Italian called for the Superior, and told him, in a few words, our condition. The venerable old man heard him with an air of benevolence; he expreſſed ſorrow at the treatment we had received, and, deſiring me to accompany him, ſaid he would endeavour to find us lodgings. He conducted us to a poor looking houſe, occupied by a widow and her children. As ſoon as the good Monk had mentioned

our

our caſe, ſhe ſaid we ſhould be moſt welcome to ſuch entertainment as ſhe could afford. We had an excellent ſupper of ſour krout, and ſallad. I ſhall never forget it. I found her wine excellent, and her beds delightful; the good Monk ſeemed to enjoy the ſatisfaction we expreſſed, and poſitively refuſed to accept of any other recompence for his trouble.

Had we found the moſt elegant inn, and the moſt luxurious ſupper at our arrival, we might poſſibly have ſpent the evening in repining at being diſappointed in poſt-horſes; but the dread of ſo ſmall a misfortune as paſſing the night ſupperleſs in the ſtreets, reconciled us at once to the widow's hovel, and made us happy with her homely fare; ſo neceſſary is a certain portion of hardſhips or difficulties for giving a zeſt to enjoyment. Without them, the comforts of life are apt to become inſipid; and we ſee that the people who,

independent of any effort of their own, have every enjoyment at their command, are, perhaps, of all mankind, thoſe who have the leaſt enjoyment.

The widow, as we underſtood in the morning, had ſat up all night with her family, that we might be accommodated with beds. She had no reaſon to repent her hoſpitality. The poor woman's gratitude made her talk loudly of the D— of H———'s generoſity; which coming to the ears of the Poſt-maſter, induced him to make an effort to get the chaiſes dragged on to Goritia, without waiting the return of the poſt-horſes.

This was performed by three cart-horſes and two oxen, which were relieved in the moſt mountainous part of the road by buffalos. There is a breed of theſe animals in this country; they are ſtrong, hardy, and docile, and found preferable to either horſes

horſes or oxen, for ploughing in a rough and hilly country.

When we arrived at Goritia, we found the inhabitants in their holiday dreſſes, at the windows, and in the ſtreets, waiting with impatience for a ſight of the Grand Duke and Ducheſs. Having applied at the poſt-houſe for horſes, we were informed that none could be granted, all being retained for the accommodation of his Highneſs. I could not help remarking to the D— of H———, that *Dukes* ſeemed to be in a very different predicament from *prophets in their own countries.*

Things turned out better than we had reaſon to expect. Their Highneſſes arrived in the evening; and as they did not propoſe to leave Goritia till next morning, the Archduke had the politeneſs to give orders that the D— of H——— ſhould have what

what horſes he wanted from the poſt-houſes.

We ſet out immediately, and arrived at the next ſtage between one and two in the morning. In that part of the world, raiſing the people at midnight, and harneſſing the horſes for two carriages, takes up, at leaſt, as much time as driving two ſtages in ſome parts of England. Juſt as we were going out of the poſt-houſe court, the Archduke's butler and cook arrived; they were going forward, as uſual, to prepare ſupper, &c. at the inn where their Highneſſes intended to lie. They knew that the horſes were all retained for their maſter, but had not heard of the particular order in favour of the D— of H———. Seeing ten horſes going to ſet out, they exclaimed againſt the Poſt-maſter, and threatened him with the vengeance of the whole houſe of Auſtria through all its branches,

branches, if he ſhould permit a ſingle horſe to leave the poſt-houſe till the Archduke and his ſuite had paſſed.

The man, terrified with theſe threats, ordered the poſtilions to diſmount, and put up the horſes. This mandate was by no means agreeable to the D— of H———; and the Poſt-maſter's fear of the indignation of the Imperial family, was that inſtant loſt in a danger which was preſented to his face, and more immediately threatened his perſon——he ordered the poſtilions to drive on.

The next poſt was at a ſmall town in the Venetian State, where we found that orders had come from Venice to the ſame effect with thoſe received at the different ſtages we had already paſt. The D— of H——'s Italian ſervant thought it would ſave time to make us paſs for part of the company to which theſe orders related—

he ordered horſes in the name of the Grand Duke, and was inſtantly obeyed—but the butler and cook arriving ſoon after, told a different tale. Couriers were diſpatched, one of whom overtook us, and, in the name of the magiſtrates, ordered the poſtilions to drive back, for we were a gang of impoſtures, who had no connection with the Grand Duke. The ſame arguments, however, which had ſo good an effect on the German Poſt-maſter, prevailed alſo on the courier to be ſilent, and the poſtilions to proceed.

It was midnight before we arrived at Meſtre, a ſmall town on the banks of the Lagune, five miles from Venice, where we remained all night. Next morning we hired a boat, and in two hours were landed in the middle of this city.

We have taken very delightful apartments at an inn, on the ſide of the great canal.

canal. They had been juſt quitted by his Royal Highneſs the Duke of Glouceſter, who is at preſent at Padua. Thus at length we are arrived in Italy—

Per varios caſus, & tot diſcrimina rerum.

LETTER II.

Venice.

A Few days after our arrival at Venice, we met the Archduke and Ducheſs, at the houſe of the Imperial Ambaſſador. They were highly entertained with the hiſtory of their cook and butler, which I gave them at full length.

The company conſiſted entirely of foreigners, the Venetian nobility never viſiting in the houſes of foreign miniſters.

Among other ſtrangers was the ſon of the Duke of Berwick. This young gentleman has lately allied himſelf to the family from which he is deſcended, by marrying the ſiſter of the Counteſs of Albany. I

ſuppoſe

ſuppoſe you have heard that the Pretender, now at Florence, has aſſumed the title of Count Albany.

Next day the D— of H——— accompanied the Archduke and Ducheſs to the arſenal. They were attended by a deputation from the ſenate.

Some Venetian ladies of the firſt diſtinction, in compliment to the Archducheſs, were of the party.

The arſenal at Venice is a fortification of between two and three miles in compaſs. On the ramparts are many little watch-towers, where centinels are ſtationed. Like the arſenal at Toulon, it is at once a dock-yard, and repoſitory for naval and military ſtores. Here the Venetians build their ſhips, caſt their cannon, make their cables, ſails, anchors, &c. The arms are arranged here as in other places of the ſame kind,

in large rooms divided into narrow walks by long walls of muſkets, pikes, and halberts. Every thing having been prepared before the Archduke and Ducheſs arrived, a cannon was caſt in their preſence. After this the company were conducted on board the Bucentaur, or veſſel in which the Doge is carried to eſpouſe the Adriatic. Here they were regaled with wine and ſweetmeats, the Venetian nobles doing the honours of the entertainment.

The Bucentaur is kept under cover, and never taken out but for the eſpouſals. It is formed for containing a very numerous company, is finely gilt and ornamented within, and loaded on the outſide with emblematical figures in ſculpture. This veſſel may poſſibly be admired by landſmen, but will not much charm a ſeaman's eye, being a heavy broad-bottomed machine, which draws little water, and conſequently may be eaſily overſet in a gale of wind.

Of

Of this, however, there is no great danger, as two precautions are taken to prevent ſuch an accident; one of which ſeems calculated to quiet the minds of believers, and the other to give confidence to the moſt incredulous. The firſt is uſed by the Patriarch, who, as ſoon as the veſſel is afloat, takes care to pour into the ſea ſome holy water, which is believed to have the virtue of preventing or allaying ſtorms. The ſecond is entruſted to the Admiral, who has the diſcretionary power of poſtponing the marriage ceremony, when the bride ſeems in the ſmalleſt degree boiſterous. One of the virtues of the holy water, that of allaying ſtorms, is by this means rendered ſuperfluous.

But when the weather is quite favourable, the ceremony is performed every Aſcenſion Day. The ſolemnity is announced in the morning by the ringing of bells and firing of cannon. About mid-day the

Doge, attended by a numerous party of the ſenate and clergy, goes on board the Bucentaur; the veſſel is rowed a little way into the ſea, accompanied by the ſplendid yachts of the foreign Ambaſſadors, the gondolas of the Venetian nobility, and an incredible number of barks and gallies of every kind. Hymns are ſung, and a band of muſic performs, while the Bucentaur and her attendants ſlowly move towards St. Lido, a ſmall iſland, two miles from Venice. Prayers are then ſaid; after which the Doge drops a ring, of no great value, into the ſea, pronouncing theſe words—Deſponſamus te, Mare, in ſignum veri perpetuique dominii. The ſea, like a modeſt bride, aſſents by her ſilence, and the marriage is deemed valid and ſecure to all intents and purpoſes.

Certain it is, the time has been, when the Doge had entire poſſeſſion of, and dominion over, his ſpouſe; but, for a conſiderable

ſiderable time paſt, her favours have been ſhared by ſeveral other lovers; or, according to that violent metaphor of Otway's,

——— now
Their Great Duke ſhrinks, trembling in his palace,
And ſees his wife, the Adriatic, plough'd,
Like a lewd whore, by bolder prows than his.

After viewing every thing in the arſenal, the Archduke and Ducheſs, with all the company, were invited on board ſome boats which had been prepared for their reception. They were directly rowed to that part of the lake from whence there was the moſt advantageous view of Venice, a band of muſic performing all the time; while the ſailors, in two or three ſmall boats, were employed in fiſhing oyſters, which they opened and preſented to the company.

The amuſements of this day had all the advantage of novelty to render them agree-

able to ſtrangers, and every additional pleaſure which the attentive and polite behaviour of the Venetian nobility could give.

LETTER III.

Venice.

AS this is not the time of any of the public ſolemnities which draw ſtrangers to Venice, it is fortunate that we happen to be here with the Archduke and Ducheſs. The great reſpect which this ſtate is anxious of ſhewing the Imperial family, has brought many of the nobility to Venice, who would otherwiſe have been at their country ſeats on the continent, and has alſo given us opportunities of ſeeing ſome things to more advantage than we could otherwiſe have done.

I had the honour of attending their Highneſſes when they went to viſit the iſland of Murano. This is about a mile from

from Venice, was formerly a very flouriſhing place, and ſtill boaſts ſome palaces which bear the marks of former magnificence, though now in a ſtate of decay. The iſland is ſaid to contain 20,000 inhabitants. The great manufactories of looking-glaſſes are the only inducements which ſtrangers have to viſit this place. I ſaw one very fine plate, for a mirror, made in the preſence of the Archduke in a few minutes: though not ſo large as ſome I have ſeen of the Paris manufactory, yet it was much larger than I could have thought it in the power of human lungs to blow. Inſtead of being caſt, as in France and England, the Murano mirrors are all blown in the manner of bottles. It is aſtoniſhing to ſee with what dexterity the workman wields a long hollow cylinder of melted glaſs, at the end of an iron tube, which, when he has extended as much as poſſible, by blowing, and every other means his art ſuggeſts, he ſlits with a ſharp inſtrument, removing

removing the two extremities from each other, and folding back the ſides: the cylinder now appears a large ſheet of glaſs, which being once more introduced into the furnace, is brought out a clear, finiſhed plate.

This manufactory formerly ſerved all Europe with looking-glaſſes; the quantity made here is ſtill conſiderable; for although France and England, and ſome other countries, make their own mirrors, yet, by the natural progreſs of luxury, thoſe countries which ſtill get their mirrors and other things from Murano, uſe a much greater quantity now than formerly; ſo that on the ſuppoſition that the Murano manufacturers have loſt three-fourths of their cuſtomers, they may ſtill retain half as much trade as they ever had. It is ſurpriſing that, inſtead of blowing, they do not adopt the method of caſting, which I ſhould think a much eaſier proceſs, and by which

which larger plates may be made. Beſides mirrors, an infinite quantity of glaſs trinkets (margaritini as they are called) of all ſhapes and colours are made here. Women of the inferior ranks wear them as ornaments, and as roſaries; they alſo mould this ſubſtance into many various whimſical forms, by way of ornamental furniture to houſes and churches. In ſhort, there are glaſs baubles enough made here to bribe into ſlavery half the inhabitants of the coaſt of Guinea.

Since the departure of the Archduke and Ducheſs, the D— of H——— has paſſed his time moſtly in the houſes of the foreign Ambaſſadors, the beſt reſource here, next to the theatres, for ſtrangers.

We were lately at a converſazione at the Spaniſh Ambaſſador's; it might have paſſed for a pantomime entertainment. The Ambaſſador, his lady, and daughters, ſpeak no language

language but Spaniſh; and unfortunately this was underſtood by none of the company but the Duke of Berwick's ſon. Hearing that Mr. Montague reſided at Venice, the D— of H——— has had the curioſity to wait on that extraordinary man. He met his Grace at the ſtair-head, and led us through ſome apartments, furniſhed in the Venetian manner, into an inner room in quite a different ſtyle. There were no chairs, but he deſired us to ſeat ourſelves on a ſopha, whilſt he placed himſelf on a cuſhion on the floor, with his legs croſſed in the Turkiſh faſhion. A young black ſlave ſat by him, and a venerable old man, with a long beard, ſerved us with coffee.

After this collation ſome aromatic gums were brought, and burnt in a little ſilver veſſel. Mr. Montague held his noſe over the ſteam for ſome minutes, and ſnuffed up the perfume with peculiar ſatisfaction; he afterwards

afterwards endeavoured to collect the ſmoke with his hands, ſpreading and rubbing it carefully along his beard, which hung in hoary ringlets to his girdle. This manner of perfuming the beard ſeems more cleanly, and rather an improvement upon that uſed by the Jews in ancient times, as deſcribed in the pſalms tranſlated by Sternhold and Hopkins.

'Tis like the precious ointment, that
Was pour'd on Aaron's head,
Which from the beard down to the ſkirts
Of his rich garments ſpread.

Or, as the Scotch tranſlation has it:

Like precious ointment on the head
That down the beard did flow;
Even Aaron's beard, and to the ſkirts
Did of his garments go.

Which of theſe verſions is preferable, I leave to the critics in Hebrew and Engliſh poeſy to determine. I hope, for the ſake of

of David's reputation as a poet, that neither have retained all the ſpirit of the original. We had a great deal of converſation with this venerable looking perſon, who is, to the laſt degree, acute, communicative, and entertaining, and in whoſe diſcourſe and manners are blended the vivacity of a Frenchman with the gravity of a Turk. We found him, however, wonderfully prejudiced in favour of the Turkiſh characters and manners, which he thinks infinitely preferable to the European, or thoſe of any other nation.

He deſcribes the Turks in general as a people of great ſenſe and integrity, the moſt hoſpitable, generous, and the happieſt of mankind. He talks of returning, as ſoon as poſſible to Egypt, which he paints as a perfect paradiſe; and thinks that, had it not been otherwiſe ordered for wiſe purpoſes, of which it does not become us to judge, the children of Iſrael would cer-

tainly have chofen to remain where they were, and have endeavoured to drive the Egyptians to the land of Canaan.

Though Mr. Montague hardly ever ſtirs abroad, he returned the D—'s viſit; and as we were not provided with cuſhions, he ſat, while he ſtaid, upon a ſopha, with his legs under him, as he had done at his own houſe. This poſture, by long habit, is now become the moſt agreeable to him, and he inſiſts on its being by far the moſt natural and convenient; but, indeed, he ſeems to cheriſh the ſame opinion with regard to all the cuſtoms which prevail among the Turks. I could not help mentioning one, which I ſuſpected would be thought both unnatural and inconvenient by at leaſt one half of the human race; that of the men being allowed to engroſs as many women as they can maintain, and confining them to the moſt inſipid of all lives, within their harams. "No doubt," replied

replied he, " the women are all enemies to " polygamy and concubinage; and there " is reaſon to imagine, that this averſion " of theirs, joined to the great influence " they have in all Chriſtian countries, has " prevented Mahometaniſm from making " any progreſs in Europe. The Turkiſh " men, on the other hand," continued he, " have an averſion to Chriſtianity, equal to " that which the Chriſtian women have to " the religion of Mahomet: auricular " confeſſion is perfectly horrible to their " imagination. No Turk, of any delicacy, " would ever allow his wife, particularly " if he had but one, to hold private con- " ference with a man, on any pretext " whatever."

I took notice, that this averſion to auricular confeſſion, could not be a reaſon for the Turk's diſlike to the *Proteſtant* religion. " That is true," ſaid he, " but you have " other tenets in common with the Catho-

" lics, which renders your religion as " odious as their's. You forbid polygamy " and concubinage, which, in the eyes of " the Turks, who obey the dictates of the " religion they embrace, is conſidered as " an intolerable hardſhip. Beſides, the " idea which your religion gives of heaven, " is by no means to their taſte. If they " believed your account, they would think " it the moſt tireſome and comfortleſs " place in the univerſe, and not one Turk " among a thouſand would go to the " Chriſtian heaven if he had it in his " choice. Laſtly, the Chriſtian religion " conſiders women, as creatures upon a " level with men, and equally entitled to " every enjoyment, both here and here- " after. When the Turks are told this," added he, " they are not ſurpriſed at being " informed alſo, that women, in general, " are better Chriſtians than men; but they " are perfectly aſtoniſhed that an opinion, " which they think ſo contrary to common

" ſenſe,

" ſenſe, ſhould ſubſiſt among the rational,
" that is to ſay, the male part of Chriſtians.
" It is impoſſible," added Mr. Montague,
" to drive it out of the head of a Muſſul-
" man, that women are creatures of a
" ſubordinate ſpecies, created merely to
" comfort and amuſe men during their
" journey through this vain world, but by
" no means worthy of accompanying be-
" lievers to paradiſe, where females, of a
" nature far ſuperior to women, wait with
" impatience to receive all pious Muſſul-
" men into their arms."

It is needleſs to relate to you any more of our converſation. A lady, to whom I was giving an account of it the day on which it happened, could with difficulty allow me to proceed thus far in my narrative; but, interrupting me with impatience, ſhe ſaid, ſhe was ſurpriſed I could repeat all the nonſenſical, deteſtable, impious maxims of thoſe odious Mahometans; and

ſhe thought Mr. Montague ſhould be ſent back to Egypt, with his long beard, and not be allowed to propagate opinions, the bare mention of which, however reaſonable they might appear to Turks, ought not to be tolerated in any Chriſtian land.

LETTER IV.

Venice.

THE view of Venice, at ſome little diſtance from the town, is mentioned by many travellers in terms of the higheſt admiration. I had been ſo often forewarned of the amazement with which I ſhould be ſtruck at firſt ſight of this city, that when I actually did ſee it, I felt little or no amazement at all. You will behold, ſaid thoſe anticipators, a magnificent town, —or more frequently, to make the deeper impreſſion, they gave it in detail—You will behold, ſaid they, magnificent palaces, churches, towers and ſteeples, all ſtanding in the middle of the ſea. Well; this, unqueſtionably, is an uncommon ſcene; and there is no manner of doubt that a town,

ſurrounded by water, is a very fine ſight; but all the travellers that have exiſted ſince the days of Cain, will not convince me, that a town, ſurrounded by land, is not a much finer. Can there be any compariſon, in point of beauty, between the dull monotony of a watery ſurface, and the delightful variety of gardens, meadows, hills, and woods?

If the ſituation of Venice renders it leſs agreeable than another city, to behold at a diſtance, it muſt render it, in a much ſtronger degree, leſs agreeable to inhabit. For you will pleaſe to recollect, that, inſtead of walking or riding in the fields, and enjoying the fragrance of herbs, and the melody of birds; when you wiſh to take the air here, you muſt ſubmit to be paddled about, from morning to night, in a narrow boat, along dirty canals; or, if you don't like this, you have one reſource more, which is, that of walking in St. Mark's Place.

Theſe

Theſe are the diſadvantages which Venice labours under, with regard to ſituation; but it has other peculiarities, which, in the opinion of many, overbalance them, and render it, on the whole, an agreeable town.

Venice is ſaid to be built in the ſea; that is, it is built in the midſt of ſhallows, which ſtretch ſome miles from the ſhore, at the bottom of the Adriatic Gulph. Though thoſe ſhallows, being now all covered with water, have the appearance of one great lake, yet they are called Lagunè, or lakes, becauſe formerly, as it is imagined, there were ſeveral. On ſailing on the Laguna, and looking to the bottom, many large hollows are to be ſeen, which, at ſome former period, have, very poſſibly, been diſtinct lakes, though now, being all covered with a common ſurface of water, they form one large lake, of unequal depth. The intervals between thoſe hollows, it is ſuppoſed,

poſed, were little iſlands, and are now ſhallows, which, at ebb, are all within reach of a pole.

When you approach the city, you come along a liquid road, marked by rows of ſtakes on each ſide, which direct veſſels, of a certain burthen, to avoid the ſhallows, and keep in deeper water. Theſe ſhallows are a better defence to the city than the ſtrongeſt fortifications. On the approach of an enemy's fleet, the Venetians have only to pull up their ſtakes, and the enemy can advance no farther. They are equally beyond the inſult of a land army, even in the midſt of winter; for the flux and reflux of the ſea, and the mildneſs of the climate, prevent ſuch a ſtrength of ice as could admit the approach of an army that way.

The lake in which Venice ſtands, is a kind of ſmall inner gulph, ſeparated from the

the large one by ſome iſlands, at a few miles diſtance. Theſe iſlands, in a great meaſure, break the force of the Adriatic ſtorms, before they reach the Laguna; yet, in very high winds, the navigation of the lake is dangerous to gondolas, and ſometimes the gondoleers do not truſt themſelves, even on the canals within the city. This is not ſo great an inconveniency to the inhabitants as you may imagine; becauſe moſt of the houſes have one door opening upon a canal, and another communicating with the ſtreet; by means of which, and of the bridges, you can go to almoſt any part of the town by land, as well as by water.

The number of inhabitants are computed at about 150,000; the ſtreets, in general, are narrow; ſo are the canals, except the grand canal; which is very broad, and has a ſerpentine courſe through the middle of the city. They tell you, there are ſeveral hundred

hundred bridges in Venice. What paſs under this name, however, are ſingle arches thrown over the canals; moſt of them paltry enough.

The Rialto conſiſts alſo of a ſingle arch, but a very noble one, and of marble. It is built acroſs the grand canal, near the middle, where it is narroweſt. This celebrated arch is ninety feet wide on the level of the canal, and twenty-four feet high. Its beauty is impaired by two rows of booths, or ſhops, which are erected upon it, and divide its upper ſurface into three narrow ſtreets. The view from the Rialto is equally lively and magnificent; the objects under your eye are the grand canal, covered with boats and gondolas, and flanked on each ſide with magnificent palaces, churches, and ſpires; but this fine proſpect is almoſt the only one in Venice; for, except the Grand Canal, and the Canal Regio, all the others are narrow and mean;

ſome

ſome of them have no keys; the water literally waſhes the walls of the houſes. When you ſail along thoſe wretched canals, you have no one agreeable object to cheer the ſight; and the ſmell is overwhelmed with the ſtench which, at certain ſeaſons, exhales from the water.

LETTER V.

Venice.

AS the only agreeable view in Venice is from the grand canal, ſo the only place where you can walk with eaſe and ſafety, is in the piazza di St. Marco. This is a kind of irregular quadrangle, formed by a number of buildings, all ſingular in their kind, and very different from each other.

The Ducal palace—the church of St. Mark—that of St. Giminiano—a noble range of buildings, called Procuratie, the new and the old, in which are the Muſeum, the public library, and nine large apartments belonging to the Procurators of St. Mark; all theſe buildings are of marble.

There is an opening from St. Mark's Place to the ſea, on which ſtand two lofty pillars of granite. Criminals condemned to ſuffer death publicly, are executed between theſe pillars; on the top of one of them is a lion, with wings; and on the other, a ſaint—without wings;—there is, however, a large crocodile at his feet, which, I preſume, belongs to him. At one corner of St. Mark's church, contiguous to the palace, are two ſtatues of Adam and Eve; they have neither wings nor crocodile, nor any kind of attendant, not even their old acquaintance, the ſerpent.

At the corner of the new Procuratie, a little diſtant from the church, ſtands the ſteeple of St. Mark. This is a quadrangular tower, about three hundred feet in height. I am told it is not uncommon in Italy for the church and ſteeple to be in this ſtate of diſunion; this ſhocked a clergyman, of my acquaintance, very much; he

he mentioned it to me, many years ago, amongſt the errors and abſurdities of the church of Rome. The gentleman was clearly of opinion, that church and ſteeple ought to be inſeparable as man and wife, and that every church ought to conſider its ſteeple as mortar of its mortar, and ſtone of its ſtone. An old captain of a ſhip, who was preſent, declared himſelf of the ſame way of thinking, and ſwore that a church, divorced from its ſteeple, appeared to him as ridiculous as a ſhip without a maſt.

A few paces from the church are three tall poles, on which enſigns and flags are hung on days of public rejoicing. Theſe ſtandards are in memory of the three kingdoms, Cyprus, Candia, and Negropont, which once belonged to this republic; the three crowns are ſtill kept in the Ducal palace. Since the kingdoms are gone, I ſhould think the crowns and the poles hardly

hardly worth preſerving; they are, however, of the ſame value to Venice, that the title of King of France is to his Britannic Majeſty. At the bottom of the Tower of St. Mark, is a ſmall neat building of marble, called the Loggietta, where ſome of the Procurators of St. Mark conſtantly attend to do buſineſs. Some people are of opinion that, particularly when the grand council, or the ſenate, are aſſembled, theſe Procurators are placed there, as ſtate centinels, to give warning in caſe of any appearance of diſcontent or commotion among the populace, which muſt neceſſarily ſhew itſelf at this place, as there is no other in Venice where a mob could aſſemble.

The patriarchal church of St. Mark, though one of the richeſt and moſt expenſive in the world, does not ſtrike the eye very much at firſt; the architecture is of a mixed kind, moſtly Gothic, yet many

of the pillars are of the Grecian orders; the outſide is incruſted with marble; the inſide, cieling, and floor, are all of the fineſt marble; the numerous pillars which ſupport the roof are of the ſame ſubſtance; the whole is crowned by five domes;—but all this labour and expence have been directed by a very moderate ſhare of taſte.

The front, which looks to the palace, has five braſs gates, with hiſtorical bas-relieves; over the principal gate are placed the four famous bronze horſes, ſaid to be the workmanſhip of Lycippus; they were given to the emperor Nero, by Tiridates, king of Armenia; the fiery ſpirit of their countenances, and their animated attitudes, are perfectly agreeable to their original deſtination, of being harneſſed to the chariot of the Sun.—Nero placed them on the triumphal arch conſecrated to him, and they are to be ſeen on the reverſe of ſome of his medals; they were removed from

Rome

Rome to Conſtantinople, placed in the Hyppodrome by Conſtantine, and remained there till the taking of Conſtantinople by the French and Venetians in the beginning of the 13th century, when they were carried to Venice, and placed upon the gate of St. Mark's church.

The treaſury of St. Mark is very rich in jewels and relics; and it was neceſſary to apply to one of the Procurators of St. Mark for leave to ſee it. I ſhall only mention a few of the moſt valuable effects kept here. Eight pillars from Solomon's temple at Jeruſalem; a piece of the Virgin Mary's veil, ſome of her hair, and a ſmall portion of her milk; the knife uſed by our Saviour, at his laſt ſupper; one of the nails of the croſs, and a few drops of his blood. After theſe it would be impertinent to enumerate the bones, and other relics, of ſaints and martyrs, of which there is a plentiful ſhow in this church, and ſtill leſs

need I take up your time with an inventory of the temporal jewels kept here; it would be unpardonable, however, to omit mentioning the picture of the Virgin, by St. Luke. From this, compared with his other works, it is plain, that St. Luke was a much better evangelift than painter: ſome profeſſions ſeem to be almoſt incompatible with each other. I have known many very good painters who would have made bad ſaints, and here is an inſtance of an excellent ſaint who was but an indifferent painter.

The old Procuratie is built of a kind of black marble; the new is of the pietra dura of Iſtria.

The church of St. Geminiano is an elegant piece of architecture, by Sanſovino.

The Ducal palace is an immenſe building, entirely of marble. Beſides the apartments

ments of the Doge, there are alſo halls and chambers for the ſenate, and all the different councils and tribunals. The principal entrance is by a ſpacious ſtair, called the Giants ſtair, on account of two Coloſſal ſtatues of Mars and Neptune, placed at the top; they are of white marble, the work of Sanſovino, and intended to repreſent the naval and military power of this ſtate. Their gigantic ſize might be proper enough formerly, but they would be juſter emblems of the preſent force of this republic if their ſtature were more moderate.

Under the porticoes, to which you aſcend by this ſtair, you may perceive the gaping mouths of lions, to receive anonymous letters, informations of treaſonable practices, and accuſations of magiſtrates for abuſes in office.

From the palace there is a covered bridge of communication to a ſtate priſon, on the

other ſide of the canal. Priſoners paſs to and from the courts over this bridge, which is named Ponte Dei Soſpiri.

The apartments and halls of the Ducal palace are ornamented by the pencils of Titian, Paul Veroneſe, Tintoret, Palma, the Baſſans, and other painters. The rape of Europa, and the ſtorming of Zara, both by Paul Veroneſe are amongſt the higheſt eſteemed pieces of that maſter. The foot of Europa is honoured with the particular admiration of the connoiſſeurs; the bull ſeems to be of their way of thinking, for he licks it as he bears her along above the waves. Some people admire even this thought of the painter; I cannot ſay I am of the number: I think it is the only thing in the picture which is not admirable; it is making Jupiter enter a little too much into the character which he had aſſumed. There are a few pictures in this palace by Titian, but a great many by the other maſters.

maſters. The ſubjects are moſtly taken from the hiſtory of Venice.

Within the palace there is a little arſenal, which communicates with the hall of the great council. Here a great number of muſkets are kept, ready charged, with which the nobles may arm themſelves on any ſudden inſurrection, or other emergency.

The lower gallery, or the piazza under the palace, is called the Broglio. In this the noble Venetians walk and converſe: it is only here, and at council, where they have opportunities of meeting together; for they ſeldom viſit openly, or in a family way, at each other's houſes, and ſecret meetings would give umbrage to the ſtate inquiſitors; they chuſe, therefore, to tranſact their buſineſs on this public walk. People of inferior rank ſeldom remain on the Broglio for any length of time when the nobility are there.

LETTER VI.

Venice.

I Was led, in my laſt, into a very particular (and I wiſh you may not have alſo found it a very tedious) deſcription of St. Mark's Place. There is no help for what is paſt, but, for your comfort, you have nothing of the ſame kind to fear while we remain here; for there is not another ſquare, or *place*, as the French with more propriety call them, in all Venice. To compenſate, however, for their being but one, there is a greater variety of objects to be ſeen at this one, than in any half dozen of the ſquares, or places, of London or Paris.

After our eyes had been dazzled with looking at pictures, and our legs cramped with

with ſitting in a gondola, it is no ſmall relief, and amuſement, to ſaunter in the Place of St. Mark.

The number and diverſity of objects which *there* preſent themſelves to the eye, naturally create a very rapid ſucceſſion of ideas. The ſight of the churches awakens religious ſentiments, and, by an eaſy tranſition, the mind is led to contemplate the influence of ſuperſtition. In the midſt of this reverie, Nero's four horſes appear, and carry the fancy to Rome and Conſtantinople. While you are forcing your way, ſword in hand, with the heroic Henry Dandelo, into the capital of Aſia, Adam and Eve ſtop your progreſs, and lead you to the garden of Eden. You have not long enjoyed a ſtate of innocence and happineſs in that delightful paradiſe, till Eve

—— her raſh hand in evil hour
Forth reaching to the fruit, ſhe plucks, ſhe eats.

After

After that unfortunate repaſt, no more comfort being to be found there, you are glad to mount St. Mark's winged lion, and fly back to the Ducal palace, where you will naturally reflect on the riſe and progreſs of the Venetian ſtate, and the various ſprings of their government. While you admire the ſtrength of a conſtitution which has ſtood firm for ſo many ages, you are appalled at the ſight of the lion's mouth gaping for accuſations; and turning with horror from a place where innocence ſeems expoſed to the attacks of hidden malice, you are regaled with a proſpect of the ſea, which opens your return to a country of *real* freedom, where juſtice rejects the libel of the hidden accuſer, and dares to try, condemn, and execute *openly*, the higheſt, as well as the loweſt, delinquent.

I aſſure you I have, more than once, made all this tour, ſtanding in the middle of St. Mark's ſquare; whereas, in

in the French places, you have nothing before your eyes but monuments of the monarch's vanity, and the people's adulation; and in the greater part of the London ſquares, and ſtreets, what idea can preſent itſelf to the imagination, beyond that of the ſnug neatneſs and conveniency of ſubſtantial brick houſes?

I have been ſpeaking hitherto of a morning ſaunter; for in the evening there generally is, on St. Mark's Place, ſuch a mixed multitude of Jews, Turks, and Chriſtians; lawyers, knaves, and pick-pockets; mountebanks, old women, and phyſicians; women of quality, with maſks; ſtrumpets barefaced; and, in ſhort, ſuch a jumble of ſenators, citizens, gondoleers, and people of every character and condition, that your ideas are broken, bruiſed, and diſlocated in the crowd, in ſuch a manner, that you can think, or reflect, on nothing; yet

yet this being a ſtate of mind which many people are fond of, the place never fails to be well attended, and, in fine weather, numbers paſs a great part of the night there. When the piazza is illuminated, and the ſhops, in the adjacent ſtreets, lighted up, the whole has a brilliant effect; and as it is the cuſtom for the ladies, as well as the gentlemen, to frequent the caffinos and coffee-houſes around, the Place of St. Mark anſwers all the purpoſes of either Vauxhall or Ranelagh.

It is not in St. Mark's Place that you are to look for the fineſt monuments of the art of Titian, or the genius of Palladio; for thoſe you muſt viſit the churches and palaces: but if you are inclined to make that tour, you muſt find another Cicerone, for I ſhall certainly not undertake the office. I do not pretend to be a competent judge of painting or architecture; I have no new

remarks

remarks to make on thoſe ſubjects, and I wiſh to avoid a hackneyed repetition of what has been ſaid by others.

Some people ſeem affected by paintings to a degree which I never could feel, and can ſcarcely conceive. I admire the works of Guido and Raphael, but there are amateurs who fall downright in love with every man, woman, or angel, produced by thoſe painters.

When the ſubject is pathetic, I am often ſtruck with the genius and execution of the artiſt, and touched with the ſcene repreſented, but without feeling thoſe violent emotions of grief which ſome others diſplay. I have ſeen a man ſo affected with the grief of Venus, for the death of Adonis, that he has wiped his eyes as if he had been ſhedding tears; and have heard another expreſs as much horror at the martyrdom of a ſaint, as he could have

done had he been preſent at the real execution. Horace's obſervation is perfectly juſt, as he applies it,

> Segniùs irritant animos demiſſa per aurem,
> Quàm quæ ſunt oculis ſubjecta fidelibus—

He is treating of dramatic pieces;

> Aut agitur res in ſcenis, aut acta refertur,

is the preceding line. On the ſtage, what is actually repreſented, makes a ſtronger impreſſion than what is only related; and in real life, no doubt, we ſhould be more ſhocked by ſeeing a murder committed, than by hearing an account of it. But whether ſeeing a pathetic ſtory expreſſed in painting, or hearing it related, has the moſt powerful effect, is a different queſtion. I only ſay for myſelf, that, on contemplating a painted tragedy, I can never help recollecting that it is acted upon canvas. This never fails to dart ſuch a ray of comfort into my heart, as cheers it up, in ſpite of all the blood and carnage I ſee before

before my eyes. With a mind ſo vulgarly fabricated, you will not be ſurpriſed when I acknowledge, that I have felt more compaſſion at the ſight of a ſingle highwayman going to Tyburn, than at the maſſacre of two thouſand innocents, though executed by Nicholas Pouſſin himſelf. This convinces me that I am not endued with the organs of a connoiſſeur.

But if you are violently bent upon being thought a man of very refined taſte, there are books in abundance to be had, which will put you in poſſeſſion of all the terms of technical applauſe, or cenſure, and furniſh you with ſuitable expreſſions for the whole climax of ſenſibility. As for myſelf, I was long ago taught a leſſon, which made a deep impreſſion on my mind, and will effectually prevent me from every affectation of that kind. Very early in life, I reſided above a year at Paris, and happened one day to accompany five or ſix of our countrymen,

countrymen, to view the pictures in the Palais Royal. A gentleman who affected an enthuſiaſtic paſſion for the fine arts, particularly that of painting, and who had the greateſt deſire to be thought a connoiſſeur, was of the party. He had read the lives of the painters, and had the Voyage Pittoreſque de Paris by heart. From the moment we entered the rooms he began to diſplay all the refinements of his taſte; he inſtructed us what to admire, and drew us away with every ſign of diſguſt when we ſtopped a moment at an uncelebrated picture. We were afraid of appearing pleaſed with any thing we ſaw, till he informed us whether or not it was worth looking at. He ſhook his head at ſome, toſſed up his noſe at others; commended a few, and pronounced ſentence on every piece, as he paſſed along, with the moſt impoſing tone of ſagacity.—"Bad, "that Caravaggio is too bad indeed, devoid "of all grace;—but here is a Caracci that "makes

" makes amends; how charming the grief
" of that Magdalen! The Virgin, you'll
" obſerve, gentlemen, is only fainting, but
" the Chriſt is quite dead. Look at the
" arm, did you ever ſee any thing ſo dead?
" —Aye, here's a Madona, which they
" tell you is an original, by Guido; but
" any body may ſee that it is only a tole-
" rable copy.—Pray, gentlemen, obſerve
" this St. Sebaſtian, how delightfully he
" expires: Don't you all feel the arrow
" in your hearts? I'm ſure I feel it in
" mine. Do let us move on; I ſhould die
" with agony if I looked any longer."

We at length came to the St. John, by Raphael, and here this man of taſte ſtopped ſhort in an extaſy of admiration.—One of the company had already paſſed it, without minding it, and was looking at another picture; on which the connoiſſeur bawled out—" Good God, Sir! what are " you about?" The honeſt gentleman ſtarted,

and ſtared around to know what crime he had been guilty of.

" Have you eyes in your head, Sir?" continued the connoiſſeur: " Don't you " know St. John when you ſee him?"

" St. John!" replied the other, in amazement. " Aye, Sir, St. John the Baptiſt, " *in propria perſona.*"

" I don't know what you mean, Sir," ſaid the gentleman, peeviſhly.

" Don't you?" rejoined the connoiſſeur; " then I'll endeavour to explain myſelf. I " mean St. John in the wilderneſs, by the " divine Raffaelle Sanzio da Urbino, and " there he ſtands by your ſide.—Pray, my " dear Sir, will you be ſo obliging as to " beſtow a little of your attention on that " foot? Does it not ſtart from the wall? " Is it not perfectly out of the frame? Did " you

" you ever ſee ſuch colouring? They talk " of Titian; can Titian's colouring excel " that? What truth, what nature in the " head! To the eloquence of the antique, " here is joined the ſimplicity of nature."

We ſtood liſtening in ſilent admiration, and began to imagine we perceived all the perfections he enumerated; when a perſon in the Duke of Orleans' ſervice came and informed us, that the original, which he preſumed was the picture we wiſhed to ſee, was in another room; the Duke having allowed a painter to copy it. *That* which we had been looking at was a very wretched daubing, done from the original by ſome obſcure painter, and had been thrown, with other rubbiſh, into a corner; where the Swiſs had accidentally diſcovered it, and had hung it up merely by way of covering the vacant ſpace on the wall, till the other ſhould be replaced.

How the connoiſſeur looked on this trying occaſion, I cannot ſay. It would have been barbarous to have turned an eye upon him.—I ſtepped into the next room, fully determined to be cautious in deciding on the merit of painting; perceiving that it was not ſafe, in this ſcience, to ſpeak even from the book.

LETTER VII.

Venice.

WE acquire an early partiality for Rome, by reading the claſſics, and the hiſtory of the ancient republic. Other parts of Italy alſo intereſt us more on account of their having been the reſidence of the old Romans, than from the regard we pay to what has been tranſacted there during the laſt fourteen or fifteen centuries.

Venice claims no importance from ancient hiſtory, and boaſts no connection with the Roman republic; it ſprung from the ruins of that empire; and whatever its annals offer worthy of the attention of mankind, is independent of the prejudice we feel in favour of the Roman name.

The independence of Venice was not built on uſurpation, nor cemented with blood; it was founded on the firſt law of human nature, and the undoubted rights of man.

About the middle of the fifth century, when Europe formed one continued ſcene of violence and bloodſhed; a hatred of tyranny, a love of liberty, and a dread of the cruelty of Barbarians, prompted the Veneti, a people inhabiting a ſmall diſtrict of Italy, a few of the inhabitants of Padua, and ſome peaſants who lived on the fertile banks of the Po, to ſeek an aſylum from the fury of Atilla, amongſt the little iſlands and marſhes at the bottom of the Adriatic Gulph.

Before this time ſome fiſhermen had built ſmall houſes, or huts, on one of theſe iſlands, called Rialto. The city of Padua, with a view to draw commercial advantages from this eſtabliſhment, encouraged ſome of

of her inhabitants to ſettle there, and ſent every year three or four citizens to act as magiſtrates. When Attila had taken and deſtroyed Aquileia, great numbers from all the neighbouring countries fled to Rialto; whoſe ſize being augmented by new houſes, took the name of Venice, from the diſtrict from which the greater number of the earlieſt refugees had fled. On the death of Attila, many returned to their former habitations; but thoſe who preferred freedom and ſecurity to all other advantages, remained at Venice. Such was the beginning of this celebrated republic. Some nice diſtinguiſhers pretend, that this was the beginning of their freedom, but not of their independency; for they aſſert, that the Venetians were dependent on Padua, as their mother city. It is certain that the Paduans claimed ſuch a prerogative over this infant ſtate, and attempted to ſubject her to ſome commercial reſtrictions; theſe

were rejected by the Venetians, as arbitrary and vexatious. Diſputes aroſe very dangerous to both; but they ended in Venice entirely throwing off the juriſdiction of Padua. It is curious, and not unworthy of ſerious attention in the preſent age, to ſee the parent now totally ſubjected to the child, whom ſhe wiſhed to retain in too rigorous a dependence.

The irruption of the Lombards into Italy, while it ſpread havoc and deſtruction over the adjacent country, was the cauſe of a great acceſſion of ſtrength to Venice, by the numbers of new refugees who fled to it with all the wealth they could carry, and became ſubjects of this ſtate.

The Lombards themſelves, while they eſtabliſhed their kingdom in the northern parts of Italy, and ſubdued all the ancient diſtrict of the Veneti, thought proper to leave

leave this little ſtate unmoleſted, imagining that an attempt againſt it would be attended with more trouble than profit; and while they carried on more important conqueſts, they found it convenient to be on a good footing with Venice, whoſe numerous ſquadrons of ſmall veſſels could render the moſt eſſential ſervices to their armies. Accordingly leagues and treaties were formed occaſionally between the two ſtates; the Lombards in all probability imagining, that it would be in their power, at any time, to make themſelves maſters of this inconſiderable republic. But when that people had fully eſtabliſhed their new kingdom, and were free from the expence of other wars, they then found Venice ſo much increaſed in ſtrength, that, however much they might have wiſhed to comprehend it within their dominions, it appeared no longer conſiſtent with ſound policy to make the attempt. They therefore choſe rather to confirm their ancient alliance by freſh treaties.

When

When Charlemagne overturned the kingdom of the Lombards, and, after having ſent their king Didier priſoner to France, was crowned emperor at Rome, by Leo the Third, the Venetian ſtate cultivated the favour of that conqueror with ſo much addreſs, that, inſtead of attempting any thing againſt their independence, he confirmed the treaty they had made with the Lombards; by which, among other things, the limits, or boundaries, between the two ſtates, were aſcertained.

In the wars with the eaſtern empire, and in thoſe of later date between France and the houſe of Auſtria, Venice always endeavoured to avoid the reſentment of either of the contending parties; ſecretly, however, aſſiſting that which was at the greateſt diſtance from her own dominions, and, of conſequence, the leaſt formidable to her. Thoſe great powers, on their parts, were ſo eager to humble, or deſtroy, each other,

that the riſing vigour of Venice was permitted to grow, for ages, almoſt unobſerved. Like the fame of Marcellus, it might have been ſaid of that republic,

Creſcit occulto velut arbor ævo.

And when, at length, ſhe began to excite the jealouſy of the great ſtates of Europe, ſhe had acquired ſtrength and revenues ſufficient to reſiſt not only one, but great combinations of thoſe powers leagued for her deſtruction.

This republic, in its various periods of increaſe, of meridian ſplendor, and of declenſion, has already exiſted for a longer time than any other of which hiſtory makes mention. The Venetians themſelves aſſert, that this duration is owing to the excellent materials of which their government has been compoſed, by which they imagine it has long ſince been brought to the higheſt degree of perfection.

As

As I have beſtowed ſome time ſince we came hither in conſidering the Venetian hiſtory and government, I ſhall, in my next, take a general view of thoſe boaſted materials, that we may be able to judge whether or not this high eulogium is well founded.

LETTER VIII.

Venice.

THE firſt form of government eſtabliſhed at Venice, was purely democratical. Magiſtrates were choſen by a general aſſembly of the people: they were called tribunes; and as this ſmall community inhabited ſeveral little iſlands, a tribune was appointed to judge cauſes, and diſtribute juſtice on each of thoſe iſlands. His power was continued one year; at the expiration of which, he was accountable for his conduct to the general aſſembly of the people, who annually elected a new ſet of tribunes.

This ſimple form of government, while it marks a ſtrict regard to that freedom ſo delightful

delightful to the mind of man, was found ſufficient, for the ſpace of a hundred and fifty years, to maintain order in a ſmall community, ſituated as this was. At length the bad adminiſtration of ſome of the tribunes, diſcord and animoſity among others, and ſome ſuſpicions that the Lombards promoted civil diſſention with a view to bring the republic under their dominion, awakened the fears of the people, and made them liſten to the opinions of thoſe who thought a change in the form of government neceſſary.

After various debates and propoſals, it was finally determined, that a chief magiſtrate ſhould be elected, as the centre of public authority, whoſe power might give ſuch vigour and efficacy to the laws, as was abſolutely neceſſary in times of danger, and whoſe duty ſhould be, to direct the force of the reſources of the ſtate with promptitude; uncramped by that oppoſi-

tion,

ſition, and conſequent dilatorineſs, which had been too apparent under the tribunes. This magiſtrate was not to be named King, but Duke, which has ſince been corrupted to Doge; the office was not to be hereditary, but elective; and the Doge was to enjoy it for life. It was agreed that he ſhould have the nomination of all the inferior magiſtrates, and the power of making peace, and declaring war, without conſulting any but ſuch of the citizens as he ſhould think proper.

When the election took place, all the ſuffrages fell upon Paul Luc Anafeſte, who entered into this new office in the year 697.

The Venetians muſt certainly have felt great inconveniences from their former government, or have been under great dread from domeſtic or foreign enemies, before

before they could ſubmit to ſuch a fundamental change in the nature of their conſtitution. It is evident, that, on this occaſion, they ſeem to have loſt that jealous attention to liberty which they formerly poſſeſſed; for while they withheld from their chief magiſtrate the name, they left him all the power, of a King. There is no period when real and enlightened patriots ought to watch with more vigilance over the rights of the people, than in times of danger from foreign enemies; for the public in general are then ſo much engroſſed by the dangers from without, that they overlook the encroachments which are more apt, at thoſe times than any other, to be made on their conſtitution from within: and it is of ſmall importance that men defend their country from foreign foes, unleſs they retain ſuch a ſhare of internal freedom, as renders a country worth the defending.

It is highly probable, that the great degree of popularity which their firſt Doge had acquired before he arrived at that dignity, and the great confidence the people had in his public and private virtues, rendered them unwilling to limit the power of a perſon who, they were convinced, would make a good uſe of it. If the man had been immortal, and incorruptible, they would have been in the right: however, it muſt be confeſſed, that this Doge juſtified their good opinion more than favourites of the people generally do.

In the councils which he called on any matter of importance, he ſent meſſages to thoſe citizens, for whoſe judgment he had the greateſt eſteem, *praying*, that they would come, and aſſiſt him with their advice. This method was obſerved afterwards by ſucceeding Doges, and the citizens ſo ſent for were called Pregadi. The Doge's council are ſtill called Pregadi,

though they have long ſat independent of his invitation.

The firſt, and ſecond Doge, governed with moderation and ability; but the third gave the Venetians reaſon to repent that they had not confined the powers of their chief magiſtrate within narrower limits. After having ſerved the ſtate by his military talents, he endeavoured to enſlave it; his projects were diſcovered; but as the improvident people, in the laſt arrangement of their conſtitution, had preſerved no legal remedy for ſuch an evil, they were obliged to uſe the only means now in their power. They aſſaulted the Doge in his palace, and put him to death without farther ceremony.

The people had conceived ſo much hatred for him, that, after his death, they reſolved to aboliſh the office. In the general aſſembly it was agreed, that the chief magiſtrate, for

for the future, ſhould be elected every year; that he ſhould have the ſame power as formerly, while he remained in office; but, as this was to be for a ſhort time, they imagined he would behave with equity and moderation; and as they had an equal diſlike to Doge and Tribune, he was called Maſter of the Militia.

The form of government, introduced by this revolution, was but of ſhort duration. Factions aroſe, and became too violent for the tranſient authority of the Maſters of the Militia to reſtrain. The office expired five years after its inſtitution; and, by one of thoſe ſtrange and unaccountable changes of ſentiment, to which the multitude are ſo ſubject, the authority of the Doge was reſtored in the perſon of the ſon of their laſt Doge, whom, in a fit of furious diſcontent, they had aſſaſſinated. This reſtoration happened about the year 730.

For a long time after this, the Venetian annals display many dreadful scenes of cruelty, revolt, and assassination; Doges abusing their power, endeavouring to establish a permanent and hereditary despotism, by having their eldest sons associated in the office with themselves, and then oppressing the people with double violence. The people, on the other hand, after bearing, with the most abject patience, the capricious cruelty of their tyrants, rising at once, and murdering them, or driving them, with ignominy, out of their dominions. Unable to bear either limited or absolute government, the impatient and capricious multitude wish for things which have always been found incompatible: the secrecy, promptitude, and efficacy, of a despotic government, with all the freedom and mildness of a legal and limited constitution.

It is remarkable, that when the Doge was, even in a small degree, popular, he seldom

ſeldom found any difficulty in getting his ſon elected his aſſociate in the ſovereign authority; and when that was not the caſe, there are many inſtances of the ſon being choſen directly on the death of his father.

Yet, about the middle of the tenth century, the ſon of the Doge, Peter Candiano, took arms, and rebelled againſt his father. Being ſoon after defeated, and brought in chains to Venice, he was condemned to baniſhment, and declared incapable of being ever elected Doge. It appears, however, that this worthleſs perſon was a great favourite of the people; for no ſooner was his father dead, than he was choſen to ſucceed him, and conducted, in great pomp, from Ravenna, the place of his exile, to Venice.

The Venetians were ſeverely puniſhed for this inſtance of levity. Their new Doge

ſhewed himſelf as tyrannical in the character of a ſovereign, as he had been undutiful in that of a ſon. He became a monſter of pride and cruelty. The people began to murmur, and he became ſuſceptible of that terror which uſually accompanies tyrants. He eſtabliſhed a body of life-guards, to defend his perſon, and lodged them within the palace. This innovation filled the people with indignation, and awakened all their fury. They attack the palace, are repulſed by the guards, and ſet fire to the contiguous houſes. The wretched Doge, in danger of being conſumed by the flames, appears at the gate of the palace, with his infant ſon in his arms, imploring the compaſſion of the multitude: they, inexorable as demons, tear in pieces both father and child. At ſuch an inſtance of ſavage fury, the human affections revolt from the oppreſſed people, and take part with their oppreſſor. We

almoſt

almoſt wiſh he had lived, that he might have ſwept from the earth a ſet of wretches more barbarous than himſelf.

Having ſpent their fury in the deſtruction of the tyrant, they leave the tyranny as before. No meaſures are taken to limit the power of the Doge.

For ſome time after this, a ſpirit of ſuperſtition ſeemed to lay hold of thoſe who filled that office, as if they had intended to expiate the pride of the late tyrant by their own humility. His three immediate ſucceſſors, after each of them had reigned a few years with applauſe, abandoned their dignity, ſhut themſelves up in convents, and paſſed the latter years of their lives as Monks.

Whatever contempt thoſe pious Doges diſplayed for worldly things, their example made little impreſſion on their ſubjects,

who, about this time, began to monopolize the trade and riches of Europe. And ſome years after, when all Chriſtendom was ſeized with the religious phrenzy of recovering the Holy Land, the Venetians kept ſo perfectly free from the general infection, that they did not ſcruple to ſupply the Saracens with arms and ammunition, in ſpite of the edicts of their Doges, and the remonſtrances of the Pope, and other pious princes.

Thoſe commercial caſuiſts declared, that religion is one thing, and trade another; that, as children of the church, they were willing to believe all that their mother required; but, as merchants, they muſt carry their goods to the beſt market.

In my next, I ſhall proceed with my review of the Venetian government.

LETTER IX.

Venice.

THE minds of the Venetians were not ſo totally engroſſed by commercial ideas, as to make them neglect other means of aggrandizing their ſtate. All Iſtria ſubmitted itſelf to their government: many of the free towns of Dalmatia, haraſſed by the Narentines, a nation of robbers and pirates on that coaſt, did the ſame. Thoſe towns which refuſed, were reduced to obedience, by Peter Urſeolo, the Doge of Venice, who had been ſent with a fleet againſt them, in the year 1000. He carried his arms alſo into the country of the Narentines, and deſtroyed many of their towns.

On his return it was determined, in a general aſſembly of the people, that the conquered

conquered towns and provinces should be governed by magiſtrates ſent from Venice. Thoſe magiſtrates called Podeſtas, were appointed by the Doge. The inhabitants of thoſe new-acquired towns were not admitted to the privileges of citizens of Venice, nor allowed to vote at the general aſſembly: the ſame rule was obſerved with regard to the inhabitants of all the dominions afterwards acquired by the republic. It will readily occur, that this acceſſion of dominions to the ſtate greatly augmented the influence and power of the chief magiſtrate: this, and the practice of aſſociating the ſon of the Doge with his father, raiſed jealouſies among the people, and a law was made, aboliſhing ſuch aſſociations for the future.

In the year 1173, after the aſſaſſination of the Doge Michieli, a far more important alteration took place in the government. At this time there was no other tribunal at Venice

Venice than that of forty judges. This court had been eſtabliſhed many years before: it took cognizance of all cauſes, civil as well as criminal, and was called the council of forty. This body of men, in the midſt of the diſorder and confuſion which followed the murder of the Doge, formed a plan of new-modelling the government.

Hitherto the people had retained great privileges. They had votes in the aſſemblies; and, although the deſcendants of the ancient tribunes, and of the Doges, formed a kind of nobility, yet they had no legal privileges, or excluſive juriſdiction; nothing to diſtinguiſh them from their fellow-citizens, but what their riches, or the ſpontaneous reſpect paid to the antiquity of their families, gave them. Any citizen, as well as them, might be elected to a public office. To acquire the honours of the ſtate, it was abſolutely neceſſary for the greateſt and proudeſt Venetian, to cultivate the good-will of the multitude,

multitude, whoſe voice alone could raiſe him to the rank of Doge, and whoſe rage had thrown ſo many from that envied ſituation. The inconveniences, the diſcord, and confuſion, of ſuch a mixed multitude, had been long felt, but nobody had hitherto had the boldneſs to ſtrike at this eſtabliſhed right of the people.

The city was divided into ſix parts, called Seſtiers. The council of forty procured it to be eſtabliſhed, in the firſt place, that each of thoſe ſeſtiers ſhould annually name two electors; that thoſe twelve electors ſhould have the right of chooſing, from the whole body of the people, four hundred and ſeventy counſellors, who ſhould be called the Grand Council, and who ſhould have the ſame power, in all reſpects, which the general aſſembly of the people formerly enjoyed.

It was pretended, that this regulation was contrived merely to prevent confuſion, and

to eſtabliſh regularity in the great national aſſembly; that the people's right of election remained as before, and, by changing the counſellors yearly, thoſe who were not elected one year might retain hopes of being choſen the next. The people did not perceive that this law would be fatal to their importance: it proved, however, the foundation of the ariſtocracy, which was ſoon after eſtabliſhed, and ſtill ſubſiſts.

The forty judges next propoſed another regulation, ſtill more delicate and important. That, to prevent the tumults and diſorders which were expected at the impending election of a Doge, they ſhould (for that time only) name eleven commiſſioners, from thoſe of the higheſt reputation for judgment and integrity in the ſtate; that the choice of a Doge ſhould be left to thoſe commiſſioners, nine ſuffrages being indiſpenſably requiſite to make the election valid.

This

This evidently pointed at the excluſion of the people from any concern whatever in the creation of the chief magiſtrate, and certainly was the object in view; yet, as it was propoſed only as a temporary expedient, to prevent diſorders, when men's minds were irritated againſt each other, and factions ran high, the regulation was agreed to.

Having, with equal dexterity and ſucceſs, fixed thoſe reſtraints on the power of the people, the council of forty turned their attention, in the next place, towards limiting the authority of the Doge. This was conſidered as too exorbitant, even for good men; and, in the hands of wicked men, had always been perverted to the purpoſes of tyranny, and for which no remedy had hitherto been found, but what was almoſt as bad as the evils themſelves; revolt on the part of the people, and all the horrors and exceſſes with which ſuch an expedient

is uſually accompanied. The tribunal of forty therefore propoſed, that the grand council ſhould annually appoint ſix perſons, one from each diviſion of the city, who ſhould form the privy council of the Doge, and, without their approbation, none of his orders ſhould be valid; ſo that, inſtead of appointing his own privy-council, which had been the cuſtom hitherto, the authority of the chief magiſtrate would, for the future, in a great meaſure, depend on ſix men, who, themſelves, depended on the grand council. To be conſtantly ſurrounded by ſuch a ſet of counſellors, inſtead of creatures of his own, however reaſonable it may ſeem in the eyes of the impartial, would have been conſidered by one in poſſeſſion of the dignity of Doge, as a moſt intolerable innovation, and probably would have been oppoſed by all his influence; but there was no Doge exiſting when the propoſal was made, and conſequently it paſſed into a law with univerſal approbation.

Laſtly,

Laſtly, it was propoſed to form a ſenate, conſiſting of ſixty members, which were to be elected, annually, out of the grand council. This aſſembly was in the room of that which the Doge formerly had the power of convocating, on extraordinary occaſions, by ſending meſſages, praying certain citizens to come, and aſſiſt him with their advice. The members of the new ſenate, more fixed and more independent than thoſe of the old, are ſtill called the Pregadi. This alſo was agreed to without oppoſition; and immediately after the funeral of the late Doge, all thoſe regulations took place.

They began by chooſing the grand council of four hundred and ſeventy, then the ſenate of ſixty, then the ſix counſellors, and laſtly, the eleven electors. Theſe laſt were publicly ſworn, that in the election now entruſted to them, rejecting every motive of private intereſt, they ſhould give their

their voices for that perſon, whoſe elevation to the dignity of Doge they believed, in their conſciences, would prove moſt for the advantage of the State.

After this, they retired to a chamber of the palace, and Orio Malipier, one of the eleven, had the votes of his ten colleagues; but he, with a modeſty which ſeems to have been unaffected, declined the office, and uſed all his influence with the electors to make choice of Sebaſtian Ziani, a man diſtinguiſhed in the republic on account of his talents, his wealth, and his virtues; aſſuring them that, in the preſent emergency, *he* was a more proper perſon than himſelf for the office. Such was their opinion of Malipier's judgment, that his colleagues adopted his opinion, and Ziani was unanimouſly elected.

As this mode of election was quite new, and as there was reaſon to imagine that

the bulk of the people, on reflection, would not greatly approve of it, and that the new Doge would not be received with the uſual acclamations, Ziani took care that great quantities of money ſhould be thrown among the multitude, when he was firſt preſented to them. No Doge was ever received with louder acclamations.

During the reign of Ziani, the ſingular ceremony of eſpouſing the ſea was firſt inſtituted.

Pope Alexander the Third, to avoid the reſentment of the emperor Frederic Barbaroſſa, had taken refuge at Venice, and was protected by that State. The emperor ſent a powerful fleet againſt it, under the command of his ſon Otho. Ziani met him with the fleet of Venice. A very obſtinate engagement enſued, in which the Venetians were victorious. The Doge returned in triumph, with thirty of the enemy's veſſels,

veſſels, in one of which was their commander Otho. All the inhabitants of Venice ruſhed to the ſea-ſhore, to meet their victorious Doge: the Pope himſelf came, attended by the ſenate and clergy. After embracing Ziani, his Holineſs preſented him with a ring, ſaying, with a loud voice, "Take this ring; uſe it as a chain "to retain the ſea, henceforth, in ſub-"jection to the Venetian empire; eſpouſe "the ſea with this ring, and let the mar-"riage be ſolemnized annually, by you "and your ſucceſſors, to the end of time, "that the lateſt poſterity may know that "Venice has acquired the empire of the "waves, and that the ſea is ſubjected to "you, as a wife is to her huſband."

As this ſpeech came from the head of the church, people were not ſurpriſed to find it a little myſterious; and the multitude, without conſidering whether it contained much reaſon or common ſenſe, re-

ceived it with the greateſt applauſe. The marriage has been regularly celebrated every year ſince that time.

After the death of Ziani, if the terms which had been agreed upon previous to the election, had been literally adhered to, the grand council of four hundred and ſeventy would have proceeded to chooſe a Doge, ſimply by the plurality of votes; but, for ſome reaſon which is not now known, that method was waved, and the following adopted. Four perſons were choſen by the grand council, each of whom had the power of naming ten; and the whole forty had the appointing of the Doge.

Their choice fell upon the ſame Orio Malipier, who had declined the dignity in favour of his friend Ziani.

Under the adminiſtration of Malipier, two new forms of magiſtracy were created; the

the firſt was that of the Avogadors. Their duty is to take care that the laws in being ſhall be punctually executed; and while it is the buſineſs of other magiſtrates to proceed againſt the tranſgreſſors of the laws, it is theirs to bring a proceſs againſt thoſe magiſtrates who neglect to put them in execution. They decide alſo on the nature of accuſations, and determine before which of the courts every cauſe ſhall be brought, not leaving it in the power of either of the parties to carry a cauſe to a high court, which is competent to be tried by one leſs expenſive; and no reſolution of the grand council, or ſenate, is valid, unleſs, at leaſt, one of the three Avogadors be preſent during the deliberation. It is alſo the duty of the Avogadors to keep the originals of all the deciſions and regulations of the grand council and ſenate, and to order them, and all other laws, to be read over, whenever they think proper, by way of refreſhing the memories of the ſenators. If

the ſenators are obliged to attend during thoſe lectures, this is a very formidable power indeed. I am acquainted with ſenators in another country, who would ſooner give their judges the power of putting them to death at once, in a leſs lingering manner.

The ſecond claſs of magiſtrates, created at this time, was that called Judges al Foreſtieri; there are alſo three of them. It is their duty to decide, in all cauſes between citizens and ſtrangers, and in all diſputes which ſtrangers have with each other. This inſtitution was peculiarly expedient, at a time when the reſort from all countries to Venice was very great, both on account of commerce, and of the Cruſades.

In the year 1192, after a very able adminiſtration, Malipier, who was of a very philoſophical turn of mind, abdicated the office of Doge, and Henry Dandolo was elected in his place.

I am

I am a great deal too much fatigued with the preceding narrative, to accompany one of his active and enterprifing genius at preſent; and I have good reaſon to ſuſpect, that you alſo have been, for ſome time paſt, inclined to repoſe.

LETTER X.

Venice.

HEnry Dandolo had, in his early years, paſſed, with general approbation, through many of the ſubordinate offices of government; and had, a few years before he was elected to the dignity of Doge, been Ambaſſador at the court of Manuel, the Greek emperor at Conſtantinople. There, on account of his inflexible integrity, and his refuſing to enter into the views of Manuel, which he thought contrary to the intereſt of his country, his eyes were almoſt entirely put out, by order of that tyrant. Notwithſtanding this impediment, and his great age, being above eighty, he was now elected to the office of Doge.

At

At this time, ſome of the moſt powerful princes and nobles of France and Flanders, inſtigated by the zeal of Innocent the Third, and ſtill more by their own pious fervour, reſolved, in a fourth cruſade, to attempt the recovery of the Holy Land, and the ſepulchre of Chriſt, from the hands of Infidels; and being, by the fate of others, taught the difficulties and dangers of tranſporting armies by land, they reſolved to take their paſſage from Europe to Aſia by ſea. On this occaſion they applied to the Venetian State, who not only agreed to furniſh ſhips for the tranſportation of the army, but alſo to join, with an armed fleet, as principals in the expedition.

The French army arrived ſoon after in the Venetian State; but ſo ill had they calculated, that, when every thing was ready for the embarkation, part of the ſum which they had agreed to pay for the tranſporting their troops, was deficient. This occaſioned diſputes

diſputes between the French leaders and the State, which the Doge put an end to, by propoſing, that they ſhould pay in military ſervices what they could not furniſh in money. This was accepted, and the firſt exploits of the Cruſade army were, the reduction of the town of Zara, and other places in Dalmatia, which had revolted from the Venetians. It had been previouſly agreed, that, after this ſervice, the army ſhould embark immediately for Egypt; but Dandolo, who had another project more at heart, repreſented that the ſeaſon was too far advanced, and found means to perſuade the French army to winter in Dalmatia.

During this interval, Dandolo, availing himſelf of ſome favourable circumſtances, had the dexterity to determine the French Cruſaders, in ſpite of the interdiction of the Pope, to join with the Venetian forces, and to carry their arms againſt the emperor of Conſtantinople; an expedition which,

which, Dandolo aſſerted, would facilitate their original plan againſt the Holy Land, and which, he was convinced, would be attended with far greater advantages to both parties.

The crown of Conſtantinople was never ſurrounded with greater dangers, nor has it ever known more ſudden revolutions, than at this period.

Manuel, who had treated Dandolo, while ambaſſador, with ſo much barbarity, had been precipitated from the throne. His immediate ſucceſſor had, a ſhort time after, experienced the ſame fate. Betrayed by his own brother, his eyes had been put out, and, in that deplorable condition, he was kept cloſe priſoner by the uſurper. The ſon of this unfortunate man had eſcaped from Conſtantinople, and had arrived at Venice, to implore the protection of that State: the compaſſion which his misfortune naturally excited,

excited, had conſiderable effect in promoting the Doge's favourite ſcheme of leading the French and Venetian forces againſt Conſtantinople. The indefatigable Dandolo went, in perſon, at the head of his countrymen. The united army beat the troops of the uſurper in repeated battles, obliged him to fly from Conſtantinople, placed his brother on the throne, and reſtored to him his ſon Alexis, who had been obliged to take refuge at Venice, from the cruelty of his uncle, and had accompanied Dandolo in this ſucceſsful enterpriſe.

A miſunderſtanding ſoon after enſued between the united armies and Alexis, now aſſociated with his father on the throne of Conſtantinople. The Greeks murmured at the favour which their emperor ſhewed to thoſe foreigners, and thought his liberality to them inconſiſtent with his duty to his own ſubjects. The Cruſaders, on the other hand, imagined, that all the wealth of

of his empire was hardly ſufficient to repay the obligations he owed to them. The young prince, deſirous to be juſt to the one, and grateful to the other, loſt the confidence of both; and, while he ſtrove to conciliate the minds of two ſets of men, whoſe views and intereſts were oppoſite, he was betrayed by Murtſuphlo, a Greek, who had gained his confidence, and whom he had raiſed to the higheſt dignities of the empire. This traitor inſinuated to the Greeks, that Alexis had agreed to deliver up Conſtantinople to be pillaged, that he might ſatisfy the avarice and rapacity of thoſe ſtrangers who had reſtored his family to the throne. The people fly to arms, the palace is inveſted, Alexis and his father are put to death, and Murtſuphlo is declared emperor.

Theſe tranſactions, though aſcertained by the authenticity of hiſtory, ſeem as rapid as the revolutions of a theatrical repreſentation.

The

The chiefs of the united army, ſtruck with horror and indignation, aſſemble in council. Dandolo, always deciſive in the moment of danger, gives it as his opinion, that they ſhould immediately declare war againſt the uſurper, and make themſelves maſters of the empire. This opinion prevails, and the conqueſt of the Greek empire is reſolved upon.

After ſeveral bloody battles, and various aſſaults, the united armies of France and Venice enter victorious into Conſtantinople, and divide the ſpoils of that wealthy city.

The Doge, never ſo much blinded with ſucceſs as to loſe ſight of the true intereſt of his country, did not think of procuring for the republic, large dominions on the continent. The Venetians had, for their ſhare, the iſlands of the Archipelago, ſeveral ports on the coaſt of the Helleſpont, the Morea, and the entire iſland of Candia.

This

This was a judicious partition for Venice, the augmentation of whoſe ſtrength depended on commerce, navigation, and the empire of the ſea.

Though the ſtar of Dandolo roſe in obſcurity, and ſhone with no extraordinary luſtre at its meridian height, yet nothing ever ſurpaſſed the brilliancy of its ſetting rays.

This extraordinary man died at Conſtantinople, oppreſſed with age, but while the laurels, which adorned his hoary head, were in youthful verdure.

The annals of mankind preſent nothing more worthy of our admiration. A man, above the age of eighty, and almoſt entirely deprived of his ſight, deſpiſing the repoſe neceſſary for age, and the ſecure honours which attended him at home; engaging in a hazardous enterpriſe, againſt a diſtant

and powerful enemy; ſupporting the fatigues of a military life with the ſpirit of youth, and the perſeverance of a veteran, in a ſuperſtitious age; and, whilſt he led an army of religious enthuſiaſts, braving, at once, the indignation of the Pope, the prejudices of bigots, and all the dangers of war; diſplaying the ardour of a conqueror, the judgment of a ſtateſman, and the diſintereſted ſpirit of a patriot; preparing diſtant events, improving accidental circumſtances, managing the moſt impetuous characters; and, with admirable addreſs, making all ſubſervient to the vaſt plan he had conceived, for the aggrandizing his native country. Yet this man paſſed his youth, manhood, and great part of his old age, unknown. Had he died at ſeventy, his name would have been ſwept, with the common rubbiſh of courts and capitals, into the gulph of oblivion. So neceſſary are occaſions, and ſituations, for bringing into light the concealed vigour of the greateſt characters;

characters; and so true it is, that while we see, at the head of kingdoms, men of the most vulgar abilities, the periods of whose existence serve only as dates to history, many whose talents and virtues would have swelled her brightest pages have died unnoted, from the obscurity of their situations, or the languor and stupidity of the ages in which they lived.

But the romantic story of Henry Dandolo has seduced me from my original purpose, which was, to give you an idea of the rise and progress of the Venetian aristocracy, and which I shall resume in my next.

LETTER XI.

Venice.

THE ſenate of Venice, ever jealous of their civil liberty, while they rejoiced at the vaſt acquiſitions lately made by their fleet and army, perceived that thoſe new conqueſts might tend to the ruin of the conſtitution, by augmenting the power and influence of the firſt magiſtrate.

In the year 1206, immediately after they were informed of the death of Dandolo, they created ſix new magiſtrates, called Correctors; and this inſtitution has been renewed at every interregnum which has happened ſince.

The duty of thoſe Correctors is, to examine into all abuſes which may have taken place

place during the reign of the preceding Doge, and report them to the ſenate, that they may be remedied, and prevented for the future, by wholeſome laws, before the election of another Doge. At the ſame time it was ordained, that the State ſhould be indemnified out of the fortune of the deceaſed magiſtrate, from any detriment it had ſuſtained by his maladminiſtration, of which the ſenate were to be the judges. This law was certainly well calculated to make the Doge very circumſpect in his conduct, and has been the origin of all the future reſtraints which have been laid on that very unenviable office.

Men accuſtomed to the calm and ſecure enjoyments of private life, are apt to imagine, that no mortal would be fond of any office on ſuch conditions; but the ſenate of Venice, from more extenſive views of human nature, knew that there always was a ſufficient number of men, eager to graſp the

ſceptre of ambition, in defiance of all the thorns with which it could be ſurrounded.

It was not the intention of the Venetian ſenate to throw the ſmalleſt ſtain on the character of their late patriotic Doge; nevertheleſs they thought the interregnum after his death, the moſt favourable opportunity of paſſing this law; becauſe, when the Inquiſition had taken place after his glorious reign, no Doge could expect that it would ever afterwards be diſpenſed with.

The Correctors having been choſen, and the inquiſition made, Peter Ziani was elected Doge. In his reign a court for civil cauſes, denominated the Tribunal of Forty, was created. Its name ſufficiently explains the intention of eſtabliſhing this court, to which there is an appeal from the deciſions of all inferior magiſtrates in civil cauſes tried within the city. It is to be

be diſtinguiſhed from the court of Forty, formerly mentioned, whoſe juriſdiction was now confined to criminal cauſes: it afterwards got the name of *old* civil council of Forty, to diſtinguiſh it from a third court, conſiſting alſo of forty members, which was eſtabliſhed at a ſubſequent period, to decide, by appeal, in all civil cauſes, from the judgments of the inferior courts without the city of Venice.

Towards the end of his life, about the year 1228, Ziani abdicated his office. At the election of his ſucceſſor, the ſuffrages were equally divided, between Rainier Dandolo, and James Theipolo. This prolonged the interregnum for two months; as often as they were balloted, during that time, each of them had twenty balls. The ſenate, at laſt, ordained them to draw lots, which decided in favour of Theipolo.

During his adminiſtration, the Venetian code was, in ſome degree, reformed and

abridged. One of the greateſt inconveniences of freedom, is the number of laws neceſſary to protect the life and property of each citizen; the natural conſequences of which are, a multitude of lawyers, with all the ſuits and vexations which they create; "les peines, les déſpenſes, les "longueurs, les dangers mêmes de la juſ-"tice," ſays Monteſquieu, "ſont le prix "que chaque citoyen donne pour ſa liberté." The more freedom remains in a State, of the higher importance will the life and property of each citizen be conſidered. A deſpotic government counts the life of a citizen as of no importance at all.

The Doge Theipolo, who had himſelf been a lawyer, as many of the Venetian nobles at that time were, beſtowed infinite labour in arranging and illuminating the vaſt chaos of laws and regulations in which the juriſprudence of a republic, ſo jealous of her liberty, had been involved. After a long reign, he abdicated the government; and,

and, to prevent the inconveniency which had happened at his election, the number of electors, by a new decree of the ſenate, was augmented to forty-one.

In the reign of his ſucceſſor, Marino Marſini, two judges, called Criminal Judges of the Night, were appointed. Their function is to judge of what are called nocturnal crimes, under which denomination are reckoned robberies, wilful fire, rapes, and bigamy. We find alſo, that Jews lying with Chriſtian women, is enumerated among nocturnal crimes; though, by an unjuſtifiable partiality, a Chriſtian man lying with a Jewiſh woman, whether by night or day, is not mentioned as any crime at all.

A few years after, in the reign of the Doge Rainier Zeno, four more judges were added to this tribunal; and, during the interregnum which took place at his death,

in the year 1268, a new form of electing the Doge was fixed, which, though somewhat complicated, has been obſerved ever ſince.

All the members of the grand council, who are paſt thirty years of age, being aſſembled in the hall of the palace, as many balls are put into an urn as there are members preſent; thirty of theſe balls are gilt, and the reſt white. Each counſellor draws one; and thoſe who get the gilt balls, go into another room, where there is an urn, containing thirty balls, nine of which are gilt. The thirty members draw again; and thoſe who, by a ſecond piece of good fortune, get the gilt balls, are the *firſt electors*, and have a right to chooſe forty, among whom they comprehend themſelves.

Thoſe forty, by balloting in the ſame manner as in the former inſtances, are reduced to twelve *ſecond electors*, who chooſe twenty-

twenty-five, the firſt of the twelve naming three, and the remaining eleven two, a-piece. All thoſe being aſſembled in a chamber apart, each of them draws a ball from an urn, containing twenty-five balls, among which are nine gilt. This reduces them to nine *third electors*, each of whom chooſes five, making in all forty-five; who, as in the preceding inſtances, are reduced by ballot, to eleven *fourth electors*, and they have the nomination of forty-one, who are the *direct electors* of the Doge. Being ſhut up by themſelves, they begin by chooſing three chiefs, and two ſecretaries; each elector, being then called, throws a little billet into an urn, which ſtands on a table before the chiefs. On this billet is inſcribed the perſon's name whom the elector wiſhes to be Doge.

The ſecretaries then, in the preſence of the chiefs, and of the whole aſſembly, open the billets. Among all the forty-one

there are, generally, but a very few different names, as the election, for the moſt part, balances between two or three candidates. Their names, whatever is the number, are put into another urn, and drawn out one after another. As ſoon as a name is extracted, the Secretary reads it, and, if the perſon to whom it belongs is preſent, he immediately retires. One of the chiefs then demands, with a loud voice, whether any crime can be laid to this perſon's charge, or any objection made to his being raiſed to the ſovereign dignity? If any objection is made, the accuſed is called in, and heard in his own defence; after which the electors proceed to give their deciſion, by throwing a ball into one of two boxes, one of which is for the Ayes, the other for the Noes. The Secretaries then count the balls, and if there are twenty-five in the firſt, the election is finiſhed; if not, another name is read, and the ſame inquiſition made as

before, till there are twenty-five approving balls.

This form, wherein judgment and chance are ſo perfectly blended, precludes every attempt to corrupt the electors, and all cabals for the Ducal dignity; for who could dream, by any labour or contrivance, of gaining an election, the mode of whoſe procedure equally baffles the addreſs of a politician and a juggler?

Lawrence Theipolo was the firſt Doge choſen according to this mode. In his reign the office of Grand Chancellor was created.

Hitherto the public acts were ſigned by certain perſons choſen by the Doge himſelf, and called Chancellors; but the Grand Council, which we find always ſolicitous to limit the power of the Doge, thought *that* method improper; and now propoſed, that a Chancellor

Chancellor ſhould be appointed by themſelves, with rights and privileges entirely independent of the Doge. At the ſame time, as the people had ſhewn ſymptoms of diſcontent, on account of the great offices being all in the diſtinguiſhed families, it was thought expedient to ordain, that the Chancellor ſhould always be taken from among the Secretaries of the ſenate, who were citizens. Afterwards, when the council of ten came to be eſtabliſhed, it was ordained, that the Chancellor might be choſen either from the Secretaries of that court, or from thoſe of the ſenate.

The Grand Chancellor of Venice is an officer of great dignity and importance; he has the keeping of the great ſeal of the Commonwealth, and is privy to all the ſecrets of the State; he is conſidered as the head of the order of citizens, and his office is the moſt lucrative in the republic; yet, though he muſt be preſent

at

at all the councils, he has no deliberative voice.

In perusing the annals of this republic, we continually meet with proofs of the restless jealousy of this government; even the private œconomy of families sometimes created suspicion, however blameless the public conduct of the master might be. The present Doge had married a foreign lady; his two sons followed his example; one of their wives was a princess. This gave umbrage to the senate; they thought that, by such means, the nobles might acquire an interest, and connexions, in other countries, inconsistent with their duty as citizens of Venice; and therefore, in the interregnum which followed the death of Theipolo, a law was proposed by the Correctors, and immediately passed, by which all future Doges, and their sons, were interdicted from marriage with foreigners, under

under the pain of being excluded from the office of Doge.

Though the people had been gradually, as we have ſeen, deprived of their original right of electing the chief magiſtrate; yet, on the elections which ſucceeded the eſtabliſhment of the new mode, the Doge had always been preſented to the multitude aſſembled in St. Mark's Place, as if requeſting their approbation; and the people, flattered with this ſmall degree of attention, had never failed to announce their ſatisfaction by repeated ſhouts: but the ſenate ſeem to have been afraid of leaving them even this empty ſhadow of their ancient power; for they ordained, that, inſtead of preſenting the Doge to the multitude, to receive their acclamations, as formerly, a Syndic, for the future, ſhould, in the name of the people, congratulate the new Doge on his election. On this occaſion, the ſenate

do

do not ſeem to have acted with their uſual diſcernment. Show often affects the minds of men more than ſubſtance, as appeared in the preſent inſtance; for the Venetian populace diſplayed more reſentment on being deprived of this noiſy piece of form, than when the ſubſtantial right had been taken from them. After the death of the Doge John Dandolo, before a new election could take place in the uſual forms, a prodigious multitude aſſembled in St. Mark's Place, and, with loud acclamations, proclaimed James Theipolo; declaring, that this was more binding than any other mode of election, and that he was Doge to all intents and purpoſes. While the ſenate remained in fearful ſuſpenſe for the conſequences of an event ſo alarming and unlooked-for, they were informed, that Theipolo had withdrawn himſelf from the city, with a determination to remain concealed, till he heard how the ſenate and people would ſettle the diſpute.

The

The people, having no perſon of weight to conduct or head them, renounced, with their uſual fickleneſs, a project which they had begun with their uſual intrepidity.

The Grand Council, freed from alarm, proceeded to a regular election, and choſe Peter Gradonico, a man of enterpriſe, firmneſs, and addreſs, in whoſe reign we ſhall ſee the dying embers of democracy perfectly extinguiſhed.

LETTER XII.

Venice.

GRadonico, from the moment he was in poſſeſſion of the office of Doge, formed a ſcheme of depriving the people of all their remaining power. An averſion to popular government, and reſentment of ſome ſigns of perſonal diſlike, which the populace had ſhewn at his election, ſeem to have been his only motives; for, while he completely annihilated the ancient rights of the people, he ſhewed no inclination to augment the power of his own office.

Although the people had experienced many mortifying deviations from the old conſtitution, yet, as the Grand Council was choſen annually, by electors of their

own nomination, they flattered themſelves that they ſtill retained an important ſhare in the government. It was this laſt hold of their declining freedom which Gradonico meditated to remove, for ever, from their hands. Such a project was of a nature to have intimidated a man of leſs courage; but his natural intrepidity, animated by reſentment, made him overlook all dangers and difficulties.

He began (as if by way of experiment) with ſome alterations reſpecting the manner of chooſing the Grand Council; theſe, however, occaſioned murmurs; and it was feared, that dangerous tumults would ariſe at the next election of that court.

But, ſuperior to fear, Gradonico inſpired others with courage; and, before the period of the election arrived, he ſtruck the deciſive blow.

A law

A law was publiſhed in the year 1297, by which it was ordained, that thoſe who actually belonged to the Grand Council, ſhould continue members of it for life; and that the ſame right ſhould deſcend to their poſterity, without any form of election whatever. This was at once forming a body of hereditary legiſlative nobility, and eſtabliſhing a complete ariſtocracy, upon the ruins of the ancient popular government.

This meaſure ſtruck all the citizens, who were not then of the Grand Council, with concern and aſtoniſhment; but, in a particular manner, thoſe of ancient and noble families; for although, as has been already obſerved, there was, ſtrictly ſpeaking, no nobility with excluſive privileges before this law, yet there were in Venice, as there muſt be in the moſt democratical republics, certain families conſidered as more honourable than others, many of whom

found themſelves, by this law, thrown into a rank inferior to that of the leaſt conſiderable perſon who happened, at this important period, to be a member of the Grand Council. To conciliate the minds of ſuch dangerous malcontents, exceptions were made in their favour, and ſome of the moſt powerful were immediately received into the Grand Council; and to others it was promiſed that they ſhould, at ſome future period, be admitted. By ſuch hopes, artfully inſinuated, and by the great influence of the members who actually compoſed the Grand Council, all immediate inſurrections were prevented; and foreign wars, and objects of commerce, ſoon turned the people's attention from this mortifying change in the nature of the government.

A ſtrong reſentment of thoſe innovations, however, feſtered in the breaſts of ſome individuals, who, a few years after, under the direction of one Marino Bocconi, formed

formed a deſign to aſſaſſinate Gradonico, and maſſacre all the Grand Council, without diſtinction. This plot was diſcovered, and the chiefs, after confeſſing their crimes, were executed between the pillars.

The conſpiracy of Bocconi was confined to malcontents of the rank of citizens; but one of a more dangerous nature, and which originated among the nobles themſelves, was formed in the year 1309.

This combination was made up of ſome of the moſt diſtinguiſhed of thoſe who were not of the Grand Council when the reform took place, and who had not been admitted afterwards, according to their expectations; and of ſome others of very ancient families, who could not bear to ſee ſo many citizens raiſed to a level with themſelves, and who, beſides, were piqued at what they called the Pride of Gradonico. Theſe men choſe for their leader, the ſon of James

Theipolo, who had been proclaimed Doge by the populace. Their object was, to diſpoſſeſs Gradonico, and reſtore the ancient conſtitution; they were ſoon joined by a great many of inferior rank, within the city, and they engaged conſiderable numbers of their friends and dependents from Padua, and the adjacent country, to come to Venice, and aſſiſt them, at the time appointed for the inſurrection. Conſidering the numbers that were privy to this undertaking, it is aſtoniſhing that it was not diſcovered till the night preceding that on which it was to have taken place. The uncommon concourſe of ſtrangers created the firſt ſuſpicion, which was confirmed by the confeſſion of ſome who were acquainted with the deſign. The Doge immediately ſummoned the council, and ſent expreſſes to the governors of the neighbouring towns and forts, with orders for them to haſten with their forces to Venice. The conſpirators were not diſconcerted; they aſſem-

bled,

bled, and attacked the Doge and his friends, who were collected in a body around the palace. The Place of St. Mark was the ſcene of this tumultuous battle, which laſted many hours, but was attended with more noiſe and terror among the inhabitants, than bloodſhed to the combatants. Some of the military governors arriving with troops, the conteſt ended in the rout of the conſpirators. A few nobles had been killed in the engagement; a greater number were executed by order of the ſenate. Theipolo, who had fled, was declared infamous, and an enemy to his country; his goods and fortune were confiſcated, and his houſe razed to the ground. After theſe executions, it was thought expedient, to receive into the Grand Council, ſeveral of the moſt diſtinguiſhed families of citizens.

Thoſe two conſpiracies having immediately followed one another, ſpread an

univerſal diffidence and dread over the city, and gave riſe to the court called the Council of Ten, which was erected about this time, merely as a temporary Tribunal, to examine into the cauſes, puniſh the accomplices, and deſtroy the ſeeds of the late conſpiracy; but which, in the ſequel, became permanent. I ſhall wave farther mention of this court, till we come to the period when the State Inquiſitors were eſtabliſhed; but it is proper to mention, that the Eccleſiaſtical Court of Inquiſition was alſo erected at Venice, in the reign of the Doge Gradonico.

The Popes had long endeavoured to introduce this court into every country in Europe; they ſucceeded too well in many; but though it was not entirely rejected by the State of Venice, yet it was accepted under ſuch reſtrictions as have prevented the diſmal cruelties which accompany it in other countries.

This

This republic ſeems, at all times, to have a ſtrong impreſſion of the ambitious and encroaching ſpirit of the court of Rome; and has, on all occaſions, ſhewn the greateſt unwillingneſs to entruſt power in the hands of eccleſiaſtics. Of this, the Venetians gave an undoubted proof at preſent; for while they eſtabliſhed a new civil Court of Inquiſition, with the moſt unlimited powers, they would not receive the eccleſiaſtical inquiſitions, except on conditions to which it had not been ſubjected in any other country.

The court of Rome never diſplayed more addreſs than in its attempts to elude thoſe limitations, and to prevail on the ſenate to admit the inquiſition at Venice, on the ſame footing as it had been received elſewhere; but the ſenate was as firm as the Pope was artful, and the Court of Inquiſition was at laſt eſtabliſhed, under the following conditions:

That

That three commiſſioners from the Senate ſhould attend the deliberations of that court, none of whoſe decrees could be executed without the approbation of the commiſſioners.

Thoſe commiſſioners were to take no oath of fidelity, or engagement of any kind, to the Inquiſition; but were bound by oath to conceal nothing from the ſenate which ſhould paſs in the Holy Office.

That hereſy ſhould be the only crime cogniſable by the Inquiſition; and, in caſe of the conviction and condemnation of any criminal, his goods and money ſhould not belong to the court, but to his natural heirs.

That Jews and Greeks ſhould be indulged in the exerciſe of their religion, without being diſturbed by this court.

The

The commiſſioners were to prevent the regiſtration of any ſtatute made at Rome; or any where out of the Venetian State.

The Inquiſitors were not permitted to condemn books as heretical, without the concurrence of the Senate; nor were they allowed to judge any to be ſo, but thoſe already condemned by the edict of Clement VIII.

Such were the reſtrictions under which the Inquiſition was eſtabliſhed at Venice; and nothing can more clearly prove their efficacy, than a compariſon of their numbers, who have ſuffered for hereſy here, with thoſe who have been condemned to death by that court in every other place where it was eſtabliſhed.

An inſtance is recorded of a man, named Narino, being condemned to a public puniſhment, for having compoſed a book

in defence of the opinions of John Huſs. For this (the greateſt of all crimes in the ſight of Inquiſitors) his ſentence was, that he ſhould be expoſed publicly on a ſcaffold, dreſſed in a gown, with flames and devils painted on it. The moderation of the civil magiſtrate appears in this ſentence. Without his interpoſition, the flames which ſurrounded the priſoner would, in all probability, not have been *painted.* This, which is mentioned in the Hiſtory of Venice as an inſtance of ſeverity, happened at a time, when, in Spain and Portugal, many wretches were burnt, by order of the Inquiſition, for ſmaller offences.

In 1354, during the interregnum after the death of Andrew Dandolo, it was propoſed, by the Correctors of Abuſes, that, for the future, the three chiefs of the Criminal Council of Forty ſhould be members of the College; and this paſſed into a law.

It may be neceſſary to mention, that the College, otherwiſe called the Seigniory, is the ſupreme cabinet council of the State. This court was originally compoſed of the Doge and ſix counſellors only; but to theſe, at different periods, were added; firſt, ſix of the Grand Council, choſen by the Senate; they were called Savii, or Sages, from their ſuppoſed wiſdom; and afterwards, five Savii, of the Terra Firma, whoſe more immediate duty is to ſuperintend the buſineſs of the towns and provinces belonging to the republic, on the continent of Europe, particularly what regards the troops. At one time there were alſo five Savii for maritime affairs, but they had little buſineſs after the Venetian navy became inconſiderable; and now, in the room of them, five young noblemen are choſen by the Senate every ſix months, who attend the meetings of the Seigniory, without having a vote, though

though they give their opinions when aſked. This is by way of inſtructing, and rendering them fit for the affairs of State. They are called Sages of the Orders, and are choſen every ſix months.

To thoſe were added, the three chiefs of the Criminal Court of Forty; the court then conſiſting, in all, of twenty-ſix members.

The College is, at once, the cabinet council, and the repreſentative of the republic. This court gives audience, and delivers anſwers, in the name of the republic, to foreign Ambaſſadors, to the deputies of towns and provinces, and to the generals of the army; it alſo receives all requeſts and memorials on State affairs, ſummons the Senate at pleaſure, and arranges the buſineſs to be diſcuſſed in that aſſembly.

In

In the Venetian government, great care is taken to balance the power of one court by that of another, and to make them reciprocal checks on each other. It was probably from a jealousy of the power of the College, that three chiefs of the Criminal Court of Forty were now added to it.

LETTER XIII.

Venice.

THE hiſtory of no nation preſents a greater variety of ſingular events than that of Venice. We have ſeen a conſpiracy againſt this State, originating among the citizens, and carried on by people of that rank only. We ſaw another, ſoon after, which took its origin among the body of the nobles; but the year 1355 preſents us with one of a ſtill more extraordinary nature, begun, and carried on, by the Doge himſelf. If ambition, or the augmentation of his own power, had been the object, it would not have been ſo ſurpriſing; but his motive to the conſpiracy was as ſmall as the intention was dreadful.

Marino

Marino Falliero, Doge of Venice, was, at this time, eighty years of age; a time of life when the violence of the paſſions is generally pretty much abated. He had, even then, however, given a ſtrong inſtance of the raſhneſs of his diſpoſition, by marrying a very young woman. This lady imagined ſhe had been affronted by a young Venetian nobleman at a public ball, and ſhe complained bitterly of the inſult to her huſband. The old Doge, who had all the deſire imaginable to pleaſe his wife, determined, in this matter at leaſt, to give her ample ſatisfaction.

The delinquent was brought before the Judges, and the crime was exaggerated with all the eloquence that money could purchaſe; but they viewed the affair with unprejudiced eyes, and pronounced a ſentence no more than adequate to the crime. The Doge was filled with the moſt extravagant rage, and, finding that the body of

the nobles took no ſhare in his wrath, he entered into a conſpiracy with the Admiral of the Arſenal, and ſome others, who were diſcontented with the government on other accounts, and projected a method of vindicating his wife's honour, which ſeems rather violent for the occaſion. It was reſolved by thoſe deſperadoes, to maſſacre the whole Grand Council. Such a ſcene of bloodſhed, on account of one woman, has not been imagined ſince the Trojan war.

This plot was conducted with more ſecrecy than could have been expected, from a man who ſeems to have been deprived of reaſon, as well as humanity. Every thing was prepared; and the day, previous to that which was fixed for the execution, had arrived, without any perſon, but thoſe concerned in the conſpiracy, having the leaſt knowledge of the horrid deſign.

It was diſcovered in the ſame manner in which that againſt the King and Parliament of England, was brought to light in the time of James the Firſt.

Bertrand Bergameſe, one of the conſpirators, being deſirous to ſave Nicolas Lioni, a noble Venetian, from the general maſſacre, called on him, and earneſtly admoniſhed him, on no account, to go out of his houſe the following day; for, if he did, he would certainly loſe his life. Lioni preſſed him to give ſome reaſon for this extraordinary advice; which the other obſtinately refuſing, Lioni ordered him to be ſeized, and confined; and, ſending for ſome of his friends of the Senate, by means of promiſes and threats, they at length prevailed on the priſoner to diſcover the whole of this horrid myſtery.

They ſend for the Avogadors, the Council of Ten, and other high officers, by

whom the priſoner was examined; after which, orders were given for ſeizing the principal conſpirators in their houſes, and for ſummoning thoſe of the nobility and citizens, on whoſe fidelity the Council could rely. Theſe meaſures could not be taken ſo ſecretly as not to alarm many, who found means to make their eſcape. A conſiderable number were arreſted, among whom were two chiefs of the conſpiracy under the Doge. They being put to the queſtion, confeſſed the whole. It appeared, that only a ſelect body of the principal men had been privy to the real deſign; great numbers had been deſired to be prepared with arms, at a particular hour, when they would be employed in attacking certain enemies of the State, which were not named; they were deſired to keep thoſe orders a perfect ſecret, and were told, that upon their fidelity and ſecrecy their future fortunes depended. Thoſe men did not know of each other, and had no ſuſpicion that

that it was not a lawful enterprise for which they were thus engaged; they were therefore set at liberty; but all the chiefs of the plot gave the fullest evidence against the Doge. It was proved, that the whole scheme had been formed by his direction, and supported by his influence. After the principal conspirators were tried, and executed, the Council of Ten next proceeded to the trial of the Doge himself. They desired that twenty senators, of the highest reputation, might assist upon this solemn occasion; and that two relations of the Fallier family, one of whom was a member of the Council of Ten, and the other an Avogador, might withdraw from the court.

The Doge, who hitherto had remained under a guard in his own apartments in the palace, was now brought before this Tribunal of his own subjects. He was dressed in the robes of his office.

It is thought he intended to have denied the charge, and attempted a defence; but when he perceived the number and nature of the proofs againſt him, overwhelmed by their force, he acknowledged his guilt, with many fruitleſs and abject intreaties for mercy.

That a man, of eighty years of age, ſhould loſe all firmneſs on ſuch an occaſion, is not marvellous; that he ſhould have been incited, by a trifling offence, to ſuch an inhuman, and ſuch a deliberate plan of wickedneſs, is without example.

He was ſentenced to loſe his head. The ſentence was executed in the place where the Doges are uſually crowned.

In the Great Chamber of the palace, where the portraits of the Doges are placed, there is a vacant ſpace between the portraits of Fallier's immediate predeceſſor

deceſſor and ſucceſſor, with this inſcription:

Locus Marini Fallieri decapitati.

The only other inſtance which hiſtory preſents to our contemplation, of a ſovereign tried according to the forms of law, and condemned to death by a Tribunal of his own ſubjects, is that of Charles the Firſt, of Great Britain. But how differently are we affected by a review of the two caſes!

In the one, the original errors of the miſguided Prince are forgotten in the ſeverity of his fate, and in the calm majeſtic firmneſs with which he bore it. Thoſe who, from public ſpirit, had oppoſed the unconſtitutional meaſures of his government, were no more; and the men now in power were actuated by far different principles. All the paſſions of humanity, therefore, take part with the royal ſuf-

ferer; nothing but the ungenerous ſpirit of party can ſeduce them to the ſide of his enemies. In his trial we behold, with a mixture of pity and indignation, the unhappy monarch delivered up to the malice of hypocrites, the rage of fanatics, and the inſolence of a low-born law ruffian.

In the other, every ſentiment of compaſſion is effaced by horror, at the enormity of the crime.

In the year 1361, after the death of the Doge John Delfino, when the laſt electors were confined in the Ducal Chamber to chooſe his ſucceſſor, and while the election vibrated between three candidates, a report arrived at Venice, that Laurentius Celſus, who commanded the fleet, had obtained a complete victory over the Genoeſe, who were at that time at war with the Venetians. This intelligence was communicated to the electors, who immediately dropped all

all the three candidates, and unanimouſly choſe this commander. Soon after, it was found, that the rumour of the victory was entirely groundleſs. This could not affect the validity of the election; but it produced a decree to prevent, on future occaſions of the ſame kind, all communication between the people without, and the conclave of electors.

This Doge's father diſplayed a ſingular inſtance of weakneſs and vanity, which ſome of the hiſtorians have thought worth tranſmitting to us. I do not know for what reaſon, unleſs it be to comfort poſterity with the reflection, that human folly is much the ſame in all ages, and that their anceſtors have not been a great deal wiſer than themſelves. This old gentleman thought it beneath the dignity of a father to pull off his cap to his own ſon; and that he might not ſeem to condeſcend ſo far, even when all the other nobles ſhewed

this

this mark of reſpect to their ſovereign, he went, from the moment of his ſon's election, upon all occaſions, and in all weathers, with his head uncovered. The Doge being ſolicitous for his father's health, and finding that no perſuaſion, nor explanation of the matter, that could be given, were ſufficient to overcome this obſtinacy, recollected that he was as devout as he was vain, which ſuggeſted an expedient that had the deſired effect. He placed a croſs on the front of his ducal coronet. The old man was as deſirous to teſtify his reſpect to the croſs, as he was averſe to pay obeiſance to his ſon; and unable to deviſe any way of pulling off a cap which he never wore, his piety, at length, got the better of his pride; he reſumed his cap, as formerly, that, as often as his ſon appeared, he might pull it off in honour of the croſs.

During the reign of Laurentius Celſus, the celebrated poet Petrarch, who reſided for ſome

ſome time at Venice, and was pleaſed with the manners of the people, and the wiſdom of their government, made a preſent to the republic, of his collection of books; which, at that time, was reckoned very valuable. This was the foundation of the great library of St. Mark.

In peruſing the annals of Venice, we continually meet with new inſtitutions. No ſooner is any inconveniency perceived, than meaſures are taken to remove it, or guard againſt its effects. About this time, three new magiſtrates were appointed, whoſe duty is to prevent all oſtentatious luxuries in dreſs, equipage, and other expenſive ſuperfluities, and to proſecute thoſe who tranſgreſs the ſumptuary laws, which comprehend ſuch objects. Thoſe magiſtrates are called Sopra Proveditori alle Pompé; they were allowed a diſcretionary power of levying fines, from people of certain profeſſions, who deal entirely in articles of luxury.

luxury. Of this number, that of public courteſans was reckoned. This profeſſion, according to all accounts, formerly flouriſhed at Venice, with a degree of ſplendour unknown in any other capital of Europe; and very conſiderable exactions were raiſed to the uſe of the State, at particular times, from the wealthieſt of thoſe dealers. This exciſe, it would appear, has been puſhed beyond what the trade could bear; for it is at preſent in a ſtate of wretchedneſs and decay; the beſt of the buſineſs, as is ſaid, being now carried on, for mere pleaſure, by people who do not avow themſelves of the profeſſion.

LETTER XIV.

Venice.

NO government was ever more punctual, and impartial, than that of Venice, in the execution of the laws. This was thought eſſential to the well-being, and very exiſtence, of the State. For this, all reſpect for individuals, all private conſiderations whatever, and every compunctious feeling of the heart, is ſacrificed. To execute law with all the rigour of juſtice, is conſidered as the chief virtue of a judge; and, as there are caſes in which the ſterneſt may relent, the Venetian government has taken care to appoint certain magiſtrates, whoſe ſole buſineſs is to ſee that others perform their duty upon all occaſions.

All

All this is very fine in the abſtract, but we often find it deteſtable in the application.

In the year 1400, while Antonio Venier was Doge, his ſon having committed an offence which evidently ſprung from mere youthful levity, and nothing worſe, was condemned in a fine of one hundred ducats, and to be impriſoned for a certain time.

While the young man was in priſon, he fell ſick, and petitioned to be removed to a purer air. The Doge rejected the petition; declaring, that the ſentence muſt be executed literally; and that his ſon muſt take the fortune of others in the ſame predicament. The youth was much beloved, and many applications were made, that the ſentence might be ſoftened, on account of the danger which threatened him. The father was inexorable, and the ſon died in priſon.

priſon. Of whatever refined ſubſtance this man's heart may have been compoſed, I am better pleaſed that mine is made of the common materials.

Carlo Zeno was accuſed, by the Council of Ten, of having received a ſum of money from Francis Carraro, ſon of the Seignior of Padua, contrary to an expreſs law, which forbids all ſubjects of Venice, on any pretext whatever, accepting any ſalary, penſion, or gratification, from a foreign Prince, or State. This accuſation was grounded on a paper found among Carraro's accounts, when Padua was taken by the Venetians. In this paper was an article of four hundred ducats paid to Carlo Zeno, who declared, in his defence, that while he was, by the Senate's permiſſion, governor of the Milaneſe, he had viſited Carraro, then a priſoner in the caſtle of Aſti; and finding him in want of common neceſſaries,

he had advanced to him the ſum in queſtion; and that this Prince, having been liberated ſome ſhort time after, had, on his return to Padua, repaid the money.

Zeno was a man of acknowledged candour, and of the higheſt reputation; he had commanded the fleets and armies of the State with the moſt brilliant ſucceſs; yet neither this, nor any other conſiderations, prevailed on the Court to depart from their uſually ſeverity. They owned that, from Zeno's uſual integrity, there was no reaſon to doubt the truth of his declaration; but the aſſertions of an accuſed perſon were not ſufficient to efface the force of the preſumptive circumſtances which appeared againſt him.—His declaration might be convincing to thoſe who knew him intimately, but was not legal evidence of his innocence; and they adhered to a diſtinguiſhing maxim of this Court, that it is of more importance to the State,

State, to intimidate every one from even the appearance of ſuch a crime, than to allow a perſon, againſt whom a preſumption of guilt remained, to eſcape, however innocent he might be. This man, who had rendered the moſt eſſential ſervices to the republic, and had gained many victories, was condemned to be removed from all his offices, and to be impriſoned for two years.

But the moſt affecting inſtance of the odious inflexibility of Venetian courts, appears in the caſe of Foſcari, ſon to the Doge of that name.

This young man had, by ſome imprudences, given offence to the Senate, and was, by their orders, confined at Treviſo, when Almor Donato, one of the Council of Ten, was aſſaſſinated, on the 5th of November 1750, as he entered his own houſe.

A reward, in ready money, with pardon for this, or any other crime, and a penſion of two hundred ducats, revertible to children, was promiſed to any perſon who would diſcover the planner, or perpetrator, of this crime. No ſuch diſcovery was made.

One of young Foſcari's footmen, named Olivier, had been obſerved loitering near Donato's houſe on the evening of the murder;—he fled from Venice next morning. Theſe, with other circumſtances of leſs importance, created a ſtrong ſuſpicion that Foſcari had engaged this man to commit the murder.

Olivier was taken, brought to Venice, put to the torture, and confeſſed nothing; yet the Council of Ten, being prepoſſeſſed with an opinion of their guilt, and imagining that the maſter would have leſs reſolution, uſed him in the ſame cruel manner.—The

unhappy young man, in the midſt of his agony, continued to aſſert, that he knew nothing of the aſſaſſination. This convinced the Court of his firmneſs, but not of his innocence; yet as there was no legal proof of his guilt, they could not ſentence him to death. He was condemned to paſs the reſt of his life in baniſhment, at Canéa, in the iſland of Candia.

This unfortunate youth bore his exile with more impatience than he had done the rack; he often wrote to his relations and friends, praying them to intercede in his behalf, that the term of his baniſhment might be abridged, and that he might be permitted to return to his family before he died.—All his applications were fruitleſs; thoſe to whom he addreſſed himſelf had never interfered in his favour, for fear of giving offence to the obdurate Council, or had interfered in vain.

After languiſhing five years in exile, having loſt all hope of return, through the interpoſition of his own family, or countrymen, in a fit of deſpair he addreſſed the Duke of Milan, putting him in mind of ſervices which the Doge, his father, had rendered him, and begging that he would uſe his powerful influence with the State of Venice, that his ſentence might be recalled. He entruſted his letter to a merchant, going from Canéa to Venice, who promiſed to take the firſt opportunity of ſending it from thence to the Duke; inſtead of which, this wretch, as ſoon as he arrived at Venice, delivered it to the chiefs of the Council of Ten.

This conduct of young Foſcari appeared criminal in the eyes of thoſe judges; for, by the laws of the republic, all its ſubjects are expreſsly forbid claiming the protection of foreign Princes, in any thing which relates to the government of Venice.

Foſcari

Foſcari was therefore ordered to be brought from Candia, and ſhut up in the State priſon. There the chiefs of the Council of Ten ordered him once more to be put to the torture, to draw from him the motives which determined him to apply to the Duke of Milan. Such an exertion of law is, indeed, the moſt flagrant injuſtice.

The miſerable youth declared to the Council, that he had wrote the letter, in the full perſuaſion that the merchant, whoſe character he knew, would betray him, and deliver it to them; the conſequence of which, he foreſaw, would be, his being ordered back a priſoner to Venice, the only means he had in his power of ſeeing his parents and friends; a pleaſure for which he had languiſhed, with unſurmountable deſire, for ſome time, and which he was willing to purchaſe at the expence of any danger or pain.

The Judges, little affected with this generous inſtance of filial piety, ordained, that the unhappy young man ſhould be carried back to Candia, and there be impriſoned for a year, and remain baniſhed to that iſland for life; with this condition, that if he ſhould make any more applications to foreign Powers, his impriſonment ſhould be perpetual. At the ſame time they gave permiſſion, that the Doge, and his lady, might viſit their unfortunate ſon.

The Doge was, at this time, very old; he had been in poſſeſſion of the office above thirty years. Thoſe wretched parents had an interview with their ſon in one of the apartments of the palace; they embraced him with all the tenderneſs which his misfortunes, and his filial affection, deſerved. The father exhorted him to bear his hard fate with firmneſs; the ſon proteſted, in the moſt moving terms, that this was not in his power; that however

others

others could ſupport the diſmal lonelineſs of a priſon, he could not; that his heart was formed for friendſhip, and the reciprocal endearments of ſocial life; without which his ſoul ſunk into dejection worſe than death, from which alone he ſhould look for relief, if he ſhould again be confined to the horrors of a priſon; and melting into tears, he ſunk at his father's feet, imploring him to take compaſſion on a ſon who had ever loved him with the moſt dutiful affection, and who was perfectly innocent of the crime of which he was accuſed; he conjured him, by every bond of nature and religion, by the bowels of a father, and the mercy of a Redeemer, to uſe his influence with the Council to mitigate their ſentence, that he might be ſaved from the moſt cruel of all deaths, that of expiring under the ſlow tortures of a broken heart, in a horrible baniſhment from every creature he loved.—"My ſon," replied the Doge, "ſubmit to the laws of your country,

" and do not aſk of me what it is not in " my power to obtain."

Having made this effort, he retired to another apartment; and, unable to ſupport any longer the acuteneſs of his feelings, he ſunk into a ſtate of inſenſibility, in which condition he remained till ſome time after his ſon had ſailed on his return to Candia.

Nobody has preſumed to deſcribe the anguiſh of the wretched mother; thoſe who are endowed with the moſt exquiſite ſenſibility, and who have experienced diſtreſſes in ſome degree ſimilar, will have the juſteſt idea of what it was.

The accumulated miſery of thoſe unhappy parents touched the hearts of ſome of the moſt powerful ſenators, who applied with ſo much energy for a complete pardon for young Foſcari, that they were on the

point of obtaining it; when a veſſel arrived from Candia, with tidings, that the miſerable youth had expired in priſon a ſhort time after his return.

Some years after this, Nicholas Erizzo, a noble Venetian, being on his death-bed, confeſſed that, bearing a violent reſentment againſt the Senator Donato, he had committed the aſſaſſination for which the unhappy family of Foſcari had ſuffered ſo much.

At this time the ſorrows of the Doge were at an end; he had exiſted only a few months after the death of his ſon. His life had been prolonged, till he beheld his ſon perſecuted to death for an infamous crime; but not till he ſhould ſee this foul ſtain waſhed from his family, and the innocence of his beloved ſon made manifeſt to the world.

The

The ways of heaven never appeared more dark and intricate, than in the incidents and cataſtrophe of this mournful ſtory. To reconcile the permiſſion of ſuch events, to our ideas of infinite power and goodneſs, however difficult, is a natural attempt in the human mind, and has exerciſed the ingenuity of philoſophers in all ages; while, in the eyes of Chriſtians, thoſe ſeeming perplexities afford an additional proof, that there will be a future ſtate, in which the ways of God to man will be fully juſtified.

LETTER XV.

Venice.

I Deferred giving you any account of the Council of Ten, till I came to mention the State Inquiſitors, as the laſt was ingrafted on the former, and was merely intended to ſtrengthen the hands, and augment the power, of that court.

The Council of Ten conſiſts, in effect, of ſeventeen members; for, beſides the ten noblemen choſen annually by the Grand Council, from whoſe number this court receives its name, the Doge preſides, and the ſix Counſellors of the Seigniory aſſiſt, when they think proper, at all deliberations.

This court was firſt inſtituted in the year 1310, immediately after Theipolo's conſpiracy.

It

It is ſupreme in all State crimes. It is the duty of three chiefs, choſen every month from this court, by lot, to open all letters addreſſed to it; to report the contents, and aſſemble the members, when they think proper. They have the power of ſeizing accuſed perſons, examining them in priſon, and taking their anſwers in writing, with the evidence againſt them; which being laid before the court, thoſe chiefs appear as proſecutors.

The priſoners, all this time, are kept in cloſe confinement, deprived of the company of relations and friends, and not allowed to receive any advice by letters. They can have no counſel to aſſiſt them, unleſs one of the Judges chooſes to aſſume that office; in which caſe he is permitted to manage their defence, and plead their cauſe; after which the Court decide, by a majority of votes, acquitting the priſoner, or condemning him to private or public execution,

execution, as they think proper; and if any perſons murmur at the fate of their relations or friends, and talk of their innocence, and the injuſtice they have met with, theſe malcontents are in great danger of meeting with the ſame fate.

I am convinced you will think, that ſuch a court was ſufficiently powerful to anſwer every good purpoſe of government. This, it would appear, was not the opinion of the Grand Council of Venice; who thought proper, in the year 1501, to create the Tribunal of State Inquiſitors, which is ſtill more deſpotic and brief in its manner of proceeding.

This court conſiſts of three members, all taken from the Council of Ten; two literally from the Ten, and the third from the Counſellors of the Seigniory, who alſo make a part of that Council.

Theſe

Theſe three perſons have the power of deciding, without appeal, on the lives of every citizen belonging to the Venetian State; the higheſt of the nobility, even the Doge himſelf, not being excepted. They keep the keys of the boxes into which anonymous informations are thrown. The informers who expect a recompence, cut off a little piece of their letter, which they afterwards ſhew to the Inquiſitor when they claim a reward. To thoſe three Inquiſitors is given, the right of employing ſpies, conſidering ſecret intelligence, iſſuing orders to ſeize all perſons whoſe words or actions they think reprehenſible, and afterwards trying them when they think proper. If all the three are of one opinion, no farther ceremony is neceſſary; they may order the priſoner to be ſtrangled in priſon, drowned in the Canal Orfano, hanged privately in the night-time, between the pillars, or executed publicly, as they pleaſe;

pleaſe; and whatever their deciſion be, no farther inquiſition can be made on the ſubject; but if any one of the three differs in opinion from his brethren, the cauſe muſt be carried before the full aſſembly of the Council of Ten. One would naturally imagine, that by thoſe the priſoner would have a good chance of being acquitted; becauſe the difference in opinion of the three Inquiſitors ſhews, that the caſe is, at leaſt, dubious; and in dubious caſes one would expect the leaning would be to the favourable ſide; but this court is governed by different maxims from thoſe you are acquainted with. It is a rule here to admit of ſmaller preſumptions in all crimes which affect the Government, than in other caſes; and the only difference they make between a crime fully proved, and one more doubtful, is, that, in the firſt caſe, the execution is in broad day-light; whereas, when there are doubts of the priſoner's guilt, he is only put to death privately.

The

The State Inquiſitors have keys to every apartment of the Ducal palace, and can, when they think proper, penetrate into the very bed-chamber of the Doge, open his cabinet, and examine his papers. Of courſe they may command acceſs to the houſe of every individual in the State. They continue in office only one year, but are not reſponſible afterwards for their conduct while they were in authority.

Can you think you would be perfectly compoſed, and eaſy in your mind, if you lived in the ſame city with three perſons, who had the power of ſhutting you up in a dungeon, and putting you to death when they pleaſed, and without being accountable for ſo doing?

If, from the characters of the Inquiſitors of one year, a man had nothing to dread, ſtill he might fear that a ſet, of a different character, might be in authority the next; and

and although he were perſuaded, that the Inquiſitors would always be choſen from among men of the moſt known integrity in the State, he might tremble at the malice of informers, and ſecret enemies; a combination of whom might impoſe on the underſtandings of upright Judges, eſpecially where the accuſed is excluded from his friends, and denied counſel to aſſiſt him in his defence; for, let him be never ſo conſcious of innocence, he cannot be ſure of remaining unſuſpected, or unaccuſed; nor can he be certain, that he ſhall not be put to the rack, to ſupply a deficiency of evidence: and finally, although a man were naturally poſſeſſed of ſo much firmneſs of character as to feel no inquietude from any of thoſe conſiderations on his own account, he might ſtill be under apprehenſions for his children, and other connexions, for whom ſome men feel more anxiety than for themſelves.

Such reflections naturally arise in the minds of those who have been born, and accustomed to live, in a free country, where no such despotic Tribunal is established; yet we find people apparently easy in the midst of all those dangers; nay, we know that mankind shew the same indifference in cities, where the Emperor, or the Bashaw, amuses himself, from time to time, in cutting off the heads of those he happens to meet with in his walks; and I make no doubt, that if it were usual for the earth to open, and swallow a proportion of its inhabitants every day, mankind would behold this with as much coolness as at present they read the bills of mortality. Such is the effect of habit on the human mind, and so wonderfully does it accommodate itself to those evils for which there is no remedy.

But these considerations do not account for the Venetian nobles suffering such

Tribunals as thoſe of the Council of Ten, or the State Inquiſitors, to exiſt, becauſe theſe are evils which it unqueſtionably is in their power to remedy ; and attempts have been made, at various times, by parties of the nobility, to remove them entirely, but without ſucceſs; the majority of the Grand Council having, upon trial, been found for preſerving theſe inſtitutions.

It is believed to be owing to the attention of theſe courts, that the Venetian republic has laſted longer than any other ; but, in my opinion, the chief object of a government ſhould be, to render the people happy; and if it fails in that, the longer it laſts, ſo much the worſe. If they are rendered miſerable by that which is ſuppoſed to preſerve the State, they cannot be loſers by removing it, be the conſequence what it may ; and I fancy moſt people would rather live in a convenient, comfortable houſe, which could ſtand only a few centuries, than in a gloomy gothic fabric, which would laſt to the day

of judgment. Theſe deſpotic courts, the State Inquiſitors, and Council of Ten, have had their admirers, not only among the Venetian nobility, but among foreigners; even among ſuch as have, on other occaſions, profeſſed principles very unfavourable to arbitrary power.

I find the following paſſage in a letter of Biſhop Burnet, relating to Venice:

" But this leads me to ſay a little to you " of that part of the conſtitution, which is " ſo cenſured by ſtrangers, but is really " both the greateſt glory, and the chief " ſecurity, of this republic; which is, the " unlimited power of the Inquiſitors, that " extends not only to the chief of the " nobility, but to the Duke himſelf; who " is ſo ſubject to them, that they may not " only give him ſevere reprimands, but " ſearch his papers, make his proceſs, and, " in concluſion, put him to death, without " being bound to give any account of their " proceedings, except to the Council of " Ten.

" Ten. This is the dread, not only of all " the ſubjects, but of the whole nobility, " and all that bear office in the republic, " and makes the greateſt amongſt them " tremble, and ſo obliges them to an exact " conduct."

Now, for my part, I cannot help thinking, that a Tribunal which keeps the Doge, the nobility, and *all* the ſubjects, in dread, and makes the greateſt among them tremble, can be no great bleſſing in any State. To be in continual fear, is certainly a very unhappy ſituation; and if the Doge, the nobility, and *all* the ſubjects, are rendered unhappy, I ſhould imagine, with all ſubmiſſion, that the glory and ſecurity of the reſt of the republic muſt be of very ſmall importance.

In the ſame letter which I have quoted above, his Lordſhip, ſpeaking of the State Inquiſitors, has theſe words: " When " they find any fault, they are ſo inexo- " rable, and ſo quick as well as ſevere in

" their juſtice, that the very fear of this is " ſo effectual a reſtraint, that, perhaps, the " only preſervation of Venice, and of its " liberty, is owing to this ſingle piece of " their conſtitution."

How would you, my good friend, reliſh that kind of liberty in England, which could not be preſerved without the aſſiſtance of a deſpotic court? Such an idea of liberty might have been announced from the throne, as one of the myſteries of Government, by James the Firſt, or the Second; but we are amazed to find it publiſhed by a counſellor, and admirer of William the Third. It may, indeed, be ſaid, that the ſmallneſs of the Venetian State, and its republican form of government, render it liable to be overturned by ſudden tumults, or popular inſurrections: this renders it the more neceſſary to keep a watchful eye over the conduct of individuals, and guard againſt every thing that may be the ſource of public commotion or diſorder.

The

The inſtitution of State Inquiſitors may be thought to admit of ſome apology in this view, like the extraordinary and irregular puniſhment of the Oſtraciſm eſtabliſhed at Athens, which had a ſimilar foundation. In a large State, or in a leſs popular form of government, the ſame dangers from civil commotions cannot be apprehended; ſimilar precautions for preventing them are therefore ſuperfluous; but, notwithſtanding every apology that can be made, I am at a loſs to account for the exiſtence of this terrible Tribunal for ſo long a time in the Venetian republic, becauſe all ranks ſeem to have an intereſt in its deſtruction; and I do not ſee on what principle any one man, or any ſet of men, ſhould wiſh for its preſervation. It cannot be the Doge, for the State Inquiſitors keep him in abſolute bondage; nor would one naturally imagine that the nobles would reliſh this court, for the nobles are more expoſed to the jealouſy of the State Inquiſitors than the citizens, or inferior people; and leaſt of all ought

the citizens to support a Tribunal, to which none of them can ever be admitted. As, however, the body of the nobility alone can remove this Tribunal from being part of the constitution, and yet, we find, they have always supported it; we must conclude, that a junto of that body which has sufficient influence to command a majority of their brethren, has always retained the power in their own hands, and found means of having the majority at least of the Council of Ten, chosen from their own members; so that this arbitrary court is, perhaps, always composed, by a kind of rotation, of the individuals of a junto. But if the possibility of this is denied, because of the precaution used in the form of electing by ballot, the only other way I can account for a Tribunal of such a nature being permitted to exist, is, by supposing that a majority of the Venetian nobles have so great a relish for unlimited power, that, to have a chance of enjoying it for a short

period, they are willing to bear all the miſeries of ſlavery for the reſt of their lives.

The encouragement given by this Government to anonymous accuſers, and ſecret informations, is attended with conſequences which greatly outweigh any benefit that can ariſe from them. They muſt deſtroy mutual confidence, and promote ſuſpicions and jealouſies among neighbours; and, while they render all ranks of men fearful, they encourage them to be malicious. The laws ought to be able to protect every man who openly and boldly accuſes another.

If any ſet of men, in a State, are ſo powerful, that it is dangerous for an individual to charge them with their crimes openly, there muſt be a weakneſs in that government which requires a ſpeedy remedy; but let not that be a remedy worſe than the diſeaſe.

It is no proof of the boaſted wiſdom of this Government, that, in the uſe of the torture,

torture, it imitates many European States, whoſe judicial regulations it has avoided where they ſeem far leſs cenſurable. The practice of forcing confeſſion, and procuring evidence by this means, always appeared to me a complication of cruelty and abſurdity. To make a man ſuffer more than the pains of death, that you may diſcover whether he deſerves death, or not, is a manner of diſtributing juſtice which I cannot reconcile to my idea of equity.

If it is the intention of the Legiſlature, that every crime ſhall be expiated by the ſufferings of ſomebody, and is regardleſs whether this expiation is made by the agonies of an innocent perſon, or a guilty, then there is no more to be ſaid; but, if the intention be to diſcover the truth, this horrid device of the torture will very often fail; for nineteen people out of twenty will declare whatever they imagine will ſooneſt put an end to their ſufferings, whether it be truth or falſehood.

LETTER XVI.

Venice.

ALthough many important events have happened ſince the eſtabliſhment of the State Inquiſition, which have greatly affected the power, riches, and extent of dominion of this republic, yet the nature of the Government has remained much the ſame. In what I have to add, therefore, I ſhall be very ſhort and general.

I have already obſerved, that it was the uſual policy of this republic to maintain a neutrality, as long as poſſible, in all the wars which took place among her neighbours; and when obliged, contrary to her inclinations, to declare for either party, ſhe generally joined with that State whoſe diſtant ſituation rendered its power and proſperity the leaſt dangerous of the two to Venice.

This

This republic ſeems, however, to have too much neglected to form defenſive alliances with other States, and by the continual jealouſy ſhe ſhewed of them, joined to her immenſe riches, at laſt became the object of the hatred and envy of all the Powers in Europe. This univerſal jealouſy was rouſed, and brought into action, in the year 1508, by the intriguing genius of Pope Julius the Second. A confederacy was ſecretly entered into at Cambray, between Julius, the Emperor Maximilian, Lewis the Twelfth, and Ferdinand of Arragon, againſt the republic of Venice. A bare enumeration of the Powers which compoſed this league, gives a very high idea of the importance of the State againſt which it was formed.

The Duke of Savoy, the Duke of Farrara, and the Duke of Mantua, acceded to this confederacy, and gave in claims to part of the dominions of Venice. It was not difficult to form pretenſions to the beſt

part

part of the dominions of a State, which originally poſſeſſed nothing but a few marſhy iſlands at the bottom of the Adriatic Gulph. It was the general opinion of Europe, that the league of Cambray would reduce Venice to her original poſſeſſions.

The Venetians, finding themſelves deprived of all hopes of foreign aſſiſtance, ſought ſupport from their own courage, and reſolved to meet the danger which threatened them, with the ſpirit of a brave and independent people.

Their General, Count Alviano, led an army againſt Lewis, who, being prepared before the other confederates, had already entered Italy. However great the magnanimity of the Senate, and the ſkill of their General, the ſoldiery were by no means equal to the diſciplined troops of France, led by a martial nobility, and headed by a gallant monarch. The army of Alviano was defeated; new enemies poured on the republic from all ſides; and ſhe loſt, in one campaign,

campaign, all the territories in Italy which ſhe had been ages in acquiring.

Venice now found that ſhe could no longer depend on her own ſtrength and reſources, and endeavoured to break, by policy, a combination which ſhe had not force to reſiſt. The Venetian Senate, knowing that Julius was the ſoul of the confederacy, offered to deliver up the towns he claimed, and made every other ſubmiſſion that could gratify the pride, and avert the anger, of that ambitious Pontiff; they alſo find means to ſeparate Ferdinand from the alliance. Lewis and Maximilian being now their only enemies, the Venetians are able to ſuſtain the war, till Julius, bearing no longer any reſentment againſt the republic, and ſeized with remorſe at beholding his native country ravaged by French and German armies, unites with Venice to drive the invaders out of Italy; and this republic is ſaved, with the loſs of a ſmall part of her Italian dominions, from a ruin which

which all Europe had conſidered as inevitable. The long and expenſive wars between the different Powers of Europe, in which this State was obliged to take part, prove that her ſtrength and reſources were not exhauſted.

In the year 1570, the Venetians were forced into a ruinous war with the Ottoman Empire, at a time when the Senate, ſenſible of the great need they ſtood in of repoſe, had, with much addreſs and policy, kept clear of the quarrels which agitated the reſt of Europe. But Solymon the Second, upon the moſt frivolous pretext, demanded from them the iſland of Cyprus.

It was evident to all the world, that he had no better foundation for this claim, than a ſtrong deſire, ſupported by a ſufficient power, of conquering the iſland. This kind of right might not be thought complete in a court of equity; but, in the juriſprudence of monarchs, it has always been found preferable to every other.

The

The Turks make a deſcent, with a great army, on Cyprus; they inveſt Famagouſta, the capital; the garriſon defends it with the moſt obſtinate bravery; the Turks are repulſed in repeated aſſaults; many thouſands of them are ſlain; but the ranks are conſtantly ſupplied by reinforcements. Antonio Bragadino, the commander, having diſplayed proofs of the higheſt military ſkill, and the moſt heroic courage, his garriſon being quite exhauſted with fatigue, and greatly reduced in point of numbers, is obliged to capitulate.

The terms were, that the garriſon ſhould march out with their arms, baggage, and three pieces of cannon, and ſhould be tranſported to Candia in Turkiſh veſſels; that the citizens ſhould not be pillaged, but allowed to retire with their effects.

Muſtapha, the Turkiſh Baſhaw, no ſooner had poſſeſſion of the place, than he delivered it up to be pillaged by the Janiſſaries; the garriſon were put in chains, and made

made ſlaves on board the Turkiſh gallies. The principal officers were beheaded, and the gallant Bragadino was tied to a pillar, and, in the Baſhaw's preſence, flayed alive.

We meet with events in the annals of mankind, that make us doubt the truth of the moſt authentic hiſtory. We cannot believe that ſuch actions have ever been committed by the inhabitants of this globe, and by creatures of the ſame ſpecies with ourſelves. We are tempted to think we are peruſing the records of hell, whoſe inhabitants, according to the moſt authentic accounts, derive a conſtant pleaſure from the tortures of each other, as well as of all foreigners.

The conqueſt of the iſland of Cyprus is ſaid to have coſt the Turks fifty thouſand lives. At this time, not Venice only, but all Chriſtendom, had reaſon to dread the progreſs of the Turkiſh arms. The State of Venice ſolicited aſſiſtance from all the Ca-

tholic States; but France was, at that time, in alliance with the Turks; Maximilian dreaded their power; the Crown of Portugal was poſſeſſed by a child, and Poland was exhauſted by her wars with Ruſſia. The Venetians, on this preſſing occaſion, received aſſiſtance from Rome, whoſe power they had ſo often reſiſted, and from Spain, their late enemy.

Pope Pius the Fifth, and Philip the Second, joined their fleets with that of the republic. The confederate fleet aſſembled at Meſſina. The celebrated Don John of Auſtria, natural ſon to Charles the Fifth, was Generaliſſimo; Mark Antonio Colonna commanded the Pope's diviſion, and Sebaſtian Veniero the Venetian. The Turkiſh fleet was greatly ſuperior in the number of veſſels.

The two fleets meet in the Gulph of Lapanta: it is ſaid, that the Turkiſh gallies were entirely worked by Chriſtian ſlaves, and the gallies of the Chriſtians by Turkiſh;

iſh; a ſhocking proof of the barbarous manner in which priſoners of war were treated in that age; and, in this inſtance, as abſurd as it was barbarous; for a cartel for an exchange of priſoners would have given freedom to the greater number of thoſe unhappy men, without diminiſhing the ſtrength of either navy. The fleets engage, and the Turks are entirely defeated. Hiſtorians aſſert, that twenty thouſand Turks were killed in the engagement, and one half of their fleet deſtroyed. This is a prodigious number to be killed on one ſide, and in a ſea fight; it ought to be remembered, that there is no Turkiſh writer on the ſubject.

Pius the Fifth died ſoon after the battle of Lapanta. Upon his death the war languiſhed on the ſide of the Allies; Philip became tired of the expence, and the Venetians were obliged to purchaſe a peace, by yielding the iſland of Cyprus to the Turks, and agreeing to pay them, for three

years, an annual tribute of one hundred thouſand ducats. Thoſe circumſtances have no tendency to confirm the accounts which Chriſtian writers have given, of the immenſe loſs which the Turks met with at the battle of Lapanta.

In the beginning of the ſeventeenth century, the republic had a diſpute with the Pope, which, in that age, was thought a matter of importance, and engaged the attention of all Chriſtendom.

Paul the Fifth ſhewed as eager a diſpoſition as any of his predeceſſors, to extend the Papal authority. He had an inveterate prejudice againſt the Venetian republic, on account of her having, on every occaſion, reſiſted all eccleſiaſtical encroachments.

He ſought, with impatience, an opportunity of manifeſting his hatred, and expected that he ſhould be aſſiſted by the pious Princes of Europe, in bringing this refractory

tory child of the church to reaſon. He began by demanding a ſum of money, for the purpoſe of carrying on the war againſt the Turks in Hungary; he complained of certain decrees of the Senate, relating to the internal government of the republic, particularly one which forbad the building of any more new churches, without the permiſſion of that aſſembly, and which, he ſaid, ſmelt ſtrongly of hereſy; and above all, he exclaimed againſt the Council of Ten, for having impriſoned an Eccleſiaſtic, and prepared to bring him to a public trial. This reverend perſon, for whom his Holineſs intereſted himſelf ſo warmly, was accuſed of having poiſoned five people, one of whom was his own father. He was alſo accuſed of having cauſed another to be aſſaſſinated; and, to prevent a diſcovery, had afterwards poiſoned the aſſaſſin.

The Senate refuſed the money, confirmed their decree againſt the building of

churches, and applauded the conduct of the Council of Ten, in profecuting the Eccleſiaſtic.

The authors of the age arranged themſelves on the one ſide, or the other, and this became a war of controverſy; in which, though there was no blood ſhed, yet it appeared, by the writings of the partiſans, that a conſiderable number of underſtandings were greatly injured. Thoſe who ſupported the Pope's cauſe inſiſted, that the temporal power of Princes is ſubordinate to his; that he has a right to deprive them of their dominions, and releaſe their ſubjects from their oaths of fidelity, as often as this ſhall be for the glory of God, and for the good of the Church; of which nobody could be ſo good a judge as the Pope, ſince all the world knew he was infallible; that eccleſiaſtics were not ſubjected to the civil power; that an eccleſiaſtical court, or the Pope, only, had authority over that body of men; and nothing

thing could be more abominable, than to continue a profecution againſt a priſoner, whatever his crimes might be, after the Father of the church, who had the undoubted power of abſolving ſinners, had interfered in his favour.

The Senate, in their anſwers, acknowledged, that the Pope was ſupreme head of the Church, and that, in all ſubjects of religious belief, his power was unbounded; for which reaſon they remained implicit and ſubmiſſive believers; that they were far from diſputing the infallibility of his Holineſs in eccleſiaſtical matters, particularly within his own dominions; but, with regard to the government of their ſubjects, they would certainly take the whole trouble of that on themſelves, and would adminiſter as impartial juſtice to Eccleſiaſtics, as to thoſe of other profeſſions. They imagined alſo, that they were competent judges when, and for what purpoſes, they ought to levy money upon their own

ſubjects, and whether it would be neceſſary to build any new churches in Venice, or not. Finally, they flattered themſelves, that the proſecuting a murderer was no way inconſiſtent with the glory of God.

The greater number of the Princes of Chriſtendom ſeemed to think the Senate were in the right. The Pope was diſappointed in his expectations; and finding himſelf unſupported, was glad to ſhelter his pride under the mediation of Henry the Fourth of France, who endeavoured to give his Holineſs's defeat the appearance of victory.

LETTER XVII.

Venice.

THE year 1618 is diſtinguiſhed in the annals of Venice, by a conſpiracy of a more formidable nature than any hitherto mentioned. The deſign of other conſpiracies was a change in the form of government, or, at moſt, the deſtruction of ſome particular claſs of men in power; but the preſent plot had for its object the total annihilation of the Venetian republic. I ſpeak of the conſpiracy formed by the Marquis of Bedmar, ambaſſador from the Court of Spain, in conjunction with the Duke of Oſſono, and the Spaniſh governor of the Milaneſe.

The intereſting manner in which this dark deſign has been deſcribed by the Abbé St. Real, has made it more univerſally known than any other part of the

Venetian ſtory. This writer is accuſed of having ornamented his account with ſome fanciful circumſtances, an objection often enviouſly urged againſt ſome of the moſt agreeable writers, by authors whom nature has guarded from the poſſibility of committing ſuch an error; men, whoſe truths are leſs intereſting than fictions, and whoſe fictions are as dull as the moſt inſipid truths. Does any reader believe that the ſpeeches of the Generals before a battle, as recorded by Livy, were actually pronounced in the terms of that author? Or, can any one wiſh they were expunged from his hiſtory? Abbé St. Real has alſo put ſpeeches into the mouths of the conſpirators, and has embelliſhed, without materially altering, the real circumſtances of the ſtory. For my own part, I feel a degree of gratitude to every perſon who has entertained me; and while my paſſions are agreeably agitated with St. Real's lively hiſtory, I cannot bear that a phlegmatic fellow ſhould interrupt my enjoyment;

and, becauſe of a few embelliſhments, declare, with an affected air of wiſdom, that the whole is an idle romance.

The diſcovery of this plot, and the impreſſions of jealouſy and terror which it left on the minds of the inhabitants of Venice, probably firſt ſuggeſted a plan of a more wicked nature than any of the conſpiracies we have hitherto mentioned, and which was actually put in execution.

A ſet of villains combined together to accuſe ſome of the nobility of treaſonable practices, merely for the ſake of the rewards beſtowed upon informers. This horrid crime may be expected in all Governments where ſpies and informers are encouraged; it certainly occurs frequently at Venice; ſometimes, no doubt, without being detected, and ſometimes it is detected, without being publicly puniſhed, for fear of diſcouraging the buſineſs of information: but on the diſcovery of the preſent combination, all Venice was ſtruck with ſuch horror,

horror, that the Senate thought proper to publiſh every circumſtance.

A certain number of thoſe miſcreants acted the part of accuſers; the others, being ſeized by the information of their accomplices, appeared as witneſſes.

A noble Venetian, of a reſpectable character, and advanced in years, of the name of Foſcarini, fell a victim to this horrid cabal; and Venice beheld with aſtoniſhment and ſorrow, one of her moſt reſpectable citizens accuſed, condemned, and executed as a traitor.

At length, accuſations followed each other ſo cloſe, that they created ſuſpicions in the minds of the Judges. The informers themſelves were ſeized, and examined ſeparately, and the whole dreadful ſcheme became manifeſt. Theſe wretches ſuffered the puniſhment due to ſuch complicated villany; the honour of Foſcarini was re-inſtated, and every poſſible compenſation

ſation made to his injured family. An inſtance like this, of the deſpotic precipitancy of the Inquiſitors, more than counterbalances all the benefit which the State ever receives from them, or the odious race of informers they encourage.

If the trial of the unfortunate Foſcarini had been *open*, or *public*, and not in ſecret, according to the form of the Inquiſitor's Court; and if he had been allowed to call exculpatory evidence, and aſſiſted by thoſe friends who knew all his actions, the falſehood and villany of theſe accuſers would probably have been diſcovered, and his life ſaved.

In the year 1645, the Turks made an unexpected and ſudden deſcent on the iſland of Candia. The Senate of Venice did not diſplay their uſual vigilance on this occaſion. They had ſeen the immenſe warlike preparations going forward, and yet allowed themſelves to be amuſed by the Grand Seignior's declaring war againſt Malta,

Malta, and pretending that the armament was intended againſt that iſland. The troops landed without oppoſition, and the town of Canéa was taken after an obſtinate defence.

This news being brought to Venice, excited an univerſal indignation againſt the Turks; and the Senate reſolved to defend, to the utmoſt, this valuable part of the empire. Extraordinary ways and means of raiſing money were fallen upon: among others, it was propoſed to ſell the rank of nobility. Four citizens offered one hundred thouſand ducats each for this honour; and, notwithſtanding ſome oppoſition, this meaſure was at laſt carried. Eighty families were admitted into the Grand Council, and to the honour and privileges of the nobility. What an idea does this give of the wealth of the inhabitants of Venice?

The ſiege of Candia, the capital of the iſland of that name, is, in ſome reſpects, more memorable than that of any town, which

which hiſtory, or even which poetry, has recorded. It laſted twenty-four years. The amazing efforts made by the republic of Venice aſtoniſhed all Europe; their courage intereſted the gallant ſpirits of every nation: volunteers from every country came to Candia, to exerciſe their valour, to acquire knowledge in the military art, and aſſiſt a brave people whom they admired. The Duke of Beaufort, ſo much the darling of the Pariſian populace during the war of the Fronde, was killed here, with many more gallant French officers.

During this famous ſiege, the Venetians gained many important victories over the Turkiſh fleets. Sometimes they were driven from the walls of Candia, and the Turkiſh garriſon of Canéa was even beſieged by the Venetian fleets. The ſlaughter made of the Turkiſh armies is without example; but new armies were ſoon found to ſupply their place, by a Government which boaſts ſuch populous dominions,

dominions, and which has deſpotic authority over its ſubjects.

Mahomet the Fourth, impatient at the length of this ſiege, came to Negropont, that he might have more frequent opportunities of hearing from the Vizier, who carried on the ſiege. An officer ſent with diſpatches, was directed by the Vizier, to explain to Mahomet the manner in which he made his approaches, and to aſſure him that he would take all poſſible care to ſave the lives of the ſoldiers. The humane Emperor anſwered, That he had ſent the Vizier to take the place, and not to ſpare the lives of ſoldiers; and he was on the point of ordering the head of the officer who brought this meſſage, to be cut off, merely to quicken the Vizier in his operations, and to ſhew him how little he valued the lives of men.

In ſpite of the Vizier's boaſted parſimony, this war is ſaid to have coſt the lives of two hundred thouſand Turks. Candia capitulated

capitulated in the year 1668: the conditions on this occaſion were honourably fulfilled. Morſini, the Venetian General, after diſplaying prodigies of valour and capacity, marched out of the rubbiſh of this well-diſputed city, with the honours of war.

The expence of ſuch a tedious war greatly exhauſted the reſources of Venice, which could not now repair them ſo quickly as formerly, when ſhe enjoyed the rich monopoly of the Aſiatic trade; the diſcovery of the Cape of Good Hope having long ſince opened that valuable commerce to the Portugueſe and other nations.

This republic remained in a ſtate of tranquillity, endeavouring, by the arts of peace, and cultivation of that ſhare of commerce which ſhe ſtill retained, to fill her empty exchequer, till ſhe was drawn into a new war, in the year 1683, by the inſolence of the Ottoman Court. The Venetians had for ſome time endeavoured, by

negociation, and many conciliatory repreſentations, to accommodate matters with the Turks; and though the haughty conduct of her enemies afforded ſmall hopes of ſucceſs, yet ſuch was her averſion to war on the preſent occaſion, that ſhe ſtill balanced, whether to bear thoſe inſults, or repel them by arms; when ſhe was brought to deciſion by an event which gave the greateſt joy to Venice, and aſtoniſhed all Europe. This was the great victory gained over the Turkiſh army before the walls of Vienna, by Sobieſki, King of Poland.

In this new war, their late General Morſini again had the command of the fleets and armies of the republic, and ſuſtained the great reputation he had acquired in Candia. He conquered the Morea, which was ceded formally to Venice, with ſome other acquiſition, at the peace of Carlowitz, in the laſt year of the laſt century.

During

During the war of the ſucceſſion, the State of Venice obſerved a ſtrict neutrality. They conſidered that diſpute as unconnected with their intereſts, taking care, however, to keep on foot an army on their frontiers in Italy, of ſufficient force to make them reſpected by the contending Powers. But, ſoon after the peace of Utrecht, the Venetians were again attacked by their old enemies the Turks; who, beholding the great European Powers exhauſted by their late efforts, and unable to aſſiſt the republic, thought this the favourable moment for recovering the Morea, which had been ſo lately raviſhed from them. The Turks obtained their object, and at the peace of Paſſarowitz, which terminated this unſucceſsful war, the Venetian State yielded up the Morea; the Grand Seignior, on his part, reſtoring to them the ſmall iſlands of Cerigo and Cerigotto, with ſome places which his troops had taken during the courſe of the war in Dalmatia. Thoſe, with the iſlands of

Corfou, Santa Maura, Zante, and Cephalonia, the remains of their dominions in the Levant, they have ſince fortified, at a great expence, as their only barriers againſt the Turk.

Since this period no eſſential alteration has taken place in the Venetian government, nor has there been any eſſential increaſe, or diminution, in the extent of their dominions. They have little to fear at preſent from the Turks, whoſe attention is ſufficiently occupied by a more formidable enemy than the republic and the Houſe of Auſtria united. Beſides, if the Turks were more diſengaged, as they have now ſtripped the republic of Cyprus, Candia, and their poſſeſſions in Greece, what remains in the Levant is hardly worth their attention.

The declenſion of Venice did not, like that of Rome, proceed from the increaſe of luxury, or the revolt of their own armies in the diſtant Colonies, or from civil

civil wars of any kind. Venice has dwindled in power and importance, from cauſes which could not be foreſeen; or guarded againſt by human prudence, although they had been foreſeen. How could this republic have prevented the diſcovery of a paſſage to Aſia by the Cape of Good Hope? or hinder other nations from being inſpired with a ſpirit of enterpriſe, induſtry, and commerce? In their preſent ſituation there is little probability of their attempting new conqueſts; happy if they are allowed to remain in the quiet poſſeſſion of what they have. Venice has a moſt formidable neighbour in the Emperor, whoſe dominions border on thoſe of this republic on all ſides. The independency of the republic entirely depends on his moderation; or, in caſe he ſhould loſe that virtue, on the protection of ſome of the great Powers of Europe.

I have now finiſhed the ſketch I propoſed, of the Venetian government, with

which I could not help intermingling many of the principal hiſtorical events; indeed I enlarged on theſe, after you informed me, that you intended to give your young friend copies of my letters on this ſubject, before he begins his tour. I wiſh they were more perfect on his account; they will, at leaſt, prevent his being in the ſituation of ſome travellers I have met with, who, after remaining here for many months, knew no more of the ancient or modern ſtate of Venice, than that the inhabitants went about in boats inſtead of coaches, and, generally ſpeaking, wore maſks.

LETTER XVIII.

Venice.

HAVING travelled with you through the ſplendid æras of the Venetian ſtory, and preſented their ſtateſmen and heroes to your view, let us now return to the preſent race, in whoſe life and converſation, I forewarn you, there is nothing heroic. The truth is, that in every country, as well as Venice, we can only *read* of heroes; they are ſeldom to be *ſeen:* for this plain reaſon, that while they are to be ſeen we do not think them heroes. The hiſtorian dwells upon what is vaſt and extraordinary; what is common and trivial finds no place in his records. When we hear the names of Epaminondas, Themiſtocles, Camillus, Scipio, and other great men of Greece and Rome, we think of their great actions, we know nothing elſe about them;—

but when we ſee the worthies of our own times, we unfortunately recollect their whole hiſtory. The citizens of Athens and Rome, who lived in the days of the heroes above mentioned, very probably had not the ſame admiration of them that we have; and our poſterity, ſome eight or ten centuries hence, will, it is to be hoped, have a higher veneration for the great men of the preſent age, than their intimate acquaintance are known to have, or than thoſe can be ſuppoſed to form, who daily behold them lounging in gaming-houſes. All this, you perceive, is little more than a commentary on the old obſervation, That no man is a hero to his Valet de Chambre. The number of playhouſes in Venice is very extraordinary, conſidering the ſize of the town, which is not thought to contain above one hundred and fifty thouſand inhabitants, yet there are eight or nine theatres here, including the opera-houſes. You pay a trifle at the door for admittance; this entitles you to go into the pit,

where

where you may look about, and determine what part of the houſe you will ſit in. There are rows of chairs placed in the front of the pit, next the orcheſtra; the ſeats of theſe chairs are folded to their backs, and faſtened by a lock. Thoſe who chooſe to take them, pay a little more money to the door-keeper, who immediately unlocks the ſeat. Very decent-looking people occupy theſe chairs; but the back part of the pit is filled with footmen and gondoleers, in their common working clothes. The nobility, and better ſort of citizens, have boxes retained for the year; but there are always a ſufficient number to be let to ſtrangers: the price of thoſe varies every night, according to the ſeaſon of the year, and the piece acted.

A Venetian playhouſe has a diſmal appearance in the eyes of people accuſtomed to the brilliancy of thoſe of London. Many of the boxes are ſo dark, that the faces of the company in them can hardly be

be diſtinguiſhed at a little diſtance, even when they do not wear maſks. The ſtage, however, is well illuminated, ſo that the people in the boxes can ſee, perfectly well, every thing that is tranſacted there; and when they chooſe to be ſeen themſelves, they order lights into their boxes. Between the acts you ſometimes ſee ladies walking about, with their Cavalieri Serventés, in the back part of the pit, when it is not crowded. As they are maſked, they do not ſcruple to reconnoitre the company, with their ſpying glaſſes, from this place: when the play begins, they return to their boxes. This continual moving about from box to box, and between the boxes and the pit, muſt create ſome confuſion, and, no doubt, is diſagreeable to thoſe who attend merely on account of the piece. There muſt, however, be found ſome *douceur* in the midſt of all this obſcurity and confuſion, which, in the opinion of the majority of the audience, overbalances theſe obvious inconveniences.

The muſic of the opera here is reckoned as fine as in any town in Italy; and, at any rate, is far ſuperior to the praiſe of ſo very poor a judge as I am. The dramatic and poetical parts of thoſe pieces are little regarded: the poet is allowed to indulge himſelf in as many anachroniſms, and other inconſiſtencies, as he pleaſes. Provided the muſic receives the approbation of the critic's ear, his judgment is not offended with any abſurdities in the other parts of the compoſition. The celebrated Metaſtaſio has diſdained to avail himſelf of this indulgence in his operas, which are fine dramatic compoſitions. He has preſerved the alliance which ought always to ſubſiſt between ſenſe and muſic.

But as for the muſic of the ſerious operas, it is, in general, infinitely too fine for my ear; to my ſhame I muſt confeſs, that it requires a conſiderable effort for me to ſit till the end.

It is ſurely happy for a man to have a real ſenſibility for fine muſic; becauſe he has, by that means, one ſource of enjoyment more, than thoſe whoſe auditory nerves are leſs delicately ſtrung. It is, however, equally abſurd and ſilly to affect an exceſſive delight in things which nature has not framed us to enjoy; yet how many of our acquaintance, accuſed of this folly, have we ſeen doing painful penance at the Hay-market; and, in the midſt of unſuppreſſable yawnings, calling out, Charming! exquiſite! braviſſimo, &c.

It is amazing what pains ſome people take to render themſelves ridiculous; and it is a matter of real curioſity to obſerve, in what various ſhapes the little deſpicable ſpirit of affectation ſhews itſelf among mankind.

I remember a very honeſt gentleman, who underſtood little or nothing of French; but having picked up a few phraſes,

phraſes, he brought them forward on every occaſion, and affected, among his neighbours in the country, the moſt perfect knowledge, and higheſt admiration, of that language. When any body, in compliance with his taſte, uttered a ſentence in that tongue, though my good friend did not underſtand a ſyllable of it, yet he never failed to nod and ſmile to the ſpeaker with the moſt knowing air imaginable. The parſon of the pariſh, at a country dinner, once addreſſed him in theſe emphatic words: *Monſieur, je trouve ce plum-pudding extrémement bon!* which happening not to be in my friend's collection of phraſes, he did not comprehend. He nodded and ſmiled to the clergyman, however, in his uſual intelligent manner; but a perſon who ſat near him, being ſtruck with the ſagacious and important tone in which the obſervation had been delivered, begged of my friend to explain it in Engliſh:—on which, after ſome heſitation, he declared, that the turn of the expreſſion was ſo gen-

teel, and ſo exquiſitely adapted to the French idiom, that it could not be rendered into Engliſh, without loſing a great deal of the original beauty of the ſentiment.

At the comic opera I have ſometimes ſeen action alone excite the higheſt applauſe, independent of either the poetry or the muſic. I ſaw a Duo performed by an old man and a young woman, ſuppoſed to be his daughter, in ſuch an humorous manner, as drew an univerſal *encora* from the ſpectators. The merit of the muſical part of the compoſition, I was told, was but very moderate, and as for the ſentiment you ſhall judge.

The father informs his daughter, in a ſong, that he has found an excellent match for her; who, beſides being rich, and very prudent, and not too young, was over and above a particular friend of his own, and in perſon and diſpoſition, much ſuch a man as himſelf; he concludes, by telling her, that the ceremony will be performed

next

next day. She thanks him, in the gayeſt air poſſible, for his obliging intentions, adding, that ſhe ſhould have been glad to have ſhewn her implicit obedience to his commands, provided there had been any chance of the man's being to her taſte; but as, from the account he had given, there could be none, ſhe declares ſhe will not marry him next day, and adds, with a *very long* quaver, that if ſhe were to live to *eternity* ſhe ſhould continue of the ſame opinion. The father, in a violent rage, tells her, that inſtead of to-morrow, the marriage ſhould take place that very day; to which ſhe replies, Non: he rejoins Si; ſhe, Non, non; he, Si, ſi; the daughter, Non, non, non; the Father, Si, ſi, ſi; and ſo the ſinging continues for five or ſix minutes. You perceive there is nothing marvellouſly witty in this; and for a daughter to be of a different opinion from her father, in the choice of a huſband, is not a very new dramatic incident. Well, I told you the Duo was encored—

they

they immediately performed it a ſecond time, and with more humour than the firſt. The whole houſe vociferated for it again; and it was ſung a third time in a manner equally pleaſant, and yet perfectly different from any of the former two.

I thought the houſe would have been brought down about our ears, ſo extravagant were the teſtimonies of approbation.

The two actors were obliged to appear again, and ſing this Duo a fourth time; which they executed in a ſtyle ſo new, ſo natural, and ſo exquiſitely droll, that the audience now thought there had been ſomething deficient in all their former performances, and that they had hit on the true comic only this laſt time.

Some people began to call for it again; but the old man, now quite exhauſted, begged for mercy; on which the point was given up. I never before had any idea that ſuch ſtrong comic powers could have

have been displayed in the singing of a song.

The dancing is an essential part of the entertainment at the opera here, as well as at London. There is certainly a much greater proportion of mankind deaf to the delights of music, than blind to the beauties of fine dancing. During the singing, and recitativo part of the performance, the fingers are often allowed to warble for a considerable time, without any body's minding them; but the moment the ballet begins, private conversation, though pretty universal before, is immediately at an end, and the eyes of all the spectators are fixed on the stage. This, to be sure, has been always the case in London, and, in spite of the pains some people take to conceal it, we all know the reason; but I own I did not expect to find the same preference of dancing to music in Italy.

After seeing the dancing at the French opera, and coming so lately from Vienna,

where we had ſeen ſome of Novere's charming ballets very well executed, we could have no high admiration of thoſe performed here, though there are at preſent ſome dancers highly eſteemed, who perform every night.

The Italians, I am informed, have a greater reliſh for agility and high jumping in their dancers, than for graceful movements.

It is extraordinary that they do not vary the ballets oftener. They give the ſame every night during the run of the opera. There is a propriety in continuing the ſame opera for a conſiderable time; becauſe muſic is often better reliſhed after it becomes a little familiar to the ear, than at firſt; but a ballet might be changed, without much difficulty, every night.

LETTER XIX.

Venice.

MANY people are ſurpriſed, that, in a Government ſo very jealous of its power as that of Venice, there is no military eſtabliſhment within the city to ſupport the executive power, and repreſs any popular commotion. For my own part, I am ſtrongly of opinion, that it proceeds from this very jealouſy in government, that there is no military garriſon here.

An arbitrary Prince is fond of a ſtanding army, and loves to be always ſurrounded by guards; becauſe he, being the permanent fountain of honours and promotion, the army will naturally be much attached to him, and become, on all occaſions, the blind inſtruments of his pleaſure; but at Venice, there is no viſible permanent object,

to which the army can attach itſelf. The Doge would not be allowed the command of the garriſon, if there was one. The three State Inquiſitors are continually changing; and before one ſet could gain the affections of the ſoldiers, another would be choſen; ſo that Government could not be ſupported, but much more probably would be overturned, by a numerous garriſon being eſtabliſhed in Venice; for it might perhaps not be difficult for a few of the rich and powerful nobles to corrupt the garriſon, and gain over the commander to any ambitious plan of their own, for the deſtruction of the conſtitution.

But although there is no formal garriſon in a military uniform, yet there is a real effective force ſufficient to ſuppreſs any popular commotion, at the command of the Senate, and Council of Ten. This force, beſides the Sbirri, conſiſts of a great number of ſtout fellows, who, without any diſtinguiſhing dreſs, are kept in the pay of Government,

Government, and are at the command of that Council. There is alſo the whole body of the gondoleers, the moſt hardy and daring of the common Venetians. This body of men are greatly attached to the nobility, from whom they have moſt of their employment, and with whom they acquire a certain degree of familiarity, by paſſing great part of their time, ſhut up in boats, in their company, and by being privy to many of their love intrigues. Great numbers of theſe gondoleers are in the ſervice of particular nobles; and there is no doubt, that, in caſe of any popular inſurrection, the whole would take the ſide of the nobility and Senate, againſt the people. In ſhort, they may be conſidered as a kind of ſtanding militia, ready to riſe as ſoon as the Government requires their ſervices.

Laſtly, there is the Grand Council itſelf, which, in caſe of any violent commotion of the citizens and populace, could be

armed directly, from the small arsenal within the Ducal palace, and would prove a very formidable force against an unarmed multitude; for the laws of Venice forbid, under pain of death, any citizen to carry fire-arms; a law which is very exactly executed by the State Inquisitors.

By those means the executive power of Government is as irresistible at Venice, as at Petersburgh or Constantinople, while there is a far less chance of the Government itself being overthrown here by the instruments of its own power; for, although a regular army, or garrison, might be corrupted by the address of an ambitious Doge, or by a combination of a few rich and popular nobles, in which case a revolution would take place at once; it is almost impossible to conceive, that all the different powers above mentioned could be engaged to act in favour of one man, or a small combination of men, without being detected by the vigilance of the Inquisitors,

Inquiſitors, or the jealouſy of thoſe who were not in the conſpiracy. And if we ſuppoſe a majority of the nobles inclinable to any change in the form of the Government, they have no occaſion to carry on a ſecret plot; they may come to the Council Chamber, and dictate whatever alterations they think proper.

LETTER XX.

Venice.

THERE is unqueſtionably much reflection, and great depth of thought, diſplayed in the formation of the political conſtitution of Venice; but I ſhould admire it much more, if the Council of Ten, and State Inquiſitors, had never formed any part of it. Their inſtitution, in my opinion, deſtroys the effect of all the reſt. Like thoſe miſers who actually ſtarve themſelves, by endeavouring to avoid the inconveniencies of poverty, the Venetians, in whatever manner it is brought about, actually ſupport a deſpotic tribunal, under the pretext of keeping out deſpotiſm. In ſome reſpects this ſyſtem is worſe than the fixed and permanent tyranny of one perſon; for that perſon's character and maxims would be known, and, by endeavouring to conform themſelves to his way of

of thinking, people might have ſome chance of living unmoleſted; but according to this plan, they have a free-thinker for their tyrant to-day, and a bigot to-morrow. One year a ſet of Inquiſitors, who conſider certain parts of conduct as innocent, which, in the ſight of their ſucceſſors, may appear State crimes; men do not know what they have to depend upon. An univerſal jealouſy muſt prevail, and precautions will be uſed to avoid the ſuſpicions of Government, unknown in any other country. Accordingly we find, that the noble Venetians are afraid of having any intercourſe with foreign ambaſſadors, or with foreigners of any kind; they are even cautious of viſiting at each other's houſes, and hardly ever have meetings together, except at the courts, or on the Broglio. The boaſted ſecrecy of their public councils proceeds, in all probability, from the ſame principle of fear. If all converſation on public affairs were forbid, under pain of death, and if the members of the Britiſh Parliament

ment were liable to be ſeized in the night-time by general warrants, and hanged at Tyburn, or drowned in the Thames, at the pleaſure of the Secretaries of State, I dare ſwear the world would know as little of what paſſes in either Houſe of Parliament, as they do of what is tranſacted in the Senate of Venice.

It is not ſafe for a noble Venetian to acquire, in a high degree, the love and confidence of the common people. This excites the jealouſy of the Inquiſitors, and proves a pretty certain means of excluding him from any of the high offices. A Government which diſplays ſo much diſtruſt and ſuſpicion where there is little or no ground, will not fail to ſhew marks of the ſame diſpoſition where, in the general opinion, there is ſome reaſon to be circumſpect. Eccleſiaſtics, of every denomination, are excluded, by the conſtitution of Venice, from a place in the Senate, or holding any civil office whatever; nor is it permitted them,

them, directly or indirectly, to intermeddle in State affairs. In many inſtances, they are deprived of that kind of influence which, even in Proteſtant countries, is allowed to the clergy. The Patriarch of Venice has not the diſpoſal of the offices belonging to St. Mark's church: all the Deans are named by the Doge and Senate.

Though it is forbid to the nobility, and to the clergy, to hold any converſation with ſtrangers upon politics, or affairs of State; yet it is remarked, the gondoleers are exceeding ready to talk upon theſe, or any other ſubjects, with all who give them the ſmalleſt encouragement. Thoſe who are not in the immediate ſervice of any particular nobleman, are often retained by Government, like the Valets de-place at Paris, as ſpies upon ſtrangers. It is ſaid, that while thoſe fellows row their gondolas, in ſeeming inattention to the converſation, they are taking notice of every thing which is ſaid, that they may report

it

it to their employers, when they imagine it any way concerns the Government. If this is true, thoſe are to be pitied who are obliged to liſten to all the ſtuff that ſuch politicians may be ſuppoſed to relate. As ſoon as a ſtranger arrives, the gondoleers who brought him to Venice immediately repair to a certain office, and give information where they took him up, to what houſe they conducted him, and of any other particulars they may have picked up. All thoſe precautions recalled to my memory the garriſon of Darmſtadt, of which I gave you an account in a letter from that place, where the ſtricteſt duty is kept up by day and night, in winter as well as ſummer, and every precaution uſed, as if an enemy were at the gates; though no mortal has the ſmalleſt deſign againſt the place, and though it is perfectly underſtood by all the inhabitants, that if an army was in reality to come with hoſtile intentions, the town could not hold out a week. In the ſame manner, I cannot help thinking,

thinking, that all this jealouſy and diſtruſt, thoſe numerous engines ſet a going, and all this complicated ſyſtem for the diſcovery of plots, and the defence of the conſtitution of this republic, ſerves only to haraſs their own ſubjects. Their conſtitution is certainly in no ſuch danger as to require ſuch an apparatus of machines to defend it, unleſs, indeed, the Emperor were to form a plot againſt it; and, in that caſe, it is much to be feared, that the ſpies, gondoleers, lions mouths, and State Inquiſitors, would hardly prevent its ſucceſs.

Excluſive of this State Inquiſition, my abhorrence to which, I perceive, leads me ſometimes away from my purpoſe, all ranks of people here might be exceeding happy. The buſineſs of the various courts, and the great number of offices in the State, form a conſtant employment for the nobles, and furniſh them with proper objects to excite induſtry and ambition. The citizens form a reſpectable body in the State;

State; and, though theyare excluded from the Senate, they may hold ſome very lucrative and important offices. By applying to the arts and ſciences, which are encouraged at Venice, they have a fair chance of living agreeably, and laying up a competency for their families. Private property is no where better ſecured than at Venice; and notwithſtanding ſhe no longer enjoys the trade of Aſia without competitors, yet her commerce is ſtill conſiderable, and many individuals acquire great wealth by trade. The manufactories eſtabliſhed here employ all the induſtrious poor, and prevent that ſqualid beggary, that pilfering and robbery, one or other, or all of which, prevail in moſt other countries of Europe.

Their ſubjects on the Terra Firma, I am informed, are not at all oppreſſed; the Senate has found that mild treatment, and good uſage, are the beſt policy, and more effectual than armies, in preventing revolts.

The Podeſtas, therefore, are not allowed to abuſe their power, by treating the people with ſeverity or injuſtice. Thoſe Governors know, that any complaints produced againſt them, will be ſcrutinized by the Senate very carefully. This prevents many abuſes of power on their part, and makes the neighbouring provinces which formerly belonged to this State, regret the chance of war which raviſhed them from the equitable government of their ancient maſters.

LETTER XXI.

Venice.

THOUGH the Venetian Government is ſtill under the influence of jealouſy, that gloomy Dæmon is now entirely baniſhed from the boſoms of individuals. Inſtead of the confinement in which women were formerly kept at Venice, they now enjoy a degree of freedom unknown even at Paris. Of the two extremes, the preſent, without doubt, is the preferable.

The huſbands ſeem at laſt convinced, that the chaſtity of their wives is ſafeſt under their own guardianſhip, and that when a woman thinks her honour not worth her own regard, it is ſtill more unworthy of his. This advantage, with many others, muſt ariſe from the preſent ſyſtem; that when a huſband believes that his wife has faithfully adhered to her con-

jugal engagement, he has the additional ſatisfaction of knowing, that ſhe acts from a love to him, or ſome honourable motive; whereas, formerly, a Venetian huſband could not be certain that he was not obliged, for his wife's chaſtity, to iron bars, bolts, and padlocks.

Could any man imagine, that a woman, whoſe chaſtity was preſerved by ſuch means only, was, in fact, more reſpectable than a common proſtitute? The old plan of diſtruſt and confinement, without even ſecuring what was its object, muſt have had a ſtrong tendency to debaſe the minds of both the huſband and the wife; for what man, whoſe mind was not perfectly abject, could have pleaſure in the ſociety of a wife, who, to his own conviction, languiſhed to be in the arms of another man? Of all the humble employments that ever the wretched ſons of Adam ſubmitted to, ſurely that of watching a wife from morning to night, and all night too, is the moſt per-

fectly humiliating. Such ungenerous diſtruſt muſt alſo have had the worſt effect on the minds of the women; made them view their gaolers with diſguſt and horror; and we ought not to be much ſurpriſed if ſome preferred the common gondoleers of the lakes, and the vagrants of the ſtreets, to ſuch huſbands. Along with jealouſy, *poiſon* and the *ſtiletto* have been baniſhed from Venetian gallantry, and the innocent maſk is ſubſtituted in their places. According to the beſt information I have received, this ſame maſk is a much more innocent matter than is generally imagined. In general it is not intended to conceal the perſon who wears it, but only uſed as an apology for his not being in full dreſs. With a maſk ſtuck in the hat, and a kind of black mantle, trimmed with lace of the ſame colour, over the ſhoulders, a man is ſufficiently dreſſed for any aſſembly at Venice.

Thoſe who walk the ſtreets, or go to the playhouſes with maſks actually cover-

ing their faces, are either engaged in ſome love intrigue, or would have the ſpectators think ſo; for this is a piece of affectation which prevails here, as well as elſewhere; and I have been aſſured, by thoſe who have reſided many years at Venice, that *refined* gentlemen, who are fond of the reputation, though they ſhrink from the cataſtrophe, of an intrigue, are no uncommon characters here; and I believe it the more readily, becauſe I daily ſee many feeble gentlemen tottering about in maſks, for whom a baſon of warm reſtorative ſoup ſeems more expedient than the moſt beautiful woman in Venice.

One evening at St. Mark's Place, when a gentleman of my acquaintance was giving an account of this curious piece of affectation, he deſired me to take notice of a Venetian nobleman of his acquaintance, who, with an air of myſtery, was conducting a female maſk into his Caſſino. My acquaintance knew him perfectly well,

and aſſured me, he was the moſt innocent creature with women he had ever been acquainted with. When this gallant perſon perceived that we were looking at him, his maſk fell to the ground, as if by accident; and after we had got a complete view of his countenance, he put it on with much hurry, and immediately ruſhed, with his partner, into the Caſſino.

Fugit ad ſalices, ſed ſe cupit ante videri.

You have heard, no doubt, of thoſe little apartments, near St. Mark's Place, called Caſſinos. They have the misfortune to labour under a very bad reputation; they are accuſed of being temples entirely conſecrated to lawleſs love, and a thouſand ſcandalous tales are told to ſtrangers concerning them. Thoſe tales are certainly not believed by the Venetians themſelves, the proof of which is, that the Caſſinos are allowed to exiſt; for I hold it perfectly abſurd to imagine, that men would ſuffer their wives to enter ſuch places, if they were not con-

vinced that thoſe ſtories were ill-founded; nor can I believe, after all we have heard of the profligacy of Venetian manners, that women, even of indifferent reputations, would attend Caſſinos in the open manner they do, if it were underſtood that more liberties were taken with them there than elſewhere.

The opening before St. Mark's church is the only place in Venice where a great number of people can aſſemble. It is the faſhion to walk here a great part of the evening, to enjoy the muſic, and other amuſements; and although there are coffee-houſes, and Venetian manners permit ladies, as well as gentlemen, to frequent them, yet it was natural for the noble and moſt wealthy to prefer little apartments of their own, where, without being expoſed to intruſion, they may entertain a few friends in a more eaſy and unceremonious manner than they could do at their palaces. Inſtead of going home to a

formal ſupper, and returning afterwards to this place of amuſement, they order coffee, lemonade, fruit, and other refreſhments, to the Caſſino.

That thoſe little apartments may be occaſionally uſed for the purpoſes of intrigue, is not improbable; but that this is the ordinary and avowed purpoſe for which they are frequented is, of all things, the leaſt credible.

Some writers who have deſcribed the manners of the Venetians, as more profligate than thoſe of other nations, aſſert at the ſame time, that the Government encourages this profligacy, to relax and diſſipate the minds of the people, and prevent their planning, or attempting, any thing againſt the conſtitution. Were this the caſe, it could not be denied, that the Venetian legiſlators diſplay their patriotiſm in a very extraordinary manner, and have fallen upon as extraordinary means of rendering their people good ſubjects. They firſt erect a deſpotic court to

guard

guard the public liberty, and next they corrupt the morals of the people, to keep them from plotting againſt the State. This laſt piece of refinement, however, is no more than a conjecture of ſome theoretical politicians, who are apt to take facts for granted, without ſufficient proof, and afterwards diſplay their ingenuity in accounting for them. That the Venetians are more given to ſenſual pleaſures than the inhabitants of London, Paris, or Berlin, I imagine will be difficult to prove; but as the State Inquiſitors do not think proper, and the eccleſiaſtical are not allowed, to interfere in affairs of gallantry; as a great number of ſtrangers aſſemble twice or thrice a year at Venice, merely for the ſake of amuſement; and, above all, as it is the cuſtom to go about in maſks, an idea prevails, that the manners are more licentious here than elſewhere. I have had occaſion to obſerve, that this cuſtom of wearing a maſk, by conveying the ideas of concealment and intrigue, has contributed

greatly to give ſome people an impreſſion of Venetian profligacy. But, for my own part, it is not a piece of white or black paper, with diſtorted features, that I ſuſpect, having often found the moſt complete worthleſſneſs concealed under a ſmooth ſmiling piece of human ſkin.

LETTER XXII.

Venice.

I AM very ſenſible, that it requires a longer reſidence at Venice, and better opportunities than I have had, to enable me to give a character of the Venetians. But were I to form an idea of them from what I have ſeen, I ſhould paint them as a lively ingenious people, extravagantly fond of public amuſements, with an uncommon reliſh for humour, and yet more attached to the real enjoyments of life, than to thoſe which depend on oſtentation, and proceed from vanity.

The common people of Venice diſplay ſome qualities very rarely to be found in that ſphere of life, being remarkably ſober, obliging to ſtrangers, and gentle in their intercourſe with each other. The Venetians in general are tall and well made.

Though

Though equally robuſt, they are not ſo corpulent as the Germans. The latter alſo are of fair complexions, with light-grey or blue eyes; whereas the Venetians are for the moſt part of a ruddy brown colour, with dark eyes. You meet in the ſtreets of Venice many fine manly countenances, reſembling thoſe tranſmitted to us by the pencils of Paul Veroneſe and Titian. The women are of a fine ſtile of countenance, with expreſſive features, and a ſkin of a rich carnation. They dreſs their hair in a fanciful manner, which becomes them very much. They are of an eaſy addreſs, and have no averſion to cultivating an acquaintance with thoſe ſtrangers, who are preſented to them by their relations, or have been properly recommended.

Strangers are under leſs reſtraint here, in many particulars, than the native inhabitants. I have known ſome, who, after having tried moſt of the capitals of

Europe,

Europe, have preferred to live at Venice, on account of the variety of amuſements, the gentle manners of the inhabitants, and the perfect freedom allowed in every thing, except in blaming the meaſures of Government. I have already mentioned in what manner the Venetians are in danger of being treated who give themſelves that liberty. When a ſtranger is ſo imprudent as to declaim againſt the form or the meaſures of Government, he will either receive a meſſage to leave the territories of the State, or one of the Sbirri will be ſent to accompany him to the Pope's or the Emperor's dominions.

The houſes are thought inconvenient by many of the Engliſh; they are better calculated, however, for the climate of Italy, than if they were built according to the London model, which, I ſuppoſe, is the plan thoſe critics approve. The floors are of a kind of red plaiſter, with a brilliant gloſſy ſurface, much more beautiful than

than wood, and far preferable in caſe of fire, whoſe progreſs they are calculated to check.

The principal apartments are on the ſecond floor. The Venetians ſeldom inhabit the firſt, which is often intirely filled with lumber: perhaps, they prefer the ſecond, becauſe it is fartheſt removed from the moiſture of the lakes; or perhaps they prefer it, becauſe it is better lighted, and more cheerful; or they may have ſome better reaſon for this preference than I am acquainted with, or can imagine. Though the inhabitants of Great Britain make uſe of the firſt floors for their chief apartments, this does not form a complete demonſtration that the Venetians are in the wrong for preferring the ſecond. When an acute ſenſible people univerſally follow one cuſtom, in a mere matter of convenience, however abſurd that cuſtom may appear in the eyes of a ſtranger at firſt ſight, it will generally be found, that there

there is ſome real advantage in it, which compenſates all the apparent inconveniencies. Of this travellers, who do not hurry with too much rapidity through the countries they viſit, are very ſenſible: for, after having had time to weigh every circumſtance, they often ſee reaſon to approve what they had formerly condemned. I could illuſtrate this by many examples; but your own recollection muſt furniſh you with ſo many, that any more would be ſuperfluous. Cuſtom and faſhion have the greateſt influence on our taſte of beauty or excellence of every kind. What, from a variety of cauſes, has become the ſtandard in one country, is ſometimes juſt the contrary in another. The ſame thing that makes a low-brimmed hat appear genteel at one time, and ridiculous at another, has made a different ſpecies of verſification be accounted the model of perfection in old Rome and modern Italy, at Paris, or at London. In matters of taſte, particularly in dramatic poetry, the prejudices which each

each particular nation acquires in favour of its own is difficult to be removed. People ſeldom obtain ſuch a perfect knowlege of a foreign language and foreign manners, as to underſtand all the niceties of the one and the alluſions to the other: of conſequence, many things are inſipid to them, for which a native may have a high reliſh.

The dialogues in rhime of the French plays appear unnatural and abſurd to Engliſhmen when they firſt attend the French theatre; yet thoſe who have remained long in France, and acquired a more perfect knowledge of the language, aſſure us, that without rhime the dignity of the Tragic Muſe cannot be ſupported; and that, even in Comedy, they produce an additional elegance, which overbalances every objection. The French language being more ſtudied and better underſtood by the Engliſh than our language is by the French nation, we find many of our country-

countrymen who reliſh the beauties, and pay the juſt tribute of admiration to the genius of Corneille, while there is ſcarcely a ſingle Frenchman to be found who has any idea of the merit of Shakeſpeare.

Without being juſtly accuſed of partiality, I may aſſert that, in this inſtance, the Engliſh diſplay a fairneſs and liberality of ſentiment ſuperior to the French. The irregularities of Shakeſpeare's drama are obvious to every eye, and would, in the preſent age, be avoided by a poet not poſſeſſed of a hundredth part of his genius. His peculiar beauties, on the other hand, are of an excellence which has not, perhaps, been attained by any poet of any age or country; yet the French critics, from Voltaire down to the pooreſt ſcribbler in the literary journals, all ſtop at the former, declaim on the barbarous taſte of the Engliſh nation, inſiſt on the groteſque abſurdity of the poet's imagination, and illuſtrate both by partial extracts of the moſt

moſt exceptionable ſcenes of Shakeſpeare's plays.

When a whole people, with that degree of judgment which even the enemies of the Britiſh nation allow them to have, unite in the higheſt admiration of one man, and continue, for ages, to behold his pieces with unfated delight, it might occur to thoſe Frenchmen, that there poſſibly was ſome excellence in the works of this poet, though they could not ſee it; and a very moderate ſhare of candour might have taught them, that it would be more becoming to ſpare their ridicule, till they acquired a little more knowledge of the author againſt whom it is pointed.

An incident which occurred ſince my arrival at Venice, though founded on a prejudice much more excuſable than the conduct of the critics above mentioned, has brought home to my conviction the raſhneſs of thoſe who form opinions, without

the

the knowledge requiſite to direct their judgment.

I had got, I don't know how, the moſt contemptuous opinion of the Italian drama. I had been told, there was not a tolerable actor at preſent in Italy, and I had been long taught to conſider their comedy as the moſt deſpicable ſtuff in the world, which could not amuſe, or even draw a ſmile from any perſon of taſte, being quite deſtitute of true humour, full of ribaldry, and only proper for the meaneſt of the vulgar. Impreſſed with theſe ſentiments, and eager to give his Grace a full demonſtration of their juſtneſs, I accompanied the D— of H—— to the ſtage-box of one of the playhouſes the very day of our arrival at Venice.

The piece was a comedy, and the moſt entertaining character in it was that of a man who ſtuttered. In this defect, and in the ſingular grimaces with which the actor

accompanied it, conſiſted a great part of the amuſement.

Diſguſted at ſuch a pitiful ſubſtitution for wit and humour, I expreſſed a contempt for an audience which could be entertained by ſuch buffoonery, and who could take pleaſure in the exhibition of a natural infirmity.

While we inwardly indulged ſentiments of ſelf-approbation, on account of the refinement and ſuperiority of our own taſte, and ſupported the dignity of thoſe ſentiments by a diſdainful gravity of countenance, the Stutterer was giving a piece of information to Harlequin which greatly intereſted him, and to which he liſtened with every mark of eagerneſs. This unfortunate ſpeaker had juſt arrived at the moſt important part of his narrative, which was, to acquaint the impatient liſtener where his miſtreſs was concealed, when he unluckily ſtumbled on a word of

ſix

ſix or ſeven ſyllables, which completely obſtructed the progreſs of his narration. He attempted it again and again, but always without ſucceſs. You may have obſerved that, though many other words would explain his meaning equally well, you may as ſoon make a Saint change his religion, as prevail on a Stutterer to accept of another word in place of that at which he has ſtumbled. He adheres to his firſt word to the laſt, and will ſooner expire with it in his throat, than give it up for any other you may offer. Harlequin, on the preſent occaſion, preſented his friend with a dozen; but he rejected them all with diſdain, and perſiſted in his unſucceſsful attempts on that which had firſt come in his way. At length, making a deſperate effort, when all the ſpectators were gaping in expectation of his ſafe delivery, the cruel word came up with its broad ſide foremoſt, and ſtuck directly acroſs the unhappy man's wind-pipe. He gaped, and panted, and croaked; his face flushed,

and his eyes ſeemed ready to ſtart from his head. Harlequin unbuttoned the Stutterer's waiſtcoat, and the neck of his ſhirt; he fanned his face with his cap, and held a bottle of hartſhorn to his noſe. At length, fearing his patient would expire, before he could give the deſired intelligence, in a fit of deſpair he pitched his head full in the dying man's ſtomach, and the word bolted out of his mouth to the moſt diſtant part of the houſe.

This was performed in a manner ſo perfectly droll, and the humorous abſurdity of the expedient came ſo unexpectedly upon me, that I immediately burſt into a moſt exceſſive fit of laughter, in which I was accompanied by the D—, and by your young friend Jack, who was along with us; and our laughter continued in ſuch loud, violent, and repeated fits, that the attention of the audience being turned from the ſtage to our box, occaſioned a renewal of the mirth all over the playhouſe with greater vociferation than at firſt.

When

When we returned to the inn, the D— of H—— aſked me, If I were as much convinced as ever, that a man muſt be perfectly devoid of taſte, who could condeſcend to laugh at an Italian comedy ?

LETTER XXIII.

Padua.

WE were detained at Venice ſeveral days longer than we intended, by exceſſive falls of rain, which rendered the road to Verona impaſſable. Relinquiſhing, therefore, the thoughts of viſiting that city for the preſent, the D— determined to go to Ferrara by water. For this purpoſe I engaged two barks; in one of which the chaiſes, baggage, and ſome of the ſervants, proceeded directly to Ferrara, while we embarked in the other for Padua.

Having croſſed the Lagune, we entered the Brenta, but could continue our route by that river no farther than the village of Doglio, where there is a bridge; but the waters were ſo much ſwelled by the late rains, that there was not room for our boat to paſs below the arch. Quitting the

the boat, therefore, till our return, we hired two open chaiſes, and continued our journey along the banks of the Brenta to Padua.

Both ſides of this river diſplay gay, luxuriant ſcenes of magnificence and fertility, being ornamented by a great variety of beautiful villas, the works of Palladio and his diſciples. The verdure of the meadows and gardens here is not ſurpaſſed by that of England.

The Venetian nobility, I am told, live with leſs reſtraint, and entertain their friends with greater freedom, at their villas, than at their palaces in town. It is natural to ſuppoſe, that a Venetian muſt feel peculiar ſatisfaction when his affairs permit him to enjoy the exhilarating view of green fields, and to breathe the free air of the country,

As one who long in populous city pent,
Where houſes thick, and ſewers, annoy the air,

Forth iſſuing on a ſummer's morn, to breathe
Among the pleaſant villages and farms
Adjoin'd, from each thing met conceives delight.
The ſmell of grain, or tedded graſs, or kine,
Or dairy; each rural ſight, each rural ſound.

I confeſs, for my own part, I never felt the beauty of thoſe lines of Milton with greater ſenſibility, than when I paſſed through the charming country which is watered by the Brenta, after having been pent up in the terraqueous town of Venice. As one reaſon which induced his Grace to viſit Padua at this time was, that he might pay his duty to his R— H—— the D— of G——, we waited on that prince as ſoon as we had his permiſſion. His R— H—— has been here for ſome time with his D——ſs. He was very ill at Venice, and has been adviſed to remove to this place for the benefit of the air. It is with much ſatisfaction I add, that he is now out of danger, a piece of intelligence with which you will have it in your power

to

to give pleaſure to many people in England.

No city in the world has leſs affinity with the country than Venice, and few can have more than Padua; for great part of the circuit within the walls is unbuilt, and the town in general ſo thinly inhabited, that graſs is ſeen in many places in the interſtices of the ſtones with which the ſtreets are paved. The houſes are built on porticoes, which, when the town was well inhabited, and in a flouriſhing condition, may have had a magnificent appearance; but, in its preſent ſtate, they rather give it a greater air of melancholy and of gloom.

The Franciſcan church, dedicated to St. Antonio, the great patron of this city, was the place we were firſt led to by the Cicerone of our inn. The body of this holy perſon is incloſed in a ſarcophagus, under an altar in the middle of the chapel, and is ſaid to emit a very agreeable and refreſhing

refreſhing flavour. Pious Catholics believe this to be the natural effluvia of the ſaint's body; while Heretics aſſert, that the perfume (for a perfume there certainly is) proceeds from certain balſams rubbed on the marble every morning, before the votaries come to pay their devotions. I never preſume to give an opinion on conteſted points of this kind; but I may be allowed to ſay, that if this ſweet odour really proceeds from the holy Franciſcan, he emits a very different ſmell from any of the brethren of that order whom I ever had an opportunity of approaching.

The walls of this church are covered with votive offerings of ears, eyes, arms, legs, noſes, and every part almoſt of the human body, in token of cures performed by this ſaint; for whatever part has been the ſeat of the diſeaſe, a repreſentation of it is hung up in ſilver or gold, according to the gratitude and wealth of the patient.

At

At a ſmall diſtance from this church is a place called the School of St. Antonio. Here many of the actions of the Saint are painted in freſco; ſome of them by Titian. Many miracles of a very extraordinary nature are here recorded. I obſerved one in particular, which, if often repeated, might endanger the peace of families. The Saint thought proper to looſen the tongue of a new-born child, and endue it with the faculty of ſpeech; on which the infant, with an imprudence natural to its age, declared, in an audible voice, before a large company, who was its *real* father. The miracles attributed to this celebrated Saint greatly exceed in number thoſe recorded by the Evangeliſts of our Saviour; and although it is not aſſerted, that St. Antonio has as yet raiſed himſelf from the dead, yet his admirers here record things of him which are almoſt equivalent. When an impious Turk had ſecretly placed fireworks under the chapel, with

with an intention to blow it up, they affirm, that St. Antonio hallooed three times from his marble coffin, which terrified the infidel, and diſcovered the plot. This miracle is the more miraculous, as the Saint's tongue was cut out, and is actually preſerved in a chryſtal veſſel, and ſhewn as a precious relic to all who have a curioſity to ſee it. I ſtarted this as a difficulty which ſeemed to bear a little againſt the authenticity of the miracle; and the ingenious perſon to whom the objection was made, ſeemed at firſt ſomewhat nonpluſſed; but, after recollecting himſelf, he obſerved, that this, which at firſt ſeemed an objection, was really a confirmation of the fact; for the Saint was not ſaid to have ſpoken, but only to have hallooed, which a man can do without a tongue; but if his tongue had not been cut out, added he, there is no reaſon to doubt that the Saint would have revealed the Turkiſh plot in plain articulate language.

From

From the Tower of the Franciſcan church we had a very diſtinct view of the beautiful country which ſurrounds Padua. All the objects, at a little diſtance, ſeemed delightful and flouriſhing; but every thing under our eyes indicated wretchedneſs and decay.

LETTER XXIV.

Padua.

THE next church, in point of rank, but far ſuperior in point of architecture, is that of St. Juſtina, built from a deſign of Palladio, and reckoned, by ſome people, one of the moſt elegant he ever gave. St. Juſtina is ſaid to have ſuffered martyrdom where the church is built, which was the reaſon of erecting it on that particular ſpot. It would have been fortunate for the pictures in this church if the Saint had ſuffered on a piece of drier ground, for they ſeem conſiderably injured by the damps which ſurround the place where it now ſtands. There is a wide area in front of the church, called the Prato della Valle, where booths and ſhops are erected for all kinds of merchandiſe during the fairs. Part of this, which is never allowed to be profaned by the buyers and ſellers,

ſellers, is called Campo Santo, becauſe there a great number of Chriſtian martyrs are ſaid to have been put to death.

St. Juſtina's church is adorned with many altars, embelliſhed with ſculpture. The pavement is remarkably rich, being a kind of Moſaic work, of marble of various colours. Many other precious materials are wrought as ornaments to this church, but there is one ſpecies of jewels in which it abounds, more than, perhaps, any church in Chriſtendom; which is, the bones of martyrs. They have here a whole well full, belonging to thoſe who were executed in the Prato della Valle; and what is of ſtill greater value, the Benedictines, to whom this church belongs, aſſert, that they are alſo in poſſeſſion of the bodies of the two evangeliſts St. Matthew and St. Luke. The Franciſcans belonging to a convent at Venice diſpute the ſecond of thoſe two great prizes, and declare, that *they* are poſſeſſed of the true body of St.

Luke, this in St. Juſtina's church being only an impoſture. The matter was referred to the Pope, who gave a deciſion in favour of one of the bodies; but this does not prevent the proprietors of the other from ſtill perſiſting in their original claim, ſo that there is no likelihood of the diſpute being finally determined till the day of judgment.

The hall of the Town-houſe of Padua is one of the largeſt I ever ſaw. From the beſt gueſs I could make, after ſtepping it, I ſhould think it about three hundred Engliſh feet long, by one hundred in breadth: the emblematic and aſtrological paintings, by Giotto, are much decayed. This immenſe hall is on the ſecond floor, and is ornamented with the buſts and ſtatues of ſome eminent perſons. The Cenotaph of Livy, the hiſtorian, who was a native of Padua, is erected here. The Univerſity, formerly ſo celebrated, is now, like every thing elſe in this city, on the decline; the Theatre

anatomy could contain five or ſix hundred ſtudents, but the voice of the Profeſſor is like that of him who crieth in the wilderneſs. The licentious ſpirit of the ſtudents, which formerly was carried to ſuch unwarrantable lengths, and made it dangerous to walk in the ſtreets of this city at night, is now entirely extinct: it has gradually declined with the numbers of the ſtudents. Whether the ardour for literature, for which the ſtudents of this univerſity were diſtinguiſhed, has abated in the ſame proportion, I cannot determine; but I am informed, that by far the greater number of the young men who now attend the univerſity, are deſigned for the prieſthood, and apply to the ſtudy of divinity as a ſcience, for comprehending and preaching the myſterious parts of which, a very ſmall portion of learning has been obſerved to ſucceed better, than a great deal.

There is a cloth manufactory in this city; and I was told, that the inhabitants

of Venice, not excepting the nobles, wear no other cloth than what is made here. This particular manufactory, it may therefore be ſuppoſed, ſucceeds very well; but the exceſſive number of beggars with which this place ſwarms, is a ſtrong proof that trade and manufactures in general are by no means in a flouriſhing condition. In the courſe of my life I never ſaw ſuch a number of beggars at one time, as attacked us at the church of St. Antonio. The D— of H—— fell into a miſtake, analogous to that of Sable in the Funeral, who complains, that the more money he gave his mourners to look ſad, the merrier they looked. His G— gave all he had in his pocket to the clamorous multitude which ſurrounded him, on condition that they would hold their tongues, and leave us; on which they became more numerous, and more vociferous than before. Strangers who viſit Padua will do well, therefore, to obſerve the goſpel injunction, and perform their charities in ſecret.

LETTER XXV.

The Po.

IN my letter from Padua I neglected to mention her high pretenſions to antiquity: ſhe claims Antenor, the Trojan, as her founder; and this claim is ſupported by claſſical authority. In the firſt book of the Æneid, Venus complains to Jupiter, that her ſon Æneas is ſtill a vagabond on the ſeas, while Antenor has been permitted to eſtabliſh himſelf, and build a city in Italy.

Hic tamen ille urbem Patavi ſedeſque locavit.

Lucan alſo, in his Pharſalia, deſcribing the augur who read in the ſkies the events of that deciſive day, alludes to the ſame ſtory of Antenor;

Euganeo, ſi vera fides memorantibus, augur
Colle ſedens, Aponus terris ubi fumifer exit,

Atque Antenorei diſpergitur unda Timavi
Venit ſumma dies, geritur res maxima dixit;
Impia concurrunt Pompeii et Cæſaris arma.

Some modern critics have aſſerted, that the two poets have been guilty of a geographical miſtake, as the river Timavus empties itſelf into the Adriatic Gulph near Trieſte, about a hundred miles from Padua; and that the Aponus is near Padua, and about the ſame diſtance from Timavus.

If, therefore, Antenor built a city where the river Timavus ruſhes into the ſea, that city muſt have been ſituated at a great diſtance from where Padua now ſtands. The Paduan antiquarians, therefore, accuſe Virgil, without ſcruple, of this blunder, that they may retain the Trojan Prince as their anceſtor. But thoſe who have more regard for the character of Virgil than the antiquity of Padua, inſiſt upon it, that the poet was in the right, and that the city which Antenor built, was upon the Banks of Timavus, and exactly a hundred miles from

from modern Padua. As for Lucan, he is left in the lurch by both ſides, though, in my poor opinion, we may naturally ſuppoſe, that one of the ſtreams which run into Timavus was, at the time he wrote, called Aponus, which vindicates the poet, without weakening the relation between the Paduans and Antenor.

The inhabitants of Padua themſelves ſeem to have been a little afraid of truſting their claim entirely to claſſical authority; for an old ſarcophagus having been dug up in the year 1283, with an unintelligible inſcription upon it, this was declared to be the tomb of Antenor, and was placed in one of the ſtreets, and ſurrounded with a balluſtrade; and, *to put the matter out of doubt*, a Latin inſcription aſſures the reader, that it contains the body of the renowned Antenor, who, having eſcaped from Troy, had drove the Euganei out of the country, and built this identical city of Padua.

Though the Paduans find that there are people ill-natured enough to aſſert, that this ſarcophagus does not contain the bones of the illuſtrious Trojan, yet they can defy the malice of thoſe cavillers to prove, that they belong to any other perſon; upon which negative proof, joined to what has been mentioned above, they reſt the merit of their pretenſions.

After remaining a few days at Padua, we returned to the village of Doglio, where we had left our veſſel. We ſtopped, and viſited ſome of the villas on the banks of the Brenta. The apartments are gay and ſpacious, and muſt be delightful in ſummer; but none of the Italian houſes ſeem calculated for the winter, which, nevertheleſs, I am informed, is ſometimes as ſevere in this country as in England.

Having embarked in our little veſſel, we ſoon entered a canal, of about twenty-two Italian miles in length, which communicates with the Po, and we were drawn along,

along, at a pretty good rate, by two horſes. We paſſed laſt night in the veſſel, as we ſhall this; for there is no probability of our reaching Ferrara till to-morrow. The banks of this famous river are beautifully fertile. Finding that we could keep up with the veſſel, we amuſed ourſelves the greateſt part of the day in walking. The pleaſure we feel on this claſſical ground, and the intereſt we take in all the objects around, is not altogether derived from their own native beauties; a great part of it ariſes from the magic colouring of poetical deſcription.

The accounts we have had lately of the King of Pruſſia's bad health, I ſuppoſe, are not true; or if they are, I have good hopes he will recover: I found them on the calm and ſerene aſpect which Eridanus wears at preſent, which is not the caſe when the fate of any very great perſon is depending. You remember, what a rage he was in, and what a tumult he raiſed,

immediately before the death of Julius Cæſar.

Proluit inſano contorquens vortice ſylvas
Fluviorum Rex Eridanus, campoſque per omnes;
Cum ſtabulis armenta tulit.

Dryden tranſlates theſe lines,

Then riſing in his might, the King of Floods
Ruſh'd thro' the foreſts, tore the lofty woods;
And, rolling onward, with a ſweepy ſway,
Bore houſes, herds, and labouring hinds away.

Riſing in his might is happy, but the reſt is not ſo ſimple as the original, and much leſs expreſſive; there wants the *inſano contorquens vortice* ſylvas.

It is not ſurpriſing that the Po is ſo much celebrated by the Roman poets, ſince it is, unqueſtionably, the fineſt river in Italy.——

Where every ſtream in heavenly numbers flows.

It ſeems to have been the favourite river of Virgil:

Gemina

Gemina auratus taurino cornua vultu
Eridanus, quo non alius per pinguia culta
In mare purpureum violentior influit amnis.

And Mr. Addiſon, at the ſight of this river, is inſpired with a degree of enthuſiaſm, which does not always animate his poetry.

Fired with a thouſand raptures, I ſurvey,
Eridanus thro' flowery meadows ſtray;
The King of Floods! that, rolling o'er their plains,
The towering Alps of half their moiſture drains,
And, proudly ſwoln with a whole winter's ſnows,
Diſtributes wealth and plenty where he flows.

Notwithſtanding all that the Latin poets, and, in imitation of them, thoſe of other nations, have ſung of the Po, I am convinced that no river in the world has been ſo well ſung as the Thames.

Thou too great father of the Britiſh floods!
With joyful pride ſurvey'ſt our lofty woods;
Where tow'ring oaks their growing honours rear,
And future navies on thy ſhores appear,

Not

Not Neptune's ſelf, from all her ſtreams, receives
A wealthier tribute, than to thine he gives.
No ſeas ſo rich, ſo gay no banks appear,
No lake ſo gentle, and no ſpring ſo clear;
Nor Po ſo ſwells the fabling poets lays,
While led along the ſkies his current ſtrays,
As thine, which viſits Windſor's fam'd abodes.

If you are ſtill refractory, and ſtand up for the panegyriſts of the Po, I muſt call Denham in aid of my argument, and I hope you will have the taſte and candour to acknowledge, that the following are, beyond compariſon, the nobleſt lines that ever were written on a river.

My eye deſcending from the hill, ſurveys
Where Thames among the wanton vallies ſtrays.
Thames, the moſt loved of all the Ocean's ſons,
By his old ſire, to his embraces runs;
Haſting to pay his tribute to the ſea,
Like mortal Life to meet Eternity.
Though with thoſe ſtreams he no reſemblance hold,
Whoſe foam is amber, and their gravel gold;

His

His genuine and leſs guilty wealth t'explore,
Search not his bottom, but ſurvey his ſhore;
O'er which he kindly ſpreads his ſpacious wing,
And hatches plenty for th' enſuing ſpring;
Nor then deſtroys it with too fond a ſtay,
Like mothers which their children overlay.
Nor with a ſudden and impetuous wave,
Like profuſe kings, reſumes the wealth he gave.
No unexpected inundations ſpoil
The mower's hopes, nor mock the plowman's toil:
But, godlike, his unweary'd bounty flows:
Firſt loves to do, then loves the good he does.
Nor are his bleſſings to his banks confined,
But free and common, as the ſea or wind;
When he, to boaſt, or to diſperſe his ſtores,
Full of the tribute of his grateful ſhores,
Viſits the world, and in his flying towers,
Brings home to us, and makes both Indies ours;
Finds wealth where 'tis, beſtows it where it wants,
Cities in deſerts, woods in cities plants.
So that, to us, no thing, no place is ſtrange,
While his fair boſom is the world's exchange.
O could I flow like thee, and make thy ſtream,
My great example, as it is my theme!
Though deep, yet clear; though gentle, yet not dull;
Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full.

Heaven her Eridanus no more ſhall boaſt,
Whoſe fame in thine, like leſſer current, 's loſt.

You will ſuſpect that I am hard puſhed to make out a letter, when I ſend you ſuch long quotations from the poets. This, however, is not my only reaſon. While we remain on the Po, rivers naturally become the ſubject of my letter. I aſſerted, that the Thames has been more ſublimely ſung than the favourite river of claſſical authors, and I wiſhed to lay ſome of my ſtrongeſt proofs before you at once, to ſave you the trouble of turning to the originals.

LETTER XXVI.

Ferrara,

WE arrived here early this morning. The magnificent ſtreets and number of fine buildings ſhew that this has formerly been a rich and flouriſhing city. The preſent inhabitants, however, who are very few in proportion to the extent of the town, bear every mark of poverty.

The happineſs of the ſubjects in a deſpotic government depends much more on the perſonal character of the ſovereign, than in a free ſtate; and the ſubjects of little Princes, who have but a ſmall extent of territory, are more affected by the good and bad qualities of thoſe Princes, than the inhabitants of great and extenſive empires. I had frequent opportunities of making this remark in Germany, where, without having ſeen the Prince,

or heard his character, one may often diſcover his diſpoſitions and turn of mind, from examining into the circumſtances and general ſituation of the people. When the Prince is vain and luxurious, as he conſiders himſelf equal in rank, ſo he endeavours to vie in magnificence with more powerful ſovereigns, and thoſe attempts always terminate in the oppreſſion and poverty of his ſubjects; but when the Prince, on the other hand, is judicious, active, and benevolent, as the narrow limits of his territories make it eaſy for him to be acquainted with the real ſituation and true intereſt of his ſubjects, his good qualities operate more directly and effectually for their benefit, than if his dominions were more extenſive, and he himſelf obliged to govern by the agency of miniſters.

The Duchy of Ferrara was formerly governed by its own Dukes, many of whom happened to be of the character laſt mentioned, and the Ferrareſe was, for ſeveral gene-

generations, one of the happieſt and moſt flouriſhing ſpots in Italy. In the year 1597 it was annexed to the Eccleſiaſtical State, and has ever ſince been gradually falling into poverty and decay. It muſt be owing to ſome eſſential error in the Government, when a town like this, ſituated in a fertile ſoil, upon a navigable river near the Adriatic, remains in poverty. Except the change of its Sovereign, all the other cauſes, which I have heard aſſigned for the poverty of Ferrara, exiſted in the days of its proſperity.

Though the citizens of Ferrara have not been able to preſerve their trade and induſtry, yet they ſtill retain an old privilege of wearing ſwords by their ſides. This privilege extends to the loweſt mechanics, who ſtrut about with great dignity. Fencing is the only ſcience in a flouriſhing condition in this town, which furniſhes all the towns in Italy with ſkilful fencing-maſters. Ferrara was famous formerly

merly for a manufactory of ſword-blades. The Scotch Highlanders, who had a greater demand for ſwords, and were nicer in the choice of their blades than any other people, uſed to get them from a celebrated maker in this town, of the name of Andrea di Ferrara. The beſt kind of broad-ſwords are ſtill called by the Highlanders True Andrew Ferraras.

There are two braſs ſtatues oppoſite to one of the principal churches. One is of Nicholo Marquis of Eſte, and the other of Borſo of Eſte, the firſt Duke of Ferrara, whoſe memory is ſtill held in great veneration in this city. I had the curioſity to go to the Benedictine church, merely to ſee the place where Arioſto lies buried. The degree of importance in which men are held by their cotemporaries and by poſterity, is very different. This fine fanciful old bard has done more honour to modern Italy, than forty-nine in fifty of the Popes and Princes to which ſhe has given birth,

and,

and while thoſe, who were the gaze of the multitude during their lives, are now entirely forgotten, his fame increaſes with the progreſs of time. In his lifetime, perhaps, his importance, in the eyes of his countrymen, aroſe from the protection of the family of Eſte; now he gives importance, in the eyes of all Europe, to the illuſtrious names of his patrons, and to the country where he was born.

The Emperor, and two of his brothers, lodged lately at the inn where we now are. Our landlord is ſo vain of this, that he cannot be prevailed on to ſpeak on any other ſubject; he has entertained me with a thouſand particulars about his illuſtrious gueſts; it is impoſſible he ſhould ever forget thoſe anecdotes, for he has been conſtantly repeating them ever ſince the Royal Brothers left his houſe. I aſked him what we could have for ſupper. He anſwered, That we ſhould ſup in the very ſame room in which his Imperial Majeſty had dined.

I repeated my queſtion; and he replied, he did not believe there were three more affable Princes in the world. I ſaid, I hoped ſupper would be ſoon ready; and he told me, that the Archduke was fond of fricaſſee, but the Emperor preferred a fowl plain roaſted. I ſaid, with an air of impatience, that I ſhould be much obliged to him if he would ſend in ſupper. He bowed, and walked to the door; but, before he diſappeared, he turned about and aſſured me, that although his Majeſty ate no more than an ordinary man, yet he paid like an Emperor.

To perpetuate the memory of this great event, of the Emperor and his two brothers having dined at this houſe, the landlord got an Eccleſiaſtic of his acquaintance to compoſe the following pompous inſcription, which is now engraven upon a ſtone at the door of his inn.

QUOD

QUOD
TABERNA HÆC DIVERSORIA
HOSPITES HABUERIT TRES FRATRES
CONSILIIS, MORIBUS, ET IN DEUM PIETATE,
PRÆCLAROS,
MARIÆ THERES. BOHEMIÆ ET HUNG.
REGINÆ, &c. &c.
ET TANTÆ MATRIS VIRTUTI SIMILLIMOS
MAXIMILIANUM AUSTRIÆ ARCHIDUCEM;
CENÆ ET QUIETATIS CAUSA;
TERTIO CALEND. JUNII M.DCC.LXXV.
DIE POSTERO PRANDIUM SUMPTUROS
PETRUM LEOP. MAGN. HETRUC. DUCEM,
ET JOSEPHUM SECUND. ROM. IMPERATOREM,
SECULI NOSTRI ORNAMENTUM ET DECUS,
NE TEMPORIS LONGITUDO
HUJUSCE LOCI FELICITATEM OBLITERET
PERENNE HOC MONUMENTUM.

No three perſons ever acquired immortality on eaſier terms: it has only coſt them one night's lodging at an indifferent inn, when better quarters could not be had.

LETTER XXVII.

Bologna.

WHEN we left Ferrara, our landlord inſiſted on our taking ſix horſes to each chaiſe, on account of the badneſs of the roads, the ſoil about the town being moiſt and heavy. I attempted to remonſtrate that four would be ſufficient; but he cut me ſhort, by proteſting, that the roads were ſo very deep, that he would not allow the beſt friend he had in the world, not even the Emperor himſelf, were he there in perſon, to take fewer than ſix. There was no more to be ſaid after this; the ſame argument would have been irreſiſtible, had he inſiſted on our taking twelve.

As you draw near to Bologna, the country gradually improves in cultivation; and, for ſome miles before you enter the town, ſeems one continued garden. The vineyards are not divided by hedges, but by rows

rows of elms and mulberry trees; the vines hanging in a moſt beautiful picturesque manner, in feſtoons from one tree to another. This country is not only fertile in vines, but likewiſe in corn, olives, and paſturage, and has, not without foundation, acquired the name of Bologna la Graſſa.

This town is well built, and populous; the number of inhabitants amounting to ſeventy, or perhaps eighty thouſand. The houſes in general have lofty porticoes, which would have a better effect if the ſtreets were not ſo narrow; but in this particular, magnificence is ſacrificed to conveniency; for, in Italy, ſhade is conſidered as a luxury.

The Duchy of Bologna had conditions granted to it, upon ſubmitting to the Papal dominion. Thoſe conditions have been obſerved with a degree of punctuality and good faith, which many zealous Proteſtants would not expect in the Church of Rome.

Bologna retains the name of a republic, ſends an ambaſſador to the Pope's court, and the word Libertas is inſcribed on the arms and coin of the State, with the flattering capitals S. P. Q. B. The civil government and police of the town is allowed to remain in the hands of the magiſtrates, who are choſen by the Senate, which formerly conſiſted of forty members; but ſince this republic came under the protection, as it is called, of the Pope, he thought proper to add ten more, but the whole fifty ſtill retain the name of the Quaranta. Mankind, in general, are more alarmed by a change of name, in things which they have long regarded with veneration, than by a real change in the nature of the things themſelves. The Pope may have had ſome good political reaſon for augmenting the number of the council to fifty; but he could have none for calling them the Council of Fifty, if the people choſe rather to call fifty men aſſembled together the Council of *Forty*. One of the

the Senators preſides in the Senate, and is called the Gonfalonier; from his carrying the ſtandard (Gonfalone) of the republic. He is chief magiſtrate, is attended by guards, and is conſtantly at the palace, or near it, to be ready on any emergency; but he remains only two months in office, and the Senators take it by turns.

In the midſt of all this appearance of independency, a Cardinal Legate from Rome governs this republic; he is appointed by the Pope, with a Vice Legate, and other aſſiſtants. The orders which the Legate iſſues, are ſuppoſed to be with the approbation of the Senate; at leaſt, they are never diſputed by that prudent body of men. The office, which is of higher dignity than any other now in the gift of the Court of Rome, continues for three years: at the expiration of that time, his Holineſs either appoints a new Legate, or confirms the old one in the office for three years longer.

This eccleſiaſtical Viceroy lives in great magnificence, and has a numerous ſuite of pages, equerries, and halberdiers, who attend him in the city. When he goes into the country, he is accompanied by guards on horſeback.

The Gonfalonier and magiſtrates regulate all the uſual matters which regard the police, and decide, in common cauſes, according to the laws and ancient forms of the republic; but there is no doubt that, in affairs of great importance, and, indeed, as often as he chooſes to interfere, the Cardinal Legate influences deciſions. This muſt be mortifying to the Senators and noble families, but is leſs felt by the people in general, who have every appearance of living under a mild and beneficent Government.

The inhabitants of Bologna carry on a very conſiderable trade in ſilks and velvets, which are manufactured here in great perfection. The country produces immenſe quantities

quantities of oil, wine, flax, and hemp; and furniſhes all Europe with ſauſages, Macaroni, liqueurs, and eſſences. The people ſeem to be induſtrious, and to be allowed to enjoy the fruits of their labour; the markets are moſt plentifully ſupplied with proviſions; fruit is to be had in great variety, and all excellent in its kind; the common wine of the country is a light white wine of an agreeable taſte, which ſtrangers prefer to any of the French or German wines to be had here. Thoſe who are not pleaſed with the entertainment they meet with at the inns in this city, it will be a difficult matter to pleaſe; they muſt be poſſeſſed of a degree of ſuch nicety, both in their palates and tempers, as will render them exceedingly troubleſome to themſelves and others, not only in their travels through Italy, but in the whole courſe of their journey through life.

There are a great number of palaces in this city. What is called the Public Palace,

is, by far, the moſt ſpacious, but not the moſt elegant. In this the Cardinal Legate is lodged. There are alſo apartments for the Gonfalonier; and halls, or chambers, for ſome of the courts of juſtice. This building, though of a gloomy and irregular form without, contains ſome very magnificent apartments, and a few good pictures: the moſt eſteemed are, a large one, by Guido, of the Virgin, and the infant Jeſus, ſeated on the rainbow; a Sampſon, by Guido alſo, refreſhing himſelf with the water which iſſues from the jaw-bone with which he has juſt defeated the Philiſtines; and a St. John the Baptiſt, by Raphael, a duplicate of that in the Palais Royal at Paris, but thought, by ſome connoiſſeurs, greatly inferior. For my part, I think it is to be regretted, that this great painter did not employ the time he ſpent on one of them, at leaſt, on ſome ſubject more worthy of his talents. A ſingle figure, unemployed, can never pleaſe ſo much as a groupe, occupied in ſome intereſting

tereſting action. It is a pity that a painter, capable, even in a moderate degree, of exciting the paſſions, ſhould confine his talents to ſolitary figures. How much more unworthy of *him* who poſſeſſed all the ſublimity and pathos of the art!

On his arrival at this town, the firſt object which ſtrikes the eye of a ſtranger, is a noble marble fountain, in the area before the Palazzo Publico. The principal figure is a ſtatue of Neptune, eleven feet in height; one of his hands is ſtretched out before him, in the other he holds the Trident. The body and limbs are finely proportioned, the anatomy perfect, the character of the countenance ſevere and majeſtic. This figure of Neptune, as well as all the others of boys, dolphins, and ſyrens, which ſurround it, are in bronze. The whole is the workmanſhip of Giovanni di Bologna, and is highly eſteemed; yet there ſeems to be an impropriety in making water

water flow in ſtreams from the breaſts of the ſea nymphs, or ſyrens.

Over the entrance of the Legate's palace, is a bronze ſtatue of a Pope. The tiara, and other parts of the Papal uniform, are not ſo favourable to the ſculptor's genius, as the naked ſimplicity in which Neptune appears. A female traveller, however, not extravagantly fond of the fine arts, would rather be obſerved admiring the ſculptor's ſkill in imitating the folds of the Sacerdotal robes, than his anatomical accuracy in forming the majeſtic proportions of the Sea Divinity.

LETTER XXVIII.

Bologna.

THE univerſity of Bologna is one of the moſt ancient and moſt celebrated ſeats of literature in Europe; and the academy for the arts and ſciences, founded by the Count Marſigli at the beginning of the preſent century, is ſufficient, of itſelf, to engage ſtrangers to viſit this city, if there was nothing elſe worthy of their curioſity. Over the gate of this magnificent edifice is the following liberal inſcription:

BONONIENSE SCIENTIARUM ATQUE ARTIUM INSTITUTUM AD PUBLICUM TOTIUS ORBIS USUM.

Here is a moſt valuable library, in three ſpacious rooms, where any perſon may ſtudy, and have the uſe of the books, four hours every day; alſo apartments for the ſtudents of ſculpture, painting, architecture, chemiſtry,

chemiſtry, anatomy, aſtronomy, and every branch of natural philoſophy. They are all ornamented with deſigns, models, inſtruments, and every kind of apparatus requiſite for illuſtrating thoſe ſciences. There are alſo Profeſſors, who regularly read lectures, and inſtruct the ſtudents in thoſe various parts of knowledge. There is a hall, full of models in architecture and fortification, a valuable collection of medals, and another of natural curioſities, as animals, earths, ores, minerals, and a complete collection of ſpecimens, to aſſiſt the ſtudy of the Materia Medica, and every part of Natural Hiſtory. A gallery of ſtatues, conſiſting of a few originals, and very fine caſts of the beſt ſtatues in Italy. I went one evening to the academy of painting and ſculpture; two men ſtood in different attitudes on a table, in the middle of the room; about fifty ſtudents ſat in the amphitheatre around them, ſome drawing their figures in chalks, others modelling them in wax, or clay. As each

ſtudent viewed the two men from different points, the variety of manner in the different ſtudents, together with the alteration in the Chiaro Scuro under each point of view, gave every drawing the appearance of being done from a different figure. Nothing can be ſo advantageous to the young ſtudent as this kind of exerciſe, which is ſometimes practiſed by day-light, and ſometimes by the light of lamps, and muſt give a fuller idea of the effect of light and ſhade than any other method.

Honorary premiums are diſtributed every year among the artiſts, for the beſt deſigns in painting, ſculpture, and architecture.

The Anatomical Theatre is adorned with ſtatues of celebrated phyſicians; and in the Muſeum, which belongs to it, there are abundance of anatomical preparations; alſo a complete ſuite of anatomical figures in wax. A man and woman in the natural ſtate; the ſame with the ſkin and cellular membrane removed, the external muſcles

muſcles of the whole body and limbs appearing. In the ſubſequent figures the more external muſcles are gradually removed, till nothing but the ſimple ſkeleton remains. Theſe figures are very well rendered, preſerving the natural appearance and ſituation of the muſcles and blood-veſſels, with as much exactneſs as could be expected in a work of this nature. There are alſo models in wax, of particular parts, and of ſeveral of the viſcera of the human body ſeparately; yet thoſe waxen models could not ſtand in compariſon with the preparations of the real parts in Dr. Hunter's muſeum. If brought to that teſt, the Bologna waxworks, though admirable in their kind, would appear as their beſt caſts of the Vatican Apollo and Laocoon would, if placed beſide the originals. Indeed, the real preparations to be ſeen here, are far inferior to thoſe of that great anatomiſt; who is now poſſeſſed of the moſt complete, and moſt accurate collection of anatomical preparations, that ever was made

made by human ſkill and induſtry. We have faithfully performed our duty in viſiting all the churches and palaces of this city, which contain ſome of the higheſt ſpecimens of art; yet, as the recital might be leſs amuſing than the tour itſelf, I ſhall exerciſe your patience with great moderation on that ſubject.

The church of St. Petronius forms part of that large, irregular ſquare, in which the fountain, formerly mentioned, ſtands; it is the largeſt in Bologna. In the pavement of this church, Caſſini drew his meridian line; and within the walls of this ſame edifice the Emperor Charles the Fifth was crowned. Thoſe circumſtances may intereſt the aſtronomer, and the hiſtorian; but the ſtatue of a ſoldier, which ſtands in one of the chapels, engages the attention of the pious Catholic. This man, being at play, and in danger of loſing all his money, offered up a very fervent prayer to the Virgin Mary, for a little better luck;

to which ſhe, who never ſhewed any favour to gameſters, turned a deaf ear. When he found that his bad fortune continued, this furious wretch drew his ſword, and wounded both the Virgin, and the Infant in her arms. He inſtantly, as you may ſuppoſe, fell to the ground, deprived of motion; he was carried to priſon, and condemned to an ignominious and painful death. While he remained under confinement, he came to a proper ſenſe of his wickedneſs; and the bleſſed Virgin was ſo much ſoftened by his repentance, that ſhe reſtored him to the uſe of his limbs; and the Judges, taking the hint, gave him a full pardon. As a *ſatisfactory* proof of this memorable event, they ſhew the identical ſword with which the aſſault was made.

A Dominican convent, ſituated on the top of a hill, about three miles from this city, is in poſſeſſion of a portrait of the Virgin, by St. Luke. It is not

perfectly known how it came there; any enquiry of that nature favours of herefy, and might give offence. The people in general are perfuaded of its originality, and happy in the honour of fuch a neighbour. This portrait has wrought many miracles in favour of the inhabitants of Bologna. A curious gallery, open to the fouth, and clofed by a wall to the north, is built all the way from this city to the convent. On the open fide it is fupported by a long row of pillars, and was erected by voluntary contribution, in honour of the Virgin, and for the conveniency of pilgrims. This long colonade is about twelve feet in breadth, from the pillars to the wall, and of a convenient height; all the communities of the town walk once a year, in folemn proceffion, to the convent, and bring the holy picture to vifit the city. It is carried through the principal ftreets, attended by every inhabitant who can afford to purchafe a wax taper. During this pro-

ceſſion, the bells continue ringing, the cannon are fired; and the troops under arms obſerve the ſame ceremonies, when the picture paſſes, as if it were Commander in Chief of the forces. The common people imagine, the picture is extremely fond of this annual viſit to the town of Bologna; they even are convinced, that, if it were not carried, it would deſcend from the frame, and walk the whole way on foot; but they do not deſire to ſee the experiment made, both becauſe it might diſoblige the Virgin, and becauſe, if the picture were once ſet a walking, there is no knowing where it would ſtop.

Though the nobility of Bologna are not now very rich, many of their palaces are furniſhed in a magnificent taſte, and contain paintings of great value. The palaces were built, and ornamented, when the proprietors were richer, and when the fineſt works of architecture and painting could be procured on eaſier terms than

at preſent. The galleries, and apartments, are ſpacious and magnificent; yet there are circumſtances in the moſt ſplendid, that muſt hurt the eye of thoſe who are accuſtomed to that perfect exactneſs in finiſhing which prevails in Engliſh houſes. The glaſs of the windows of ſome palaces is divided into little ſquare panes, which are joined together by lead; and the floors of all are ſo very indifferently laid, that you often feel a looſe brick ſhaking under your feet as you walk through the fineſt apartments.

The moſt precious ornaments of the palaces are the paintings, particularly thoſe of the celebrated maſters which this city had the honour of producing. Raphael is generally allowed to have excelled all painters in the ſublimity of his ideas, the grouping of his figures, the beauty of his heads, the elegance of his forms, and the correctneſs of his outlines; yet, in the opinion of ſome, he has oftener imitated

thoſe noble ideas of beauty, tranſmitted to us by the Greek ſculptors, than what he ſaw, or could obſerve, in nature. Thoſe who hold this opinion aſſert, that the beſt maſters of the Lombard School ſtudied, with equal aſſiduity, the elegance of the antique ſtatues, and the ſimplicity of nature; and from this combined attention to both, with geniuſes leſs ſublime, and not ſo univerſal, as that of the Roman painter, they have produced works equal, if not ſuperior in ſome reſpects, to his. In all this, I beg you may keep in your remembrance, that I am not affecting to give any opinion of my own, but merely repeating the ſentiments of others.

Next to Rome itſelf, there is, perhaps, no town in the world ſo rich in paintings as Bologna. The churches and palaces, beſides many admired pieces by other maſters, are full of the works of the great maſters who were natives of this city. I muſt not lead you among thoſe maſterpieces;

pieces; it is not for ſo poor a judge as I am to point the peculiar excellencies of the Caraccis, Dominichino, Albano, or compare the energy of Guercino's pencil with the grace of Guido's. With regard to the laſt, I ſhall venture to ſay, that the graceful air of his young men, the elegant forms, and mild perſuaſive devotion, of his Madonas; the art with which, to all the inviting lovelineſs of female features, he joins all the gentleneſs and modeſty which belong to the female character, are the peculiar excellencies of this charming painter.

It requires no knowledge in the art of painting, no connoiſſeurſhip, to diſcover thoſe beauties in the works of Guido; all who have eyes, and a heart, muſt ſee and feel them. But the picture more admired than all the reſt, and conſidered, by the judges, as his maſter-piece, owes its eminence to a different kind of merit; it can claim none from any of the circumſtances above enumerated. The piece I mean is in

the Sampieri palace, and diſtinguiſhed by a ſilk curtain, which hangs before it. The ſubject is, the Repentance of St. Peter, and conſiſts of two figures, that of the Saint who weeps, and a young apoſtle who endeavours to comfort him. The only picture at Bologna, which can diſpute celebrity with this, is that of St. Cecilia, in the church of St. Georgio in Monte. This picture is greatly praiſed by Mr. Addiſon, and is reckoned one of Raphael's capital pieces. If I had nothing elſe to convince me that I had no judgment in painting, this would be ſufficient. I have examined it over and over with great attention, and a real deſire of diſcovering its ſuperlative merit; and I have the mortification to find, that I cannot perceive it.—After this confeſſion, I preſume you will not deſire to hear any thing farther from me on the ſubject of painting.

LETTER XXIX.

Ancona.

IN our way from Bologna to this place, we paſſed through Ravenna, a diſagreeable town, though at one period the ſeat of empire; for, after Attila had left Italy, Valentinian choſe Ravenna, in preference to Rome, for his reſidence, that he might always be ready to repel the Huns and other Barbarians, who poured from the banks of the Danube, and prevent their penetrating into Italy. The ſame reaſon afterwards induced Theodoric, King of the Oſtrogoths, to keep his court at this city of Ravenna, after he had defeated and killed Odoacer, and aſſumed the title of King of Rome. The ruins of his palace and his tomb now form part of the antiquities of Ravenna; among which I ſhall not detain you a moment, but proceed to the river of Piſatello, the famous Rubicon,

con, which lies between this town and Rimini, and was the ancient boundary between Italy and Ciſalpine Gaul. No Roman, returning to Rome, could paſs in arms beyond this, without being deemed an enemy to his country. The ſmall town of Ceſenate is ſituated near this brook, and the inhabitants value themſelves not a little upon their vicinity to ſo celebrated a neighbour. But the people of Rimini have had the malice to endeavour to deprive them of this ſatisfaction: they affirm, that the rivulet Luſa, which is farther removed from Ceſenate, and nearer to themſelves, is the true Rubicon. I have conſidered this controverſy with all the attention it merits; and I am of opinion, that the pretenſions of Piſatello, which is alſo called Rugone, are the beſt founded. That you may not ſuſpect my being influenced in my judgment by any motives but thoſe of juſtice, I beg leave to inform you, that it is a matter of no importance to me which of the rivers is the real Rubicon, for we had

had the honour of paſſing *both* in our way to Rimini.

What Suetonius mentions concerning Cæſar's heſitation when he arrived at the banks of this river, does not agree with what the hiſtorian ſays a little before. Quidam putant captum Imperii conſuetudine, penſitatiſque ſuis & inimicorum viribus, uſum occaſione rapiendæ dominationis, quam ætate prima concupiſſet. And this, he adds, was the opinion of Cicero, who ſays, that Cæſar had often in his mouth this verſe :

Nam ſi violandum eſt jus, regnandi gratia
Violandum eſt, aliis rebus pietatem colas.

It is moſt probable, that Cæſar took his reſolution to croſs the Rubicon as ſoon as Antony and Curio arrived in his camp, and afforded him a plauſible pretext, by informing him and the army of the violent manner in which they had been driven from Rome by the Conſul Lentulus and the adherents of Pompey. As for the phantom,

phantom, which Suetonius informs us determined the Dictator while he was yet in hesitation, we may either consider it intirely as a fiction, or as a scene previously arranged by himself to encourage his army, who may be supposed to have had scruples in disobeying a decree of the Senate; which declared those persons sacrilegious and parricides, devoting them at the same time to the infernal gods, who should pass over this river in arms. Cæsar was not of a character to be disturbed with religious scruples; he never delayed an enterprise, we are told, on account of unfavourable omens. Ne religione quidem ulla a quoquam incepto absterritus unquam vel retardatus est. Quum immolanti aufugisset hostia, profectionem adversus Scipionem & Jubam non distulit, &c. &c.

This hesitation, therefore, which is mentioned both by Suetonius and Plutarch, has no resemblance with the ambitious and decisive character of Julius Cæsar; the picture

picture which Lucan has drawn of him has much more ſpirit, and in all probability more likeneſs.

Cæſar ut adverſam ſuperato gurgite ripam,
Attigit, Heſperiæ vetitis & conſtitit arvis,
Hic, ait, hic pacem, temerataque jura relinquo;
Te, Fortuna, ſequor; procul hinc jam fœdera ſunto.
Credidimus fatis, utendum eſt judice bello.
Sic fatus, noctis tenebris rapit agmina ductor
Impiger, & torto Ballaris verbere fundæ
Ocyor, & miſſa Parthi poſt terga ſagitta;
Vicinumque minax invadit Ariminum—

Though Rimini is in a ſtate of great decay, there are ſome monuments of antiquity worthy the attention of the curious traveller. It is the ancient Ariminum, the firſt town of which Cæſar took poſſeſſion after paſſing the Rubicon. In the market-place there is a kind of ſtone pedeſtal, with an inſcription, declaring, that on it Cæſar had ſtood and harangued his army; but the authenticity of this is not aſcertained to the ſatisfaction of antiquarians.

We

We next paſſed through Peſaro, a very agreeable town, better built and paved than the other towns we have ſeen on the Adriatic ſhore. In the market-place there is a handſome fountain, and a ſtatue of Pope Urban the Eighth, in a ſitting poſture. In the churches of this town there are ſome pictures by Baroccio, a painter, whoſe works ſome people eſteem very highly, and who is thought to have imitated the manner of Raphael and the tints of Correggio, not without ſucceſs. He lived about the middle of the ſixteenth century, and his colours ſeem to have improved by time. I ſay, ſeem; for, in reality, all colours loſe by time: but the operation of ſun and air on pictures bringing all the colours to a kind of uniſon, occaſions what is called Harmony, and is thought an improvement on ſome pictures. This road, along the Adriatic coaſt, is extremely pleaſant. From Peſaro we proceeded to Fano, a little town, of nearly the ſame ſize, but more populous. It derives its name from

a Temple

a Temple of Fortune [Fanum Fortunæ], which ſtood here in the time of the Romans. All the towns of Italy, however religious they may be, are proud of their connections with thoſe celebrated heathens. An image of the Goddeſs Fortune is erected on the fountain in the market-place, and the inhabitants ſhow ſome ruins, which they pretend belong to the ancient Temple of Fortune; but what cannot be diſputed, are the ruins of a triumphal arch in white marble, erected in honour of Auguſtus, and which was greatly damaged by the artillery of Pope Paul the Second, when he beſieged this town in the year 1463. The churches of this town are adorned with ſome excellent pictures; there is one particularly in the cathedral church, by Guercino, which is much admired. The ſubject is the marriage of Joſeph: it conſiſts of three principal figures; the High Prieſt, Joſeph, and the Virgin.

A few

A few miles beyond Fano, we croſſed the river Metro, where Claudius Nero, the Roman Conſul, defeated Aſdrubal, the brother of Hannibal. This was, perhaps, the moſt important victory that ever was gained by a Roman General; for, had Aſdrubal been victorious, or been able to effect a junction with his brother, the troops he brought from Spain would have become of triple value as ſoon as they were under the direction of Hannibal; and it is not improbable that, with ſuch a reinforcement, that moſt conſummate General would have put an end to the Roman State; the glory of Carthage would have begun where that of Rome ended; and the hiſtory of the world would have been quite different from what it is. Horace ſeems ſenſible of the infinite importance of this victory, and proclaims with a fine poetic enthuſiaſm, the obligations which Rome owed to the family of the hero who obtained it, and the terror which, before

that

that time, Hannibal had ſpread over all Italy.

Quid debeas, O Roma, Neronibus,
Teſtis Metaurum flumen, et Aſdrubal
Devictus, et pulcher fugatis
Ille dies Latio tenebris,
Qui primus almâ riſit adoreâ;
Dirus per urbes Afer ut Italas,
Ceu flamma per tedas, vel Eurus
Per Siculas equitavit undas.

We came next to Senegallia, another ſea-port town upon this coaſt. There is nothing remarkable in this town, except during the time of the fair, which is held there once a year, to which a great concourſe of merchants reſort, from Venice, and all the towns on both ſides of the Adriatic; alſo from Sicily, and the Archipelago. England carries on a very profitable trade with all the towns in Romagnia, from which our merchants purchaſe great quantities of raw ſilk, and afterwards ſell it, when manufactured, to the inhabitants.

They provide them alſo in Engliſh cotton and linen cloths, of every kind.

The diſtance between Senegallia and Ancona, is about fifteen miles. We travelled moſt of this road after it was dark, much againſt the inclination of the Italian ſervants, who aſſured us, that it is often infeſted with robbers. Thoſe fellows, they told us, come ſometimes from the coaſt of Dalmatia, attack travellers on this road, carry what booty can be got, on board their boats, which are never at a great diſtance, and then ſail to the oppoſite ſhore, or to ſome other part of the coaſt. As we travelled ſlowly over the ſandy road, ſome men, in ſailors dreſſes, overtook us. Our Italians were convinced they belonged to the gang of pirates, or robbers, they had ſpoken of. Our company was too numerous to be attacked; but they attempted, ſecretly, to cut off the trunks from the chaiſes, without ſucceeding.

LETTER XXX.

Ancona.

ANCONA is ſaid to have been founded by Syracuſans who had fled from the tyranny of Dionyſius. The town originally was built upon a hill, but the houſes have been gradually extended down the face of the eminence, towards the ſea. The cathedral ſtands on the higheſt part; from whence there is a moſt advantageous view of the town, the country, and the ſea. This church is ſuppoſed to be placed on the ſpot where a temple, dedicated to Venus, formerly ſtood; the ſame mentioned by Juvenal, when he ſpeaks of a large turbot caught on this coaſt, and preſented to the Emperor Domitian.

Incidit Adriaci ſpatium admirabile rhombi,
Ante domum Veneris, quam Dorica ſuſtinet Ancon.

The aſcents and deſcents, and great inequality of the ground, will prevent this from being a beautiful town, but it has much the appearance of becoming a rich one. Some of the nobility have the firmneſs and good ſenſe to deſpiſe an ancient prejudice, and avowedly proſecute commerce. New houſes are daily building, and the ſtreets are animated with the buſtle of trade. I met with ſeveral Engliſh traders on the Change, which ſeemed crowded with ſea-faring men, and merchants, from Dalmatia, Greece, and many parts of Europe. There are great numbers of Jews eſtabliſhed in this city. I know not whether this race of men contribute greatly to the proſperity of a country; but it is generally remarked, that thoſe places are in a thriving condition to which they reſort. They have a ſynagogue here, and although all religions are tolerated, theirs is the only foreign worſhip allowed to be publicly exerciſed. The commerce of Ancona has increaſed very rapidly of late years; and

it is evident, that the Popes who firſt thought of making it a free port, of encouraging manufactures, and of building a mole, to render the harbour more ſafe, have injured Venice in a more ſenſible manner, than thoſe who thundered bulls againſt that republic; but it is much to be queſtioned, whether the former, by their encouragements to commerce, have augmented their own ſpiritual importance in the ſame proportion they have the temporal riches of their ſubjects.

Men who have received a liberal education, and have adopted liberal ſentiments previous to their engaging in any particular profeſſion, will carry theſe ſentiments along with them through life: and, perhaps, there is no profeſſion in which they can be exerciſed with more advantage and utility, than in that of a merchant. In this profeſſion, a man of the character above deſcribed, while he is augmenting his own private fortune, will enjoy the

agreeable reflection, that he is likewiſe increaſing the riches and power of his country, and giving bread to thouſands of his induſtrious countrymen. Of all profeſſions, his is in its nature the moſt independent: the merchant does not, like the ſoldier, receive wages from his ſovereign; nor, like the lawyer and phyſician, from his fellow-ſubjects. His wealth often flows from foreign ſources, and he is under no obligation to thoſe from whom it is derived. The habit which he is in, of circulating millions, makes him lay leſs ſtreſs on a few guineas, than the proprietors of the largeſt eſtates; and we daily ſee, particularly in countries where this profeſſion is not conſidered as degrading, the commercial part of the inhabitants giving the moſt exalted proofs of generoſity and public ſpirit. But in countries where nobody, who has the ſmalleſt claim to the title of a gentleman, can engage in commerce without being thought to have demeaned himſelf, fewer examples of this nature will be found: and in every country, it muſt be acknowledged, that

thoſe

thoſe who have not had the advantage of a liberal education; who have been bred from their infancy to trade; who have been taught to conſider money as the moſt valuable of all things, and to value themſelves, and others, in proportion to the quantity they poſſeſs; who are continually revolving in their minds, to the excluſion of all other ideas, the various means of increaſing their ſtock; to ſuch people, money becomes a more immediate and direct object of attention, than to any other claſs of men; it ſwells in their imagination, is rated beyond its real worth, and, at length, by an inverſion of the Chriſtian precept, it is conſidered as the one thing needful, to be ſought with the moſt unremitting ardour, that all other things may be added thereunto.

In commercial towns, where every body finds employment, and is agitated by the buſtle of buſineſs, the minds of the inhabitants are apt to be ſo much engroſſed

with the affairs of this world, as almoſt to forget that there is another; and neither the true religion, nor falſe ones, have ſuch hold of their minds, as in places where there is more poverty, and leſs worldly occupation. In the firſt, they conſider the remonſtrances of prieſts and confeſſors as interruptions to buſineſs; and, without daring to deſpiſe the ceremonies of religion, like the ſpeculative Sceptic or Infidel, the hurried trader huddles them over as faſt as poſſible, that he may return to occupations more congenial with the habit of his mind. The preachers may cry aloud, and ſpare not; they may lift up their voices like trumpets, proclaiming the nothingneſs of this world, and all which it contains; it is in vain. Men who have been trained to the purſuit of money from their childhood, who have beſtowed infinite pains to acquire it, and who derive all their importance from it, muſt naturally have a partiality for this world, where riches procure ſo many flattering diſtinctions; and a prejudice againſt

againſt *that* in which they procure none; but in towns where there is little trade, and great numbers of poor people, where they have much ſpare time, and ſmall comfort in this world, the clergy have an eaſier taſk, if they are tolerably aſſiduous, in turning the attention of the inhabitants to the other. In Roman Catholic towns of this deſcription, we ſee the people continually pacing up and down the ſtreets, with wax tapers in their hands. They liſten, with fond attention, to all the prieſt relates concerning that inviſible country, that Land of Promiſe, where their hopes are placed; they ruminate, with complacency, on the happy period when *they* alſo ſhall have their good things; they bear their preſent rags with patience, in expectation of the white raiment and crowns of gold, which, they are told, await them; they languiſh for the happineſs of being promoted to that lofty ſituation, from whence they may look down, with ſcorn, on thoſe to whom they now look up with envy,

envy, and where they ſhall retaliate on their wealthy neighbours, whoſe riches, at preſent, they imagine, inſult their own poverty.

This town being expoſed, by the nature of its commerce with Turkey, to the contagious diſeaſes which prevail in that country, Clement XII., as ſoon as he determined to make it a free port, erected a lazzaretto. It advances a little way into the ſea, is in the form of a pentagon, and is a very noble, as well as uſeful, edifice. He afterwards began a work, as neceſſary, and ſtill more expenſive; I mean the Mole built in the ſea, to ſkreen the veſſels in the harbour from the winds, which frequently blow from the oppoſite ſhore of the Adriatic with great violence. This was carried on with redoubled ſpirit by Benedict XIV. after his quarrel with Venice, has been continued by the ſucceeding Popes, and is now almoſt finiſhed. This building was founded in the ruins of the ancient Mole,

raiſed

raiſed by the Emperor Trajan. The ſtone of Iſtria was uſed at firſt, till the exportation of it was prohibited by the republic of Venice, who had no reaſon to wiſh well to this work. But a quarry of excellent ſtone was afterwards found near Ancona, as fit for the purpoſe; and a kind of ſand, which, when mixed with lime, forms a compoſition as hard as any ſtone, is brought from the neighbourhood of Rome; and no other is uſed for this building, which is above two thouſand feet in length, one hundred in breadth, and about ſixty in depth, from the ſurface of the ſea. A ſtupendous work, more analogous to the power and revenues of ancient, than of modern, Rome.

Near to this ſtands the Triumphal Arch, as it is called, of Trajan. This is an honorary monument, erected in gratitude to that Emperor, for the improvements he made in this harbour at his own expence. Next to the Maiſon Quarrée at Nîmes, it is

the moſt beautiful and the moſt entire monument of Roman taſte and magnificence I have yet ſeen. The fluted Corinthian pillars on the two ſides are of the fineſt proportions; and the Parian marble of which they are compoſed, inſtead of having acquired a black colour, like the Ducal palace of Venice, and other buildings of marble, is preſerved, by the ſea vapour, as white and ſhining as if it were freſh poliſhed from the rock. I viewed this charming piece of antiquity with ſentiments of pleaſure and admiration, which ſprang from a recollection of the elegant taſte of the artiſt who planned this work, the humane amiable virtues of the great man to whoſe honour it was raiſed, and the grandeur and policy of the people who, by ſuch rewards, prompted their Princes to wiſe and beneficent undertakings.

LETTER XXXI.

Loretto.

THE road from Ancona to this place runs through a fine country, compoſed of a number of beautiful hills and intervening vallies. Loretto itſelf is a ſmall town, ſituated on an eminence, about three miles from the ſea. I expected to have found it a more magnificent, at leaſt a more commodious, town for the entertainment of ſtrangers. The inn-keepers do not diſturb the devotion of the pilgrims by the luxuries of either bed or board. I have not ſeen worſe accommodations ſince I entered Italy, than at the inn here. This ſeems ſurpriſing, conſidering the great reſort of ſtrangers. If any town in England were as much frequented, every third or fourth houſe would be a neat inn.

The

The Holy Chapel of Loretto, all the world knows, was originally a ſmall houſe in Nazareth, inhabited by the Virgin Mary, in which ſhe was ſaluted by the Angel, and where ſhe bred our Saviour. After their deaths, it was held in great veneration by all believers in Jeſus, and at length conſecrated into a chapel, and dedicated to the Virgin; upon which occaſion St. Luke made that identical image, which is ſtill preſerved here, and dignified with the name of our Lady of Loretto. This ſanctified edifice was allowed to ſojourn in Galilee as long as that diſtrict was inhabited by Chriſtians; but when infidels got poſſeſſion of the country, a band of angels, to ſave it from pollution, took it in their arms, and conveyed it from Nazareth to a caſtle in Dalmatia. This fact might have been called in queſtion by incredulous people, had it been performed in a ſecret manner; but, that it might be manifeſt to the moſt ſhort-ſighted ſpectator, and evident to all who were not perfectly deaf as well as blind,

blind, a blaze of celeſtial light, and a concert of divine muſic, accompanied it during the whole journey; beſides, when the angels, to reſt themſelves, ſet it down in a little wood near the road, all the trees of the foreſt bowed their heads to the ground, and continued in that reſpectful poſture as long as the Sacred Chapel remained among them. But, not having been entertained with ſuitable reſpect at the caſtle above mentioned, the ſame indefatigable angels carried it over the ſea, and placed it in a field belonging to a noble lady, called Lauretta, from whom the Chapel takes its name. This field happened unfortunately to be frequented at that time by highwaymen and murderers: a circumſtance with which the angels undoubtedly were not acquainted when they placed it there. After they were better informed, they removed it to the top of a hill belonging to two brothers, where they imagined it would be perfectly ſecure from the dangers of robbery or aſſaſſination; but the two brothers,

thers, the proprietors of the ground, being equally enamoured of their new viſitor, became jealous of each other, quarrelled, fought, and fell by mutual wounds. After this fatal cataſtrophe, the angels in waiting finally moved the Holy Chapel to the eminence where it now ſtands, and has ſtood theſe four hundred years, having loſt all reliſh for travelling.

To ſilence the captious objections of cavillers, and give full ſatisfaction to the candid inquirer, a deputation of reſpectable perſons was ſent from Loretto to the city of Nazareth, who, previous to their ſetting out, took the dimenſions of the Holy Houſe with the moſt ſcrupulous exactneſs. On their arrival at Nazareth, they found the citizens ſcarcely recovered from their aſtoniſhment; for it may be eaſily ſuppoſed, that the ſudden diſappearance of a houſe from the middle of a town, would naturally occaſion a conſiderable degree of ſurpriſe, even in the moſt philo-

ſophic

ſophic minds. The landlords had been alarmed in a particular manner, and had made enquiries, and offered rewards, all over Galilee, without having been able to get any ſatisfactory account of the fugitive. They felt their intereſt much affected by this incident; for, as houſes had never before been conſidered as *moveables*, their value fell immediately. This indeed might be partly owing to certain evil-minded perſons, who, taking advantage of the public alarm, for ſelfiſh purpoſes, circulated a report, that ſeveral other houſes were on the wing, and would moſt probably diſappear in a few days. This affair being ſo much the object of attention at Nazareth, and the builders of that city declaring, they would as ſoon build upon quick-ſand as on the vacant ſpace which the Chapel had left at its departure, the deputies from Loretto had no difficulty in diſcovering the foundation of that edifice, which they carefully compared with the dimenſions they had brought from Loretto,

and found that they tallied exactly. Of this they made oath at their return; and in the mind of every rational perſon, it remains no longer a queſtion, whether this is the real houſe which the Virgin Mary Inhabited, or not. Many of thoſe particulars are narrated with other circumſtances in books which are ſold here; but I have been informed of one circumſtance, which has not hitherto been publiſhed in any book, and which, I dare ſwear, you will think ought to be made known for the benefit of future travellers. This morning, immediately before we left the inn, to viſit the Holy Chapel, an Italian ſervant, whom the D— of H—— engaged at Venice, took me aſide, and told me, in a very ſerious manner, that ſtrangers were apt ſecretly to break off little pieces of the ſtone belonging to the Santa Caſa, in the hopes that ſuch precious relics might bring them good fortune; but he earneſtly entreated me not to do any ſuch thing: for he knew a man at Venice, who had

broken off a ſmall corner of one of the ſtones, and ſlipt it into his breeches pocket unperceived; but, ſo far from bringing him good fortune, it had burnt its way out, like aqua fortis, before he left the Chapel, and ſcorched his thighs in ſuch a miſerable manner, that he was not able to ſit on horſeback for a month. I thanked Giovanni for his obliging hint, and aſſured him I ſhould not attempt any theft of that nature.

LETTER XXXII.

Loretto.

THE Sacred Chapel ſtands due eaſt and weſt, at the farther end of a large church of the moſt durable ſtone of Iſtria, which has been built around it. This may be conſidered as the external covering, or as a kind of great coat to the Caſa Santa, which has a ſmaller coat of more precious materials and workmanſhip nearer its body. This internal covering, or caſe, is of the choiceſt marble, after a plan of San Savino's, and ornamented with baſſo relievos, the workmanſhip of the beſt ſculptors which Italy could furniſh in the reign of Leo the Tenth. The ſubject of thoſe baſſo relievos are, the hiſtory of the Bleſſed Virgin, and other parts of the Bible. The whole caſe is about fifty feet long, thirty in breadth, and the ſame in height; but the real houſe itſelf is no more than

thirty-

thirty-two feet in length, fourteen in breadth, and at the ſides, about eighteen feet in height; the centre of the roof is four or five feet higher. The walls of this little Holy Chapel are compoſed of pieces of a reddiſh ſubſtance, of an oblong ſquare ſhape, laid one upon another, in the manner of brick. At firſt ſight, on a ſuperficial view, theſe red-coloured oblong ſubſtances appear to be nothing elſe than common Italian bricks; and, which is ſtill more extraordinary, on a ſecond and third view, with all poſſible attention, they ſtill have the ſame appearance. There is not, however, as we were aſſured, a ſingle particle of brick in their whole compoſition, being entirely of a ſtone, which, though it cannot now be found in Paleſtine, was formerly very common, particularly in the neighbourhood of Nazareth. There is a ſmall interval between the walls of the ancient houſe, and the marble caſe. The workmen, at firſt, intended them to be in

contact, from an opinion, founded either upon groſs ignorance or infidelity, that the former ſtood in need of ſupport from the latter; but the marble either ſtarted back of itſelf, from ſuch impious familiarity, being conſcious of its unworthineſs; or elſe was thruſt back by the coyneſs of the Virgin brick, it is not ſaid which. But it has certainly kept at a proper diſtance ever ſince. While we examined the baſſo relievos of the marble caſe, we were not a little incommoded by the numbers of pilgrims who were conſtantly crawling around it on their knees, kiſſing the ground, and ſaying their prayers with great fervour. As they crept along, they diſcovered ſome degree of eagerneſs to be neareſt the wall; not, I am perſuaded, with a view of ſaving their own labour, by contracting the circumference of their circuit; but from an idea that the evolutions they were performing, would be the more beneficial to their ſouls, the nearer they were

were to the Sacred Houſe. This exerciſe is continued in proportion to the zeal and ſtrength of the patient.

Above the door there is an inſcription; by which it appears, that any perſon who enters with arms is, ipſo facto, excommunicated.

INGREDIENTES CUM ARMIS SUNT EXCOMMUNICATI.

There are alſo the ſevereſt denunciations againſt thoſe who carry away the ſmalleſt particle of the ſtone and mortar belonging to this Chapel. The adventure of the burnt breeches, and others of a ſimilar nature, which are induſtriouſly circulated, have contributed as much as any denunciation, to prevent ſuch attempts. Had it not been for the impreſſions they make, ſo great was the eargerneſs of the multitude to be poſſeſſed of any portion of this little edifice, that the whole was in danger of being carried away; not by angels, but piecemeal in the pockets of the pilgrims.

The Holy Houſe is divided, within, into two unequal portions, by a kind of grate-work of ſilver. The diviſion towards the weſt is about three-fourths of the whole; that to the eaſt is called the Sanctuary. In the larger diviſion, which may be conſidered as the main body of the houſe, the walls are left bare, to ſhew the true original fabric of Nazareth ſtone. Theſe ſtones, which bear ſuch a ſtrong reſemblance to bricks, are looſe in many places. I took notice of this to a pilgrim, who entered with us: he ſmiled, ſaying, "Che la non "habbia paura, Padron mio, queſti muri "ſono piu ſolidi degli Appenini." At the lower, or weſtern wall, there is a window, the ſame through which the angel Gabriel entered at the Annunciation. The architraves of this window are covered with ſilver. There are a great number of golden and ſilver lamps in this Chapel; I did not count them, but I was told there were above ſixty; one of them is a preſent from the republic of Venice: it is of gold, and weighs

weighs thirty-ſeven pounds: ſome of the ſilver lamps weigh from one hundred and twenty, to one hundred and thirty pounds. At the upper end of the largeſt room is an altar, but ſo low, that from it you may ſee the famous image which ſtands over the chimney, in the ſmall room, or Sanctuary. Golden and ſilver angels, of conſiderable ſize, kneel around her, ſome offering hearts of gold, enriched with diamonds, and one an infant of pure gold. The wall of the Sanctuary is plated with ſilver, and adorned with crucifixes, precious ſtones, and votive gifts of various kinds. The figure of the Virgin herſelf by no means correſponds with the fine furniture of her houſe: ſhe is a little woman, about four feet in height, with the features and complexion of a negro. Of all the ſculptors that ever exiſted, aſſuredly St. Luke, by whom this figure is ſaid to have been made, is the leaſt of a flatterer; and nothing can be a ſtronger proof of the bleſſed Virgin's contempt for external beauty,

beauty, than her being satisfied with this representation of her; especially if, as I am inclined to believe, her face and person really resembled those beautiful ideas of her, conveyed by the pencils of Raphael, Corregio, and Guido. The figure of the infant Jesus, by St. Luke, is of a piece with that of the Virgin: he holds a large golden globe in one hand, and the other is extended in the act of blessing. Both figures have crowns on their heads, enriched with diamonds: these were presents from Ann of Austria, Queen of France. Both arms of the Virgin are inclosed within her robes, and no part but her face is to be seen; her dress is most magnificent, but in a wretched bad taste: this is not surprising, for she has no female attendant. She has particular clothes for the different feasts held in honour of her, and, which is not quite so decent, is always dressed and undressed by the priests belonging to the Chapel; her robes are ornamented with all kinds of precious stones, down to the hem of her garment.

There

There is a ſmall place behind the Sanctuary, into which we were alſo admitted. This is a favour ſeldom refuſed to ſtrangers of a decent appearance. In this they ſhew the chimney, and ſome other furniture, which, they pretend, belonged to the Virgin when ſhe lived at Nazareth; particularly a little earthen porringer, out of which the infant uſed to eat. The pilgrims bring roſaries, little crucifixes, and Agnus Dei's, which the obliging prieſt ſhakes for half a minute in this diſh; after which, it is believed, they acquire the virtue of curing various diſeaſes, and prove an excellent preventative of all temptations of Satan. The gown which the image had on when the chapel arrived from Nazareth, is of red camblet, and carefully kept in a glaſs ſhrine.

Above a hundred maſſes are daily ſaid in this Chapel, and in the church in which it ſtands. The muſic we heard in the Chapel

Chapel was remarkably fine. A certain number of the chaplains are eunuchs, who perform the double duty of ſinging the offices in the choir, and ſaying maſſes at the altar. The canonical law, which excludes perſons in their ſituation from the prieſthood, is eluded by a very extraordinary expedient, which I ſhall leave you to gueſs.

The jewels and riches to be ſeen at any one time in the Holy Chapel, are of ſmall value in compariſon of thoſe in the treaſury, which is a large room adjoining to the veſtry of the great church. In the preſſes of this room are kept thoſe preſents which royal, noble, and rich bigots of all ranks have, by oppreſſing their ſubjects, and injuring their families, ſent to this place. To enumerate every particular, would fill volumes. They conſiſt of various utenſils, and other things in ſilver and gold; as lamps, candleſticks, goblets, crowns, and crucifixes; lambs, eagles, ſaints, apoſtles, angels,

angels, virgins, and infants: then there are cameos, pearls, gems, and precious ſtones of all kinds, and in great numbers. What is valued above all the other jewels is, the miraculous pearl, wherein they aſſert, that Nature has given a faithful delineation of the Virgin, ſitting on a cloud, with the infant Jeſus in her arms. I freely acknowledge, that I did ſee ſomething like a woman with a child in her arms; but whether Nature intended this as a portrait of the Virgin Mary, or not, I will not take upon me to ſay; yet I will candidly confeſs (though, perhaps, ſome of my friends in the north, may think it is ſaying too much in ſupport of the Popiſh opinion) that the figure in this pearl bore as great a likeneſs to ſome pictures I have ſeen of the Virgin, as to any female of my acquaintance.

There was not room in the preſſes of the treaſury, to hold all the ſilver pieces which have been preſented to the Virgin.

Several other preſſes in the veſtry, they told us, were completely full, and they made offer to ſhew them; but our curioſity was already ſatiated.

It is ſaid, that thoſe pieces are occaſionally melted down, by his Holineſs, for the uſe of the State; and alſo, that the moſt precious of the jewels are picked out, and ſold for the ſame purpoſe, falſe ſtones being ſubſtituted in their room. This is an affair entirely between the Virgin and the Pope: if ſhe does not, I know no other perſon who has a right to complain.

LETTER XXXIII.

Loretto.

PILGRIMAGES to Loretto are not ſo frequent with foreigners, or with Italians of fortune and diſtinction, as formerly, nineteen out of twenty of thoſe, who make this journey now, are poor people, who depend for their maintenance on the charity they receive on the road. To thoſe who are of ſuch a rank in life as precludes them from availing themſelves of the charitable inſtitutions for the maintenance of pilgrims, ſuch journies are attended with expence and inconveniency; and I am informed, that fathers and huſbands, in moderate or confined circumſtances, are frequently brought to diſagreeable dilemmas, by the raſh vows of going to Loretto, which their wives or daughters are apt to make on any ſuppoſed deliverance from danger. To refuſe, is

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conſidered, by the whole neighbourhood, as cruel, and even impious; and to grant, is often highly diſtreſſing, particularly to ſuch huſbands as, from affection, or any other motive, do not chooſe that their wives ſhould be long out of their ſight. But the poor, who are maintained during their whole journey, and have nothing more than a bare maintenance to expect from their labour at home, to them a journey to Loretto is a party of pleaſure, as well as devotion, and by much the moſt agreeable road they can take to heaven. This being a year of jubilee, there is a far greater concourſe of pilgrims of all ranks here, at preſent, than is uſual. We have ſeen a few in their carriages, a greater number on horſeback, or on mules; or, what is ſtill more common, on aſſes. Great numbers of females come in this manner, with a male friend walking by them, as their guide and protector; but the greateſt number, of both ſexes, are on foot. When we approached near Loretto, the road was

crowded

crowded with them: they generally ſet out before ſun-riſe; and, having repoſed themſelves during the heat of the day, continue their journey again in the evening. They ſing their matins, and their evening hymns, aloud. As many have fine voices and delicate ears, thoſe vocal concerts have a charming effect at a little diſtance. During the ſtillneſs of the morning and the evening, we were ſerenaded with this ſolemn religious muſic for a conſiderable part of the road. The pilgrims on foot, as ſoon as they enter the ſuburbs, begin a hymn in honour of the Virgin, which they continue till they reach the church. The poorer ſort are received into an hoſpital, where they have bed and board for three days.

The only trade of Loretto conſiſts of roſaries, crucifixes, little Madonnas, Agnus Dei's, and medals, which are manufactured here, and ſold to pilgrims. There are great numbers of ſhops full of theſe

commodities, ſome of them of a high price; but infinitely the greater part are adapted to the purſes of the buyers, and ſold for a mere trifle. The evident poverty of thoſe manufacturers and traders, and of the inhabitants of this town in general, is a ſufficient proof that the reputation of our Lady of Loretto is greatly on the decline.

In the great church, which contains the Holy Chapel, are confeſſionals, where the penitents from every country of Europe may be confeſſed in their own language, prieſts being always in waiting for that purpoſe: each of them has a long white rod in his hand, with which he touches the heads of thoſe to whom he thinks it proper to give abſolution. They place themſelves on their knees, in groupes, around the confeſſional chair; and when the Holy Father has touched their heads with the expiatory rod, they retire, freed from the burden of their ſins, and with

renewed courage to begin a freſh account.

In the ſpacious area before this church, there is an elegant marble fountain, ſupplied with water from an adjoining hill, by an aqueduct. Few even of the moſt inconſiderable towns of Italy are without the uſeful ornament of a public fountain. The embelliſhments of ſculpture and architecture are employed, with great propriety, on ſuch works, which are continually in the people's view; the air is refreſhed, and the eye delighted, by the ſtreams of water they pour forth; a ſight peculiarly agreeable in a warm climate. In this area there is alſo a ſtatue of Sixtus V., in bronze. Over the portal of the church itſelf, is a ſtatue of the Virgin; and above the middle gate, is a Latin inſcription, importing, that within is the Houſe of the Mother of God, in which the Word was made fleſh. The gates of the church are likewiſe of bronze, embelliſhed with baſſo

relievos, of admirable workmanſhip; the ſubjects taken partly from the Old, and partly from the New, Teſtament, and divided into different compartments. As the gates of this church are ſhut at noon, the pilgrims who arrive after that time can get no nearer the Santa Caſa than theſe gates, which are, by this means, ſometimes expoſed to the firſt violence of that holy ardour which was deſigned for the Chapel itſelf. All the ſculpture upon the gates, which is within reach of the mouths of thoſe zealots, is, in ſome degree, effaced by their kiſſes. The murder of Abel, by his brother, is upon a level with the lips of a perſon of an ordinary ſize, when kneeling. Poor Abel has been always unfortunate; had he been placed a foot higher, or lower, on the gate, he might have remained there, in ſecurity, for ages; but, in the unlucky place that the ſculptor has put him, his whole body has been almoſt entirely kiſſed away by the pilgrims; whilſt Cain ſtands, untouched,

untouched, in his original altitude, frowning and fierce as ever.

I have ſaid nothing of the paintings to be ſeen here, though ſome are highly eſteemed, particularly two in the Treaſury. The ſubject of one of theſe is, the Virgin's Nativity, by Annibale Carracci; and of the other, a Holy Family, by Raphael. There are ſome others of conſiderable merit, which ornament the altars of the great church. Theſe altars, or little chapels, of which this fabric contains a great number, are lined with marble, and embelliſhed by ſculpture; but nothing within this church intereſted me ſo much as the iron grates before thoſe chapels, after I was informed that they were made of the fetters and chains of the Chriſtian ſlaves, who were freed from bondage by the glorious victory of Lepanto. From that moment theſe iron grates commanded my attention more than all the golden lamps and candle-

ſticks, and angels and jewels, of the Holy Chapel.

The ideas that ruſh into one's mind on hearing a circumſtance of this kind, are affecting beyond expreſſion. To think of four thouſand of our fellow-creatures, torn from the ſervice of their country and the arms of friendſhip, chained to oars, ſubjected continually to the revilings of enemies, and every kind of ignominious treatment, at once, when their ſouls were ſinking under the weight of ſuch accumulated calamity, and brought to the very verge of deſpair; at once, in one bleſſed moment, freed from ſlavery, reſtored to the embraces of their friends, and enjoying, with them, all the rapture of victory. Good God, what a ſcene! what a number of ſcenes! for the imagination, after glancing at the whole, diſtinguiſhes and ſeparates objects, and forms a thouſand groupes of the moſt pathetic kind; the fond recog-

nition

nition of old companions, brothers flying into each other's arms, and the ecſtacy of fathers on the recovery of their loſt ſons. Many ſuch pictures did my fancy form, while I ſtood contemplating thoſe grates ſo truly ornamental of a Chriſtian church, and ſo perfectly congenial with a religion which requires men to *relieve the oppreſſed, and ſet the captive free.*

Happy if the followers of that religion had always obſerved this divine admonition. I ſpeak not of thoſe men who aſſume the name of Chriſtians for the purpoſes of intereſt or ambition, but of a more abſurd claſs of mankind; thoſe who, believing in Chriſtianity, endeavour to reconcile it to a conduct, and doctrines, entirely repugnant to its nature. This abſurdity has appeared in the human character from the earlieſt ages of Chriſtianity. Men have diſplayed unaffected zeal, and endeavoured to ſupport and propagate the moſt benevolent and rational of all religions, by actions

worthy of demons, and arguments which ſhock common ſenſe.

The ſame perſons who praiſed and admired the heavenly benevolence of this ſentiment, Bleſſed are the merciful, for they ſhall obtain mercy; have thought it a duty to condemn their fellow-creatures to cruel deaths for ſpeculative opinions. The ſame men who admired the founder of Chriſtianity for going about, continually, doing good, have thought it a duty to ſpend their whole lives in cells, doing nothing.

And can any thing be more oppoſite to thoſe dark and inexplicable doctrines, on the belief of which, according to the conviction of many, our ſalvation depends, than this plain rule, Whatſoever ye would that men ſhould do to you, do ye even ſo to them? a rule ſo plain, as to be underſtood by the moſt ſimple and ignorant; and ſo juſt, complete, and comprehenſive, as to be admired by the wiſeſt and moſt learned.

If this equitable maxim is the law and the prophets, and we learn from the higheſt authority that it is, what becomes of all thoſe myſterious webs, of various texture, which, ſince the beginning of the Chriſtian æra, Popes, Prieſts, and many of the leaders of ſectaries, have wove around it?

LETTER XXXIV.

Spoletto.

WE left Loretto after dinner, and proceeded through a beautiful country to Macerata, a ſmall town, ſituated on a hill, as the towns in Italy generally are. We only ſtayed to change horſes, and continued our journey to Tolentino; where, not thinking it expedient to begin to aſcend the Apennines in the dark, we took up our quarters at an inn, the beſt in the place, but, by many degrees, the pooreſt we had ſeen in Italy. However, as it was not for good eating or convenient bed-chambers we came to this country, that circumſtance affected us very little. Indeed, the quantity of victuals preſented us at ſupper, would have been as diſpleaſing to a perſon of Sancho Pancho's way of thinking, on the ſubject of eating, as the manner they were dreſſed would have been

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to a nicer ſenſualiſt in that refined ſcience. The latter circumſtance prevented our regretting the former; and although we had felt ſome uneaſineſs when we were told how little proviſions there were in the houſe, the moment they appeared on the table we were all convinced there was more than enough.

The poor people of this inn, however, ſhewed the utmoſt deſire to pleaſe. *They* muſt have unfortunate tempers indeed, who, obſerving this, could have ſhocked them by fretfulneſs, or an air of diſſatisfaction. Beſides, if the entertainment had been ſtill more homely, even thoſe travellers who are accuſtomed to the greateſt delicacies, might be induced to bear it with patience for one night, from this conſideration, That the people of the place, who have juſt as good a natural right to the luxuries of life as themſelves, are obliged to bear it always. Nothing is more apt to raiſe indignation, than to behold men repining and fretting,

on account of little inconveniencies, in the hearing of thoſe who are bearing much greater every day with cheerfulneſs. There is a want of ſenſe, as well as a want of temper, in ſuch behaviour. The only uſe of complaining of hardſhips to thoſe who cannot relieve them, muſt be to obtain ſympathy; but if thoſe to whom they complain, are ſuffering the ſame hardſhips in a greater degree, what ſympathy can thoſe repiners expect? They certainly find none.

Next morning we encountered the Apennines. The fatigue of this day's journey was compenſated by the beauty and variety of the views among thoſe mountains. On the face of one of the higheſt, I remarked a ſmall hut, with a garden near it. I was told this was inhabited by an old infirm Hermit. I could not underſtand how a perſon in that condition could ſcramble up and down ſuch a mountain to procure for himſelf the neceſſaries of life. I was informed, he had not quitted his hermitage

for

for ſeveral years, the neighbouring peaſants ſupplying him plentifully with all he requires. This man's reputation for ſanctity is very great, and thoſe who take the trouble of carrying him proviſions, think themſelves well repaid by his prayers.

I imagine I am acquainted with a country where proviſions are in greater plenty than in the Apeninnes; and yet the greateſt ſaint in the nation, who ſhould take up his reſidence on one of its mountains, would be in great danger of ſtarving, if he depended for his ſuſtenance upon the proviſions that ſhould be carried up to him in exchange for his prayers.

There are mountains and precipices among the Apennines, which do not appear contemptible in the eyes even of thoſe who have travelled among the Alps; while on the other hand, thoſe delightful plains, contained within the boſom of the former, are infinitely ſuperior, in beauty and fertility, to the vallies among the latter. We

now

now entered the rich province of Umbria, and ſoon after arrived at Foligno, a thriving town, in which there is more appearance of induſtry than in any of the towns we have ſeen, ſince we left Ancona; there are conſiderable manufactures of paper, cloth, and ſilk. In a convent of Nuns, is a famous picture by Raphael, generally viſited by travellers, and much admired by connoiſſeurs.

The ſituation of this town is peculiarly happy. It ſtands in a charming valley, laid out in corn-fields and vineyards, interſected by mulberry and almond trees, and watered by the river Clitumnus; the view terminating on one ſide by hills crowned with cities, and on the other by the loftieſt mountains of the Apennines. I never experienced ſuch a ſudden and agreeable change of climate, as on deſcending from thoſe mountains, in many places, at preſent, covered with ſnow, to this pleaſant valley of Umbria,

Where

Where weſtern gales eternally reſide,
And all the ſeaſons laviſh all their pride.

From Foligno to Vene, the road lies through this fine plain. A little before you come to the poſt-houſe at Vene, on the right hand, there is a little building; the front which looks to the valley, is adorned with ſix Corinthian pillars; the two in the middle enriched by a laurel foliage: on one ſide, is a crucifix in baſſo relievo, with vine branches curling around it. On this building, there are ſome inſcriptions which mention the *reſurrection*. Some, who think the architecture too fine for the firſt ages of Chriſtianity, and the Temple too old to have been built ſince the revival of that art, have conjectured, that this little edifice is antique, and originally erected by the ancient inhabitants of Umbria, as a temple, in honour of the river God Clitumnus; but, at ſome ſubſequent period, converted into a Chriſtian chapel, and the crucifix and inſcriptions added after its conſecration. Other very reſpectable judges think,

think, the ſtyle of architecture is by no means pure, but adulterated by meretricious ornament, and worthy enough of the firſt ages of Chriſtianity.

Mr. Addiſon has given many quotations from the Latin poets, in honour of this river, all of which countenance the popular opinion with regard to the quality of the water. The breed of white cattle, which gave ſuch a reputation to the river, ſtill remains in this country. We ſaw many of them as we paſſed, ſome milk white, but the greateſt numbers of a whitiſh grey. The common people ſtill retain the ancient opinion, with reſpect to the effect of the water. Spoletto, the capital of Umbria, is ſituated on a high rock, the aſcent to which is very ſteep on all ſides. This town retains little appearance of its ancient importance. Keyſler ſays, that, like other paltry towns in Italy, it exhibits bombaſtic inſcriptions concerning its antiquity, and many trivial occurrences which have happened there; the only inſcription,

ſcription, however, which he quotes, and the only one which I ſaw, is that over the Porta di Fuga, from which the Carthaginian army is ſuppoſed to have been repulſed.

ANNIBAL
CÆSIS AD THRASYMENUM ROMANIS
URBEM ROMAM INFENSO AGMINE PETENS,
SPOLETO MAGNA SUORUM CLADE REPULSUS,
INSIGNI FUGA PORTÆ NOMEN FECIT.

I cannot perceive any thing bombaſtic in this; Livy mentions the fact in his twenty-ſecond book, in the following terms:

Annibal recto itinere per Umbriam uſque ad Spoletum venit, inde quum perpopulato agro urbem oppugnare adortus eſſet, cum magna cæde ſuorum repulſus, conjectans ex unius coloniæ haud nimis proſpere tentatæ viribus quanta moles Romanæ urbis eſſet.

If the inhabitants of the greateſt capital in the world had equal authority for their anceſtors having repulſed ſuch a general as Hannibal, would they not be inclined to

receive it as truth, and to tranſmit it to the lateſt poſterity?

This town is ſtill ſupplied with water, by means of an antique aqueduct, one of the moſt entire, and the higheſt in Europe. In the centre, where the height is greateſt, there is a double arcade; the other arches diminiſh in height, as they recede from it, towards the ſloping ſides of the two mountains which this magnificent work unites.

In the cathedral, there is a picture of the Virgin by St. Luke; but we had already ſeen ſufficient ſpecimens of this ſaint's abilities, as a ſculptor and a painter, and we had not the leaſt curioſity to ſee any more.

LETTER XXXV.

Rome.

LEAVING Spoletto, we paſſed over the higheſt of the Apennines, and then deſcended through a foreſt of olive trees, to the fruitful valley in which Terni is ſituated, on the river Nera. It was formerly called Interamna, on account of its ſtanding between two branches of that river. The valley which ſtretches from this town to Terni, is exuberantly fertile, being finely expoſed to the ſouth ſun, and watered by the Nera, which, by its beauteous windings, divides the plain into peninſulas of various ſhapes. The Emperor Tacitus, and his brother Florianus, were natives of Terni; but the greateſt pride of that city is, its having given birth to Tacitus the Hiſtorian.

I am almoſt aſhamed to tell you, that we did not go to ſee the famous cataract, near

this town, which is usually visited by travellers, and which, by all accounts, is so worthy of their curiosity. Innumerable streams from the highest Apennines, meeting in one channel, form the river Velino, which flows placidly, for some time, through a plain almost horizontal, and afterwards, when the river becomes more rapid by the contracting and sloping of the channel, the plain terminates of a sudden in a precipice three hundred feet high, over which, the river rushing, dashes with such violence against the rocky bottom, that a vast cloud of watery smoke is raised all around. The river Velino does not long survive the fall, but broken, groaning, and foaming, soon finishes his course in the Nera. Mr. Addison is of opinion, that Virgil had this gulph in his eye when he described the place in the middle of Italy, through which the Fury Alecto descended into Tartarus.

A very heavy rain which fell while we were at Terni, the fatigue and difficulty of

climbing up the Monte di Marmore, from whence this fall appears to the greateſt advantage, and our impatience to be at Rome, prevented us from ſeeing that celebrated cataract, which we regretted the leſs, as we had frequently ſeen one of the ſame kind in Scotland, about twelve miles above Hamilton, at a place called Corace, where the river Clyde, falling perpendicular from a vaſt height, produces the ſame effects, in every reſpect, unleſs, that he outlives the accident, and continues his courſe for near fifty miles before he joins the Atlantic ocean.

The diſtance from Terni to Narni is about ſeven miles; the road is uncommonly good, and the country on each ſide delightful. When we came near Narni, while the chaiſes proceeded to the town, I walked to take a view of the bridge of Auguſtus. This ſtately fabric is wholly of marble, and without cement, as many other antique buildings are. Only one of the

arches remains intire, which is the firſt on the ſide of the river where I was; under it there was no water; it is one hundred and fifty feet wide. The next arch, below which the river flows, is twenty feet wider, and has a conſiderable ſlope, being higher on the ſide next the firſt arch, than on that next the third. The remaining two arches are, in every reſpect, ſmaller than the two firſt. What could be the reaſon of ſuch ungraceful irregularity in a work, in other reſpects ſo magnificent, and upon which ſo much labour and expence muſt have been beſtowed, I cannot imagine. It is doubtful, whether there were originally four arches, or only three; for that which is ſuppoſed by ſome to be the baſis from which the two leſſer arches ſprung; is thought by others, to be the remains of a ſquare pillar, raiſed ſome time after the bridge was built, to ſupport the middle of the third arch; which, on the ſuppoſition that there were but three, muſt have been of a very extraordinary width.

This fabric is uſually called Auguſtus's Bridge, and Mr. Addiſon thinks that without doubt Martial alludes to it, in the ninety-ſecond Epigram of the ſeventh book; but ſome other very judicious travellers imagine, it is the remains of an aqueduct, becauſe thoſe arches joined two mountains, and are infinitely higher than was neceſſary for a bridge over the little river which flows under them. It has alſo been ſuppoſed, not without great appearance of probability, that this fabric was originally intended to ſerve the purpoſes of both.

As the rain ſtill continued, my curioſity to ſee this fine ruin procured me a ſevere drenching: this I received with due reſignation, as a puniſhment for having been intimidated by rain, from viſiting the fine caſcade at Terni. It was with great difficulty I got up the hill, by a path which I thought was ſhorter and eaſier than the high road; this unfortunately led to no

gate. At laſt, however, I obſerved a broken part of the wall, over which I immediately clambered into the town. Martial takes notice of the difficulty of acceſs to this town.

Narnia, ſulphureo quam gurgite candidus amnis
Circuit, ancipiti vix adeunda Jugo.

The town itſelf is very poor, and thinly inhabited. It boaſts, however, of being the native city of the Emperor Nerva, and ſome other celebrated men.

The road from Narni to the poſt-houſe at Otricoli, is exceeding rough and mountainous. This is a very poor village, but advantageouſly ſituated on a riſing ground. Between this and the Tiber, at ſome little diſtance from the road, there is a conſiderable tract of ground, covered with many looſe antique fragments and vaults: theſe are generally conſidered as the ruins of the ancient Ocriculum. We paſſed along this road early in the morning, and were entertained, great part of the way, with vocal muſic

muſic from the pilgrims, ſeveral hordes of whom we met near this place, on their return from Rome, where they had been on account of the jubilee.

The only place of note between Otricoli and Rome, is Civita Caſtellana. Terni is the laſt town of the province of Umbria, and Caſtellana the firſt of ancient Latium, coming to Rome by the Flaminian way. Caſtellana is conſidered, by many antiquarians, as the Feſcennium of the ancients; a ſchoolmaſter of which, as we are informed by Livy, by an unexampled inſtance of wickedneſs, betrayed a number of the ſons of the principal citizens into the power of the Dictator Camillus, at that time beſieging the place. The generous Roman, equally abhorring the treachery and the traitor, ordered this baſe man to be ſtripped, to have his hands tied behind, and to be delivered over to the boys, who, armed with rods, beat him back to Feſcennium, and delivered him up to their parents, to be uſed as they ſhould think he deſerved.

Civita

Civita Caſtellana ſtands upon a high rock, and muſt formerly have been a place of great ſtrength, but is now in no very flouriſhing condition. Many of the towns I have mentioned, lying on the road to Rome, by the Flaminian way, have ſuffered, at different periods, more than thoſe of any other part of Italy; by the inroads of Viſigoths and Huns, as well as by ſome incurſions of a later date.

This, I am convinced, is the only country in the world, where the fields become more deſolate as you approach the capital. After having traverſed the cultivated and fertile vallies of Umbria, one is affected with double emotion at beholding the deplorable ſtate of poor neglected Latium. For ſeveral poſts before you arrive at Rome, few villages, little cultivation, and ſcarcely any inhabitants, are to be ſeen. In the Campania of Rome, formerly the beſt cultivated and beſt peopled ſpot in the world, no houſes, no trees, no incloſures; nothing

nothing but the ſcattered ruins of temples and tombs, preſenting the idea of a country depopulated by a peſtilence. All is motionleſs, ſilent, and forlorn.

In the midſt of theſe deſerted fields the ancient Miſtreſs of the World rears her head, in melancholy majeſty.

LETTER XXXVI.

Rome.

YOU will not be ſurpriſed at my ſilence for ſome weeks paſt. On arriving at a place where there are ſo many intereſting objects as at Rome, we are generally ſelfiſh enough to indulge our own curioſity very amply, before we gratify that of our friends in any degree. My firſt care was to wait on the Prince Guiſtiniani, for whom we had letters from Count Mahoni, the Spaniſh ambaſſador at Vienna, to whoſe niece that Prince is married. Nothing can exceed the politeneſs and attention the Prince and Princeſs have ſhewn. He waited immediately on the D— of H——, and inſiſted on taking us, in his own carriage, to every houſe of diſtinction. Two or three hours a day were ſpent in this ceremony. After being once preſented,

no

no farther introduction or invitation is neceſſary.

Our mornings are generally ſpent in viſiting the antiquities, and the paintings in the palaces. On thoſe occaſions we are accompanied by Mr. Byres, a gentleman of probity, knowledge, and real taſte. We generally paſs two or three hours every evening at the converſazionis; I ſpeak in the plural number, for we are ſometimes at ſeveral in the ſame evening. It frequently happens, that three or four, or more, of the nobility, have theſe aſſemblies at the ſame time; and almoſt all the company of a certain rank in Rome make it a point, if they go to any, to go to all; ſo that, although there is a great deal of buſtle, and a continual change of place, there is ſcarcely any change of company, or any variation in the amuſement, except what the change of place occaſions: but this circumſtance alone is often found an uſeful accomplice in the murder of a tedious evening;

evening; for when the company find no great amuſement in one place, they fly to another, in hopes they may be better entertained. Theſe hopes are generally diſappointed; but that does not prevent them from trying a third, and a fourth; and although to whatever length the experiment is puſhed, it always terminates in new diſappointments, yet, at laſt, the evening is diſpatched; and, without this locomotive reſource, I have ſeen people in danger of diſpatching themſelves. This buſtle, and running about after objects which give no permanent ſatisfaction, and without fully knowing whence we came, or whither we are going, you'll ſay, is a mighty ſilly buſineſs. It is ſo;—and, after all the ſwelling importance that ſome people aſſume, Pray what is human life?

Having told you what five or ſix converſazionis are, I ſhall endeavour to give you ſome idea what *one* is. Theſe aſſemblies are always in the principal apartment of

of the palace, which is generally on the ſecond, but ſometimes on the third floor. It is not always perfectly eaſy to find this apartment, becauſe it ſometimes happens that the ſtaircaſe is very ill lighted. On entering the hall, where the footmen of the company are aſſembled, your name is pronounced aloud, by ſome ſervants of the family, and repeated by others, as you walk through ſeveral rooms. Thoſe whoſe names are not known, are announced by the general denomination of i Cavalieri Foreſtieri, or Ingleſi, as you paſs through the different rooms, till you come to that in which the company are aſſembled, where you are received by the maſter or miſtreſs of the houſe, who ſits exactly within the door for that purpoſe. Having made a ſhort compliment there, you mix with the company, which is ſometimes ſo large, that none but the ladies can have the conveniency of ſitting. Notwithſtanding the great ſize and number of the rooms in the Italian palaces, it frequently happens that

that the company are ſo preſſed together, that you can with difficulty move from one room to another. There always is a greater number of men than women; no lady comes without a gentleman to hand her. This gentleman, who acts the part of Cavaliero Servente, may be her relation in any degree, or her lover, or both. It is allowed him to be connected with her in any way but one—he muſt not be her huſband. Familiarities between man and wife are ſtill connived at in this country however, provided they are carried on in private; but for a man to be ſeen hand in hand with his wife, in public, would not be tolerated.

At Cardinal Berni's aſſembly, which is uſually more crowded than any in Rome, the company are ſerved with coffee, lemonade, and iced confections of various kinds; but this cuſtom is not univerſal. In ſhort, at a converſatione, you have an opportunity of ſeeing a number of well-dreſſed people, you ſpeak

a few

a few words to thoſe you are acquainted with, you bow to the reſt, and enjoy the happineſs of being ſqueezed and preſſed among the beſt company in Rome. I do not know what more can be ſaid of theſe aſſemblies; only it may be neceſſary, to prevent miſtakes, to add, that a converſazione is a place where there is no converſation. They break up about nine o'clock, all but a ſmall ſelect company, who are invited to ſupper. But the preſent race of Romans are by no means ſo fond of convivial entertainments, as their predeceſſors. The magnificence of the Roman nobility diſplays itſelf now in other articles than the luxuries of the table: they generally dine at home, in a very private manner. Strangers are ſeldom invited to dinner, except by the foreign ambaſſadors. The hoſpitality of Cardinal Bernis alone makes up for every deficiency of that nature. There is no ambaſſador from the Court of Great Britain at Rome, but the Engliſh feel no want of one. If the

French Cardinal had been inſtructed by his court to be peculiarly attentive to them, he could not be more ſo than he is. Nothing can exceed the elegant magnificence of his table, nor the ſplendid hoſpitality in which he lives. Years have not impaired the wit and vivacity for which he was diſtinguiſhed in his youth; and no man could ſupport the pretenſions of the French nation to ſuperior politeneſs, better than their ambaſſador at Rome.

There are no lamps lighted in the ſtreets at night; and all Rome would be in utter darkneſs, were it not for the candles, which the devotion of individuals ſometimes place before certain ſtatues of the Virgin. Thoſe appear faintly glimmering at vaſt intervals, like ſtars in a cloudy night. The lackeys carry dark lanthorns behind the carriages of people of the firſt diſtinction. The Cardinals, and other Eccleſiaſtics, do not chooſe to have their coaches ſeen before the door of every houſe they viſit. In the midſt

midſt of this darkneſs, you will naturally conclude, that amorous aſſignations in the ſtreets are not unfrequent among the inferior people. When a carriage, with a lanthorn behind it, accidentally comes near a couple who do not wiſh to be known, one of them calls out, "Volti la lanterna," and is obeyed; the carriage paſſing without farther notice being taken. Venus, as you know, has always been particularly reſpected at Rome, on account of her amour with Anchiſes.

——— Genus unde Latinum
Albanique patres, atque alta mœnia Romæ.

The Italians, in general, have a remarkable air of gravity, which they preſerve even when the ſubject of their converſation is gay. I obſerved ſomething of this at Venice, but I think it is much ſtronger at Rome. The Roman ladies have a languor in their countenances, which promiſes as much ſenſibility as the briſk look of the French; and, without the volubility of

the latter, or the frankneſs of the Venetian women, they ſeem no way averſe to form connections with ſtrangers. The D— of H—— was preſented to a beautiful young Lady at one of the aſſemblies. In the courſe of converſation he happened to ſay, That he had heard ſhe had been married very lately. She anſwered, with precipitation, "Signor ſi— ma mio marito è uno "Vecchio." She then added, ſhaking her head, and in a moſt affecting tone of voice, "O ſantiſſima Virgine quanto è Vecchio!"

LETTER XXXVII.

Rome.

AUTHORS differ very much in opinion with reſpect to the number of inhabitants which Rome contained at the period when it was moſt populous. Some accounts make them ſeven millions, and others a ſtill greater number. Theſe ſeem all to be incredible exaggerations. It is not probable, that what is properly called the city of Rome, ever extended beyond the wall built by Beliſarius, after he had defeated the Goths. This wall has been frequently repaired ſince, and is ſtill ſtanding; it is about thirteen or fourteen miles in circuit, which is nearly the ſize that Rome was of, according to Pliny, in the days of Veſpaſian. Thoſe who aſſert, that the number of inhabitants in ancient Rome, when it was moſt populous, could not exceed a million, excluſive of ſlaves, are

thought moderate in their calculation; but when we conſider that the circumference of thirteen or fourteen miles is not equal to that of either Paris or London; that the Campus Martius, which is the beſt built part of modern Rome, was a field, without a houſe upon it, anciently; and that the riſing ground, where St. Peter's church and the Vatican ſtand, was no part of old Rome; it will be difficult to conceive that ever Rome could boaſt a million of inhabitants. For my own part, if the wall of Beliſarius is admitted as the boundary of the ancient city, I cannot imagine it to have, at any time, contained above five or ſix hundred thouſand, without ſuppoſing the maſters of the world to have been the worſt lodged people in it.

But if, in the computations above mentioned, the ſuburbs are included; if thoſe who lived without the walls are conſidered as inhabitants; in that caſe there will be room enough for any number, the limits of the ſuburbs not being aſcertained.

The

The buildings immediately without the walls of Rome, which were connectedly continued ſo as to merit the name of ſuburbs, were certainly of vaſt extent; and with thoſe of the town itſelf, muſt have contained a prodigious number of people. By a calculation made by Mr. Byres, the Circus Maximus was of ſufficient ſize to accommodate three hundred and eighty thouſand ſpectators; and we are told by the Latin poets, that it was uſually full. Now if allowance is made for the ſuper-annuated, the ſick, and infirm; alſo for children, and thoſe employed in their private buſineſs, and for ſlaves, who were not permitted to remain in the Circus during the games; Mr. Byres imagines that ſuch a number as three hundred and eighty thouſand ſpectators could not be ſupplied by a city and ſuburbs the number of whoſe inhabitants were much under three millions.

Whatever may have been the extent of the ſuburbs of Rome, it is probable they were only formed of ordinary houſes, and inhabited by people of inferior rank. There are no remains of palaces, or magnificent buildings of any kind, to be now ſeen near the walls, or indeed over the whole Campania; yet it is aſſerted by ſome authors, that this wide ſurface was peopled, at one period, like a continued village; and we are told of ſtrangers, who, viewing this immenſe plain covered with houſes, imagined they had already entered Rome, when they were thirty miles from the walls of that city.

Some of the ſeven hills on which Rome was built, appear now but gentle ſwellings, owing to the intervals between them being greatly raiſed by the rubbiſh of ruined houſes. Some have hardly houſes of any kind upon them, being entirely laid out in gardens and vineyards. It is generally thought,

thought, that two-thirds of the ſurface within the walls are in this ſituation, or covered with ruins; and, by the information I have the greateſt reliance on, the number of the inhabitants at preſent is about one hundred and ſeventy thouſand, which, though greatly inferior to what Rome contained in the days of its ancient power, is more than it has been, for the moſt part, able to boaſt ſince the fall of the Empire. There is good authority for believing that this city, at particular periods ſince that time, ſome of them not very remote, has been reduced to between thirty and forty thouſand inhabitants. The numbers have gradually increaſed during the whole of this century. As it was much leſs expenſive to purchaſe new ground for building upon, than to clear any ruins which, by time, had acquired the conſiſtence of rock, great part of the modern city is built on what was the ancient Campus Martius.

Some

Some of the principal ſtreets are of conſiderable length, and perfectly ſtraight. That called the Corſo, is the moſt frequented. It runs from the Porto del Popolo, along the ſide of the Campus Martius, next to the ancient city. Here the nobility diſplay their equipages during the carnival, and take the air in the evenings in fine weather. It is indeed the great ſcene of Roman magnificence and amuſement.

The ſhops on each ſide, are three or four feet higher than the ſtreet; and there is a path for the conveniency of foot paſſengers, on a level with the ſhops. The palaces, of which there are ſeveral in this ſtreet, range in a line with the houſes, having no court before them, as the hotels in Paris have; and not being ſhut up from the ſight of the citizens by high gloomy walls, as Devonſhire and Burlington houſes in London are. Such diſmal barricades are more ſuitable to the unſocial character of a

proud

proud Baron, in the days of ariſtocratic tyranny, than to the hoſpitable benevolent diſpoſition of their preſent proprietor.

The Corſo, I have ſaid, commences at the fine area immediately within the Porto del Popolo. This is the gate by which we entered Rome; it is built in a noble ſtyle of elegant ſimplicity, from the deſign of Michael Angelo, executed by Bernini.

The Strada Felice, in the higher part of the city, is about a mile and a half in length from the Trinità del Monte, to the church of St. John Lateran, on the Pincean hill. This ſtreet runs in a ſtraight line, but the view is interrupted by a fine church called St. Maria Maggiore. The Strada Felice is croſſed by another ſtraight ſtreet, called the Strada di Porta Pia, terminated at one end by that gate; and at the other by four coloſſal ſtatues in white marble, of two horſes led by two men; ſuppoſed by ſome, to be repreſentations of Alexander taming Bucephalus; and according to others,

of

of Caſtor and Pollux. They are placed before the Pope's palace, on the Quirinal Hill, and have a noble effect.

It would be more difficult to convey an idea of the ſmaller and leſs regular ſtreets. I ſhall therefore only obſerve, in general, that Rome at preſent exhibits a ſtrange mixture of magnificent and intereſting, common and beggarly objects; the former conſiſts of palaces, churches, fountains, and above all, the remains of antiquity. The latter comprehend all the reſt of the city. The church of St. Peter's, in the opinion of many, ſurpaſſes, in ſize and magnificence, the fineſt monuments of ancient architecture. The Grecian and Roman temples were more diſtinguiſhed for the elegance of their form, than their magnitude. The Pantheon, which was erected to all the Gods, is the moſt entire antique temple in Rome. It is ſaid, that Michael Angelo, to confirm the triumph of modern over ancient architecture, made

the

the dome of St. Peter's of the ſame diameter with the Pantheon; raiſing the immenſe fabric upon four pilaſters; whereas the whole circle of the rotunda reſts upon the ground. This great artiſt, perhaps, was delighted with the idea of being thought as ſuperior to the ancient architects, as he was conſcious of being inferior to ſome of the ſculptors of antiquity.

All who have ſeen St. Paul's in London may, by an enlargement of its dimenſions, form ſome idea of the external appearance of St. Peter's. But the reſemblance fails entirely on comparing them within; St. Peter's being lined, in many parts, with the moſt precious and beautiful marble, adorned with valuable pictures, and all the powers of ſculpture.

The approach to St. Peter's church excells that to St. Paul's in a ſtill greater proportion, than the former ſurpaſſes the latter either in ſize, or in the richneſs and beauty of the internal ornaments. A mag-

nificent portico advances on each ſide from the front, by which means a ſquare court is formed immediately before the ſteps which lead into the church. The two porticoes form two ſides of the ſquare, the third is cloſed by the front of the church, and the fourth is open. A colonnade, four columns deep, commences at the extremities of the porticoes; and embracing, in an oval direction, a ſpace far wider than the ſquare, forms the moſt magnificent area that perhaps ever was ſeen before any building. This oval colonnade is crowned with a baluſtrade, ornamented by a great number of ſtatues; and conſiſts of above three hundred large pillars, forming three ſeparate walks, which lead to the advanced portico, and from that into the church. In the middle of the immenſe area, ſtands an Egyptian obeliſk of granite; and to the right and left of this, two very beautiful fountains refreſh the atmoſphere with ſtreams of clear water. The delighted eye glancing over theſe ſplendid objects, would

reſt

reſt with complete ſatisfaction on the ſtupendous fabric to which they ſerve as embelliſhments, if the façade of this celebrated church had been equal in beauty and elegance to the reſt of the building. But this is by no means the caſe, and every impartial judge muſt acknowledge, that the front of St. Peter's is, in thoſe particulars, inferior to that of our St. Paul's.

The length of St. Peter's, taken on the outſide, is exactly ſeven hundred and thirty feet; the breadth five hundred and twenty; and the height, from the pavement to the top of the croſs, which crowns the cupola, four hundred and fifty. The grand portico before the entrance, is two hundred and ſixteen feet in length, and forty in breadth.

It is uſual to deſire ſtrangers, on their firſt entering this church, to gueſs at the ſize of the objects, which, on account of the diſtance, always ſeem leſs than they are in reality. The ſtatues of the Angels, in particular, which ſupport the founts of holy water,

water, when viewed from the door, ſeem no bigger than children; but when you approach nearer, you perceive they are ſix feet high. We make no ſuch miſtake on ſeeing a living man at the ſame, or a greater diſtance; becauſe the knowledge we have of a man's real ſize precludes the poſſibility of our being miſtaken, and we make allowance for the diminution which diſtance occaſions; but Angels, and other figures in ſculpture, having no determined ſtandard, but being under the arbitrary will of the ſtatuary, who gives them the bulk of giants or dwarfs as beſt ſuits his purpoſe, we do not know what allowance to make; and the eye, unuſed to ſuch large maſſes, is confounded, and incapacitated from forming a right judgment of an object ſix feet high, or of any other dimenſions, which it was not previouſly acquainted with.

It is not my deſign to attempt a deſcription of the ſtatues, baſſo relievos, columns, pictures, and various ornaments of this church; ſuch

Such an account, faithfully executed, would fill volumes. The fineſt of all the ornaments have a probability of being longer preſerved than would once have been imagined, by the aſtoniſhing improvements which have of late been made in the art of copying pictures in Moſaic. Some of the artiſts here, have already made copies with a degree of accuracy, which nobody could believe who had not ſeen the performances. By this means, the works of Raphael, and other great painters, will be tranſmitted to a later poſterity than they themſelves expected; and although all the beauty of the originals cannot be retained in the copy, it would be groſs affectation to deny that a great part of it is. How happy would it make the real lovers of the art in this age, to have ſuch ſpecimens of the genius of Zeuxis, Apelles, and other ancient painters!

It has been frequently remarked, that the proportions of this church are ſo fine,

and the ſymmetry of its different parts ſo exquiſite, that the whole ſeems conſiderably ſmaller than it really is. It was, however, certainly intended to appear a great and ſublime object, and to produce admiration by the vaſtneſs of its dimenſions. I cannot, therefore, be of opinion, that any thing which has a tendency to defeat this effect, can with propriety be called an excellence. I ſhould on the contrary imagine, that if the architect could have made the church appear larger than it is in reality, this would have been a more deſirable effect; provided it could have been produced without diminiſhing our admiration in ſome more material point. If this could not be accompliſhed; if it is abſolutely certain, that thoſe proportions in architecture, which produce the moſt beautiful effect on the whole, always make a building ſeem ſmaller than it is; this ought rather to be mentioned as an unfortunate than as a fortunate circumſtance. The more I reflect on this, it appears to me the more certain,

that

that no ſyſtem of proportions, which has the effect of making a large building appear ſmall, is *therefore* excellent. If the property of reducing great things to little ones is inherent in all harmonious proportions; it is, in my opinion, an imperfection, and much to be lamented. In ſmall buildings, where we expect to derive our pleaſure from grace and elegance, the evil may be borne; but in edifices of vaſt dimenſions, capable of ſublimity from their bulk, the vice of diminiſhing is not to be compenſated by harmony. The ſublime has no equivalent.

LETTER XXXVIII.

Rome.

THE grand proceſſion of the Poſſeſſo took place a few days ago. This is a ceremony performed by every Pope, as ſoon as conveniency will permit, after the Conclave has declared in his favour. It is equivalent to the coronation in England, or the conſecration at Rheims. On this occaſion, the Pope goes to the Baſilica of St. John Lateran, and, as the phraſe is, takes poſſeſſion of it. This church, they tell you, is the moſt ancient of all the churches in Rome, and the mother of all the churches in chriſtendom. When he has got poſſeſſion of this, therefore, he *muſt* be the real head of the Chriſtian church, and Chriſt's vicegerent upon earth. From St. John Lateran's, he proceeds to the Capitol, and receives the keys of that fortreſs; after which, it is equally clear, that as an earth-

ly prince, he ought, like the ancient poſſeſſors of the Capitol, to have a ſupremacy over all kings.

The Prince Guiſtiniani procured a place for us, at the Senator's houſe in the Capitol, from whence we might ſee the proceſſion to the greateſt advantage. On arriving, we were ſurpriſed to find the main body of the Palace, as well as the Palazzo dé Conſervatori, and the Muſeum, which form the two wings, all hung with crimſon ſilk, laced with gold. The baſes and capitals of the pillars and pilaſters, where the ſilk could not be accurately applied, were gilt. Only imagine, what a figure the Farneſian Hercules would make, dreſſed in a ſilk ſuit, like a French petit-maitre. To cover the noble ſimplicity of Michael Angelo's architecture with ſuch frippery by way of ornament, is, in my mind, a piece of refinement equally laudable.

Throwing an eye on the Pantheon, and comparing it with the Campidoglio in its

preſent dreſs, the beauty and juſtneſs of the following lines ſeemed more ſtriking than ever.

> Mark, how the dread Pantheon ſtands,
> Amid the domes of modern hands,
> Amid the toys of idle ſtate,
> How ſimply, how ſeverely great!

We were led to a balcony, where a number of ladies of the firſt diſtinction in Rome were aſſembled. There were no men excepting a very few ſtrangers; moſt part of the Roman noblemen have ſome function in the proceſſion. The inſtant of his Holineſs's departure from the Vatican, was announced by a diſcharge of cannon from the caſtle of St. Angelo; on the top of which, the ſtandard of the church had been flying ever ſince morning. We had a full view of the cavalcade, on its return from the church, as it aſcended to the Capitol. The officers of the Pope's horſe guards were dreſſed in a ſtyle equally rich and becoming. It was ſomething

between

between the Hungarian and Spaniſh dreſs. I do not know whether the King of Pruſſia would approve of the great profuſion of plumage they wore in their hats; but it is pictureſque, and ſhowy qualities are the moſt eſſential to the guards of his Holineſs. The Swiſs guards were, on this occaſion, dreſſed with leſs propriety; their uniforms were real coats of mail, with iron helmets on their heads, as if they had been to take the Capitol by ſtorm, and expected a vigorous reſiſtance. Their appearance was ſtrongly contraſted with that of the Roman Barons, who were on horſeback, without boots, and in full dreſs; each of them was preceded by four pages, their hair hanging in regular ringlets to the middle of their backs: they were followed by a number of ſervants in rich liveries. Biſhops and other eccleſiaſtics ſucceeded the Barons; and then came the Cardinals on horſeback, in their purple robes, which covered every part of the horſes, except

the head. You may be ſure that the horſes employed at ſuch ceremonies are the gentleſt that can be found; for if they were at all unruly, they might not only injure the ſurrounding crowd, but throw their Eminencies, who are not celebrated for their ſkill in horſemanſhip. Laſt of all comes the Pope himſelf, mounted on a milk white mule, diſtributing bleſſings with an unſparing hand among the multitude, who follow him with acclamations of Viva il Santo Padre, and, proſtrating themſelves on the ground before his mule, Benedizione Santo Padre. The Holy Father took particular care to wave his hand in the form of the croſs, that the bleſſings he pronounced at the ſame inſtant might have the greater efficacy. As his Holineſs is employed in this manner during the whole proceſſion, he cannot be ſuppoſed to give the leaſt attention to his mule, the bridle of which is held by two perſons who walk by his ſide, with ſome others,

others, to catch the *infallible* Father of the Church, and prevent his being thrown to the ground, in caſe the mule ſhould ſtumble.

At the entrance of the Capitol he was met by the Senator of Rome, who, falling on his knees, delivered the keys into the hands of his Holineſs, who pronounced a bleſſing over him, and reſtored him the keys. Proceeding from the Capitol, the Pope was met by a deputation of Jews, ſoon after he had paſſed through the Arch of Titus. They were headed by the chief Rabbi, who preſented him with a long ſcroll of parchment, on which is written the whole law of Moſes in Hebrew. His Holineſs received the parchment in a very gracious manner, telling the Rabbi at the ſame time, that he accepted his preſent out of reſpect to the law itſelf, but entirely rejected his interpretation; for the ancient law, having been fulfilled by the coming of

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the Meſſiah, was no longer in force. As this was not a convenient time or place for the Rabbi to enter into a controverſy upon the ſubject, he bowed his head in ſilence, and retired with his countrymen, in the full conviction, that the falſehood of the Pope's aſſertion would be made manifeſt to the whole univerſe in due time. His Holineſs, mean while, proceeded in triumph, through the principal ſtreets, to the Vatican.

This proceſſion, I am told, is one of the moſt ſhowy and magnificent which takes place, on any occaſion, in this city; where there are certainly more ſolemn exhibitions of the ſame kind than in any other country; yet, on the whole, I own it did not afford me much ſatisfaction; nor could all their pomp and finery prevent an uneaſy recollection, not unmixed with ſentiments of indignation, from obtruding on my mind. To feel unmixed admiration in beholding

holding the Pope and his Cardinals marching in triumph to the Capitol, one muſt forget thoſe who walked in triumph formerly to the ſame place; forget entirely that ſuch men as Camillus, Scipio, Paulus Æmilius, and Pompey, ever exiſted; they muſt forget Cato, whoſe campaign in Africa was ſo much admired by Lucan, that he declares, he would rather have had the glory of that ſingle campaign than Pompey's three triumphs, and all the honour he obtained by finiſhing the Jugurthan war.

Hunc ego per Syrtes, Libyæque extrema triumphum
Ducere maluerim, quam ter Capitolia curru
Scandere Pompeii, quam frangere colla Jugurthæ.

We muſt forget Caius Caſſius, Marcus Brutus, and all the great and virtuous men of ancient Rome, whom we have admired from our childhood, and of whoſe great qualities our admiration increaſes with our experience and knowledge of the preſent race

race of mankind. To be in the Capitol, and not think and ſpeak of the worthies of the ancient Republic, is almoſt impoſſible.

Quis te magne Cato tacitum; aut te Coſſe relinquat?
Quis Gracchi genus? aut geminos, duo fulmina belli,
Scipiadas, &c. &c.

LETTER XXXIX.

Rome.

HAVING ſaid ſo much of St. Peter's, unqueſtionably the fineſt piece of modern architecture in Rome, allow me to mention ſome of the beſt ſpecimens of the ancient. I ſhall begin with the Pantheon, which, though not the largeſt of the Roman temples, is the moſt perfect which now remains. The Temple of Jupiter Capitolinus, and the Temple of Peace, if we may truſt to the accounts we have of the firſt, and to the ruins of the ſecond, in the Campo Vaccino, were both much larger than the Pantheon. In ſpite of the depredations which this laſt has ſuſtained from Goths, Vandals, and Popes, it ſtill remains a beauteous monument of Roman taſte. The pavilion of the great altar, which ſtands under the cupola in St. Peter's, and the four wreathed pillars

pillars of Corinthian braſs which ſupport it, were formed out of the ſpoils of the Pantheon, which, after all, and with the weight of eighteen hundred years upon its head, has ſtill a probability of outliving its proud rapacious rival. From the round form of this temple, it has obtained the name of Rotunda. Its height is a hundred and fifty feet, and its diameter nearly the ſame. Within, it is divided into eight parts; the gate at which you enter forming one: the other ſeven compartments, if they may be ſo called, are each of them diſtinguiſhed by two fluted Corinthian pillars, and as many pilaſters of Giallo Antico. The capitals and baſes are of white marble; theſe ſupport a circular entablature. The wall is perpendicular for half the height of the temple; it then ſlopes forward as it aſcends, the circumference gradually diminiſhing, till it terminates in an opening of about twenty-five feet diameter. There are no windows; the central opening in the vault admitting a

ſufficiency

ſufficiency of light, has a much finer effect than windows could have had. No great inconveniency can happen from this opening. The conical form of the temple prevents the rain from falling near the walls where the altars now are, and where the ſtatues of the Gods were formerly placed. The rain which falls in the middle immediately drills through holes which perforate a large piece of porphyry that forms the centre of the pavement, the whole of which conſiſts of various pieces of marble, agate, and other materials, which have been picked up from the ruins, and now compoſe a ſingular kind of Moſaic work.

The portico was added by Marcus Agrippa, the ſon-in-law of Auguſtus. It is ſupported by ſixteen pillars of granite, five feet in diameter, and of a ſingle piece each. Upon the frieze, in the front, is the following inſcription in large capitals:

M. AGRIPPA L. F. CONSUL TERTIUM FECIT.

Some

Some are of opinion, that the Pantheon is much more ancient than the Auguſtan age, and that the portico, which is the only part thoſe antiquarians admit to be the work of Agrippa, though beautiful in itſelf, does not correſpond with the ſimplicity of the temple.

As the Pantheon is the moſt entire, the Amphitheatre of Veſpaſian is the moſt ſtupendous, monument of antiquity in Rome. It was finiſhed by his ſon Titus, and obtained the name of Coloſſeum, afterwards corrupted into Coliſeum, from a coloſſal ſtatue of Apollo which was placed before it. This vaſt ſtructure was built of Tiburtine ſtone, which is remarkably durable. If the public buildings of the ancient Romans had met with no more inveterate enemy than Time, we might, at this day, contemplate the greater number in all their original perfection; they were formed for the admiration of much remoter ages than the preſent. This Amphitheatre in particular might have

ſtood

ſtood entire for two thouſand years to come: For what are the ſlow corroſions of time, in compariſon of the rapid deſtruction from the fury of Barbarians, the zeal of Bigots, and the avarice of Popes and Cardinals? The firſt depredation made on this ſtupendous building, was by the inhabitants of Rome themſelves, at that time greater Goths than their conqueror. We are told, they applied to Theodoric, whoſe court was then at Ravenna, for liberty to take the ſtones of this Amphitheatre for ſome public work they were carrying on. The marble cornices, the friezes, and other ornaments of this building, have been carried away, at various times, to adorn palaces; and the ſtones have been taken to build churches, and ſometimes to repair the walls of Rome, the moſt uſeleſs work of all. For of what importance are walls to a city, without a garriſon, and whoſe moſt powerful artillery affects not the bodies, but only the minds, of men? About one-half of the external circuit ſtill remains, from which,

and the ruins of the other parts, a pretty exact idea may be formed of the original ſtructure. By a computation made by Mr. Byres, it could contain eighty-five thouſand ſpectators, making a convenient allowance for each. Fourteen chapels are now erected within ſide, repreſenting the ſtages of our Saviour's paſſion. This expedient of conſecrating them into Chriſtian chapels and churches, has ſaved ſome of the fineſt remains of Heathen magnificence from utter deſtruction.

Our admiration of the Romans is tempered with horror, when we reflect on the uſe formerly made of this immenſe building, and the dreadful ſcenes which were acted on the Arena; where not only criminals condemned to death, but alſo priſoners taken in war, were obliged to butcher each other, for the entertainment of an inhuman populace. The combats of Gladiators were at firſt uſed in Rome at funerals only, where priſoners were obliged

to

to aſſume that profeſſion, and fight before the tombs of deceaſed Generals or Magiſtrates, in imitation of the barbarous cuſtom of the Greeks, of ſacrificing captives at the tombs of their heroes.

This horrid piece of magnificence, which, at firſt, was exhibited only on the death of Conſuls, and men of the higheſt diſtinction, came gradually to be claimed by every citizen who was ſufficiently rich to defray the expence; and as the people's fondneſs for theſe combats increaſed every day, they were no longer confined to funeral ſolemnities, but became cuſtomary on days of public rejoicing, and were exhibited, at amazing expence, by ſome Generals after victories. In the progreſs of riches, luxury, and vice, it became a profeſſion in Rome to deal in gladiators. Men called Laniſtæ made it their buſineſs to purchaſe priſoners and ſlaves, to have them inſtructed in the uſe of the various weapons; and when any Roman choſe to amuſe the

people with their favourite ſhow, or to entertain a ſelect company of his own friends upon any particular occaſion, he applied to the Laniſtæ; who, for a fixed price, furniſhed him with as many pairs of thoſe unhappy combatants as he required. They had various names given to them, according to the different manner in which they were armed. Towards the end of the republic, ſome of the rich and powerful citizens had great numbers of gladiators of their own, who were daily exerciſed by the Laniſtæ, and always kept ready for fighting when ordered by their proprietor. Thoſe who were often victorious, or had the good fortune to pleaſe their maſters, had their liberty granted them, on which they generally quitted their profeſſion; though it ſometimes happened, that thoſe who were remarkably ſkilful, continued it, either from vanity or poverty, even after they had obtained their freedom; and the applauſe beſtowed on thoſe gladiators, had the effect of inducing men born free, to

chooſe this for a profeſſion, which they exerciſed for money, till age impaired their ſtrength and addreſs. They then hung up their arms in the temple of Hercules, and appeared no more on the Arena.

——— Veianius armis
Herculis ad poſtem fixis latet abditus agro,
Ne populum extrema toties exoret Arena.

There were many Amphitheatres at Rome, in other towns of Italy, and in many provinces of the empire; but this of Veſpaſian was the largeſt that ever was built. That at Verona is the next in ſize in Italy, and the remains of the Amphitheatre at Nimes, in the ſouth of France, prove, that it was the moſt magnificent ſtructure of this kind in any of the Roman provinces. The Romans were ſo exceſſively fond of theſe exhibitions, that wherever colonies were eſtabliſhed, it was found requiſite to give public ſhews of this kind, to induce the emigrants to remain in their new country: and in the provinces where

it was thought neceſſary that a conſiderable body of troops ſhould remain conſtantly, ſtructures of this kind were erected, at vaſt labour and expence, and were found the beſt means of inducing the young officers to ſubmit cheerfully to a long abſence from the capital, and of preventing the common ſoldiers from deſertion. The profuſion of human blood, which was ſhed in the Arena, by the cruel prodigality of the Emperors, and the refinements which were invented to augment the barbarous pleaſure of the ſpectators, are proofs of the dreadful degree of corruption and depravity to which human nature is capable of attaining, even among a learned and enlightened people, when unreſtrained by the mild precepts of a benevolent religion. We are told, that the gladiators bred for the uſe of particular patricians, as well as thoſe kept for hire by the Laniſtæ, were, for ſome weeks before they appeared in the Arena, fed upon ſuch ſucculent diet, as would ſooneſt fill their veins, that they might

might bleed freely at every wound. They were inſtructed by the Laniſtæ, not only in the art of fighting, but alſo in the moſt graceful manner of dying; and when thoſe wretched men felt themſelves mortally wounded, they aſſumed ſuch attitudes as they knew pleaſed the beholders; and they ſeemed to receive pleaſure themſelves from the applauſe beſtowed upon them in their laſt moments.

When a gladiator was thrown by his antagoniſt to the ground, and directly laid down his arms, it was a ſign that he could reſiſt no longer, and declared himſelf vanquiſhed; but ſtill his life depended on the ſpectators. If they were pleaſed with his performance, or, in a merciful diſpoſition, they held up their hands, with the thumb folded down, and the life of the man was ſpared; but if they were in the humour to ſee him die, they held up the hand clenched, with the thumb only erect. As ſoon as the proſtrate victim

beheld that fatal ſignal, he knew all hopes of life were vain, and immediately preſented his breaſt to the ſword of his adverſary, who, whatever his own inclinations might be, was obliged to put him to death inſtantly.

As theſe combats formed the ſupreme pleaſure of the inhabitants of Rome, the moſt cruel of their Emperors were ſometimes the moſt popular; merely becauſe they gratified the people, without reſtraint, in their favourite amuſement. When Marcus Aurelius thought it neceſſary, for the public ſervice, to recruit his army from the gladiators of Rome; it raiſed more diſcontent among the populace, than many of the wildeſt pranks of Caligula. In the times of ſome of the Emperors, the lower claſs of Roman citizens were certainly as worthleſs a ſet of men as ever exiſted; ſtained with all the vices which ariſe from idleneſs and dependence; living upon the largeſſes of the great; paſſing their whole time in the Circus and

Amphi-

Amphitheatres, where every ſentiment of humanity was annihilated within their breaſts, and where the agonies and torments of their fellow-creatures were their chief paſtime. That no occaſion might be loſt of indulging this ſavage taſte of the populace, criminals were condemned to fight with wild beaſts in the Arena, or were expoſed, unarmed, to be torn in pieces by them; at other times, they were blindfolded, and in that condition obliged to cut and ſlaughter each other. So that, inſtead of victims ſolemnly ſacrificed to public juſtice, they ſeemed to be brought in as buffoons to raiſe the mirth of the ſpectators.

The practice of domeſtic ſlavery had alſo a great influence in rendering the Romans of a cruel and haughty character. Maſters could puniſh their ſlaves in what manner, and to what degree, they thought proper. It was as late as the Emperor Adrian's time, before any law was made, ordaining that a maſter who ſhould put his ſlave to death

death without ſufficient cauſe, ſhould be tried for his life. The uſual porter at the gate of a great man's houſe in ancient Rome, was a chained ſlave. The noiſe of whips and laſhes reſounded from one houſe to another, at the time when it was cuſtomary for the maſters of families to take an account of the conduct of their ſervants. This cruel diſpoſition, as is the caſe wherever domeſtic ſlavery prevails, extended to the gentle ſex, and hardened the mild tempers of the women. What a picture has Juvenal drawn of the toilet of a Roman lady!

Nam ſi conſtituit, ſolitoque decentius optat
Ornari———
Componit crinem laceratis ipſa capillis,
Nuda humeros Pſecas infelix, nudiſque mamillis.
Altior hic quare cincinnus? Taurea punit.
Continuo flexi crimen facinuſque capilli.

It was cuſtomary for avaricious maſters, to ſend their infirm and ſick ſlaves, to an iſland in the Tiber, where there was a Temple of Æſculapius; if the God pleaſed

to recover them, the maſter took them back to his family; if they died, no farther inquiry was made about them. The Emperor Claudius put a check to this piece of inhumanity, by ordaining, that every ſick ſlave, thus abandoned by his maſter, ſhould be declared free when he recovered his health.

From theſe obſervations, are we to infer, that the ancient Romans were *naturally* of a more cruel turn of mind, than the preſent inhabitants of Europe? Or is there not reaſon to believe that, in the ſame circumſtances, modern nations would act in the ſame manner? Do we not perceive, that the practice of domeſtic ſlavery has, at this day, a ſtrong tendency to render men haughty, capricious, and cruel. Such, I am afraid, is the nature of man, that if he has power without controul, he will uſe it without juſtice; abſolute power has a ſtrong tendency to make good men bad, and never fails to make bad men worſe.

It

It was an obſervation of the late Mareſchal Saxe, that in all the conteſts between the army waggoners and their horſes, the waggoners were in the wrong; which he imputed to their having abſolute authority over the horſes. In the qualities of the head and heart, and in moſt other reſpects, he thought the men and horſes on an equality. Caprice is a vice of the temper, which increaſes faſter than any other by indulgence; it often ſpoils the beſt qualities of the heart, and, in particular ſituations, degenerates into the moſt unſufferable tyranny. The firſt appearance of it in young minds ought to be oppoſed with firmneſs, and prevented from farther progreſs, otherwiſe our future attempts to arreſt it may be fruitleſs; for

Mobilitate viget, vireſque acquirit eundo.

The combats in the Amphitheatres were, as I have already ſaid, introduced by degrees at Rome. The cuſtom of making priſoners fight around the funeral piles of

deceaſed

deceaſed heroes, was a refinement on a more barbarous practice; and the Romans, no doubt, valued themſelves on their humanity, in not butchering their priſoners in cold blood, as was the cuſtom in the earlieſt ages of Greece. The inſtitution of obliging criminals to fight in the Arena, and thus giving them a chance for their lives, would alſo appear to them a very merciful improvement on the common manner of execution. The groſſeſt ſophiſtry will paſs on men's underſtandings, when it is uſed in ſupport of meaſures to which they are already inclined. And when we conſider the eagerneſs with which the populace of every country behold the accidental combats which occur in the ſtreets, we need not be ſurpriſed to find, that when once the combats of gladiators were permitted among the Roman populace, on whatever pretext, the taſte for them would daily increaſe, till it eraſed every idea of compunction from their breaſts, and became their ruling paſſion. The Patricians,

enriched

enriched by the pillage of kingdoms, and knowing that their power at Rome, and conſequently all over the world, depended on the favour and ſuffrages of the people, naturally ſought popularity by gratifying their favourite taſte. Afterwards the Emperors might imagine, that ſuch ſhows would keep the citizens from reflecting on their loſt liberties, or the enormities of the new form of government; and, excluſive of every political reaſon, many of them, from the barbarous diſpoſition of their own minds, would take as much pleaſure in the ſcenes acted on the Arena, as the moſt ſavage of the vulgar.

While we expreſs horror and indignation at the fondneſs which the Romans diſplayed for the bloody combats of the Amphitheatre, let us reflect, whether this proceeded from any peculiar cruelty of diſpoſition inherent in that people, or belongs to mankind in general; let us reflect, whether it is probable, that the people of any other

nation

nation would not be gradually led, by the same degrees, to an equal passion for such horrid entertainments. Let us consider, whether there is reason to suspect that those who arm cocks with steel, and take pleasure in beholding the spirited little animals cut one another to death, would not take the same, or superior delight, in obliging men to slaughter each other if they had the power.—And what restrains them? Is there no reason to believe, that the influence of a purer religion, and brighter example, than were known to the Heathen world, prevents mankind from those enormities *now*, which were permitted and countenanced formerly? As soon as the benevolent precepts of Christianity were received by the Romans as the laws of the Deity, the prisoners and the slaves were treated with humanity, and the bloody exhibitions in the Amphitheatres were abolished.

LETTER XL.

Rome.

YOU are ſurpriſed that I have hitherto ſaid nothing of the Capitol, and the Forum Romanum, which is by far the moſt intereſting ſcene of antiquities in Rome. The objects worthy of attention are ſo numerous, and appear ſo confuſed, that it was a conſiderable time before I could form a tolerable diſtinct idea of their ſituation with reſpect to each other, though I have paid many more viſits to this than any other ſpot ſince I have been in this city. Before we entered a church or palace, we ran thither with as much impatience as if the Capitol had been in danger of falling before our arrival. The approach to the modern Campidoglio is very noble, and worthy of the genius of Michael Angelo. The building itſelf is alſo the work of that great artiſt; it is raiſed on part

part of the ruins of the ancient Capitol, and fronts St. Peter's church, with its back to the Forum and old Rome. Aſcending this celebrated hill, the heart beats quick, and the mind warms with a thouſand intereſting ideas. You are carried back, at once, to the famous robber who firſt founded it. Without thinking of the waſte of time which muſt have effaced what you are looking for, you caſt about your eyes in ſearch of the path by which the Gauls climbed up, and where they were oppoſed and overthrown by Manlius. You withdraw your eyes, with diſdain, from every modern object, and are even diſpleaſed with the elegant ſtructure you ſee before you, and contemplate, with more reſpect, the ruins on which it is founded; becauſe they are more truly Roman.

The two Sphynxes of baſalte, at the bottom of the aſcent, though excellent ſpecimens of Egyptian ſculpture, engage little of your attention. Warm with the

glory of Rome, you cannot beſtow a thought on the hieroglyphics of Egypt. At ſight of the trophies erected in honour of C. Marius, all thoſe bloody ſcenes acted by the fury of party and demon of revenge, during the moſt calamitous period of the republic, ruſh upon the memory; and you regret that Time, who has ſpared the monuments of this fierce ſoldier, has deſtroyed the numerous trophies raiſed to the Fabii, the Scipio's, and other heroes, diſtinguiſhed for the virtues of humanity, as well as the talents of Generals. You are ſtruck with the coloſſal ſtatues of Caſtor and Pollux, and, in the heat of enthuſiaſm, confounding the fictions of poetry with hiſtorical truth, your heart applauds their fraternal affection, and thanks them for the timely aſſiſtance they afforded the Romans in a battle with the Volſci. You rejoice at their good fortune, which, on earth, has procured them a place in the Capitol, and, in heaven, a ſeat by Hercules. Horace informs us, that Auguſtus drinks his

nectar,

nectar, reclined between them and that demigod—

> Quos inter Auguſtus recumbens
> Purpureo bibit ore nectar.

From them you move forward, and your admiration is fixed by the animated equeſtrian ſtatue of Marcus Aurelius, which naturally brings to your memory that happy period, when the Roman empire was governed by a Prince who, during a long reign, made the good of his ſubjects the chief object of his government. You proceed to the upper end of the area; your eye is caught by a majeſtic female figure, in a ſitting attitude; you are told it is a Roma Triumphans; you view her with all the warmth of fond enthuſiaſm, but you recollect that ſhe is no longer Triumphans; you caſt an indignant eye on St. Peter's church, to which ſhe alſo ſeems to look with indignation. Is there ſuch another inſtance of the viciſſitude of human things; the proud Miſtreſs of the World under the

dominion of a prieſt? Horace was probably accuſed of vanity when he wrote theſe lines:

——— Uſque ego poſtera
Creſcam laude recens, dum Capitolium
Scandet cum tacita virgine Pontifex.

Yet the poet's works have already outlived this period fourteen hundred years; and Virgil has tranſmitted the memory of the friendſhip and fame of Niſus and Euryalus, the ſame ſpace of time beyond the period which he himſelf, in the ardour of poetic hope, had fixed for its limits.

Fortunati ambo ſi quid mea carmina poſſunt,
Nulla dies unquam memori vos eximet ævo:
Dum domus Æneæ Capitoli immobile ſaxum
Accolet, imperiumque Pater Romanus habebit.

In the two wings of the modern palace, called the Campidoglio, the Conſervators of the city have apartments; their office is analogous to that of the ancient Ædiles. In the main body an Italian nobleman, appointed by the Pope, has his reſidence,

with the title of Senator of Rome; the miſerable repreſentation of that Senate which gave laws to the world. The moſt defaced ruin, the moſt ſhapeleſs heap of antique rubbiſh in all Rome, cannot convey a feebler image of the building to which they belonged, than this deputy of the Pope does of that auguſt aſſembly. The beautiful approach to this palace, and all the ornaments which decorate the area before it, cannot detain you long from the back view to which the ancient Capitol fronted. Here you behold the Forum Romanum, now exhibiting a melancholy but intereſting view of the devaſtation wrought by the united force of time, avarice, and bigotry. The firſt objects which meet your eye, on looking from this ſide of the hill, are three fine pillars, two-thirds of them buried in the ruins of the old Capitol. They are ſaid to be the remains of the temple of Jupiter Tonans, built by Auguſtus, in gratitude for having narrowly eſcaped death from a ſtroke of lightning. Near theſe are the remains

of Jupiter Stator, conſiſting of three very elegant ſmall Corinthian pillars, with their entablature; the Temple of Concord, where Cicero aſſembled the Senate, on the diſcovery of Catiline's conſpiracy; the Temple of Romulus and Remus, and that of Antoninus and Fauſtina, juſt by it, both converted into modern churches; the ruins of the magnificent Temple of Peace, built immediately after the taking of Jeruſalem, the Roman empire being then in profound peace. This is ſaid to have been the fineſt temple in old Rome; part of the materials of Nero's Golden Houſe, which Veſpaſian pulled down, were uſed in erecting this grand edifice. The only entire pillar remaining of this temple, was placed by Paul V. before the church of Santa Maria Maggiore. It is a moſt beautiful fluted Corinthian column, and gives a very high idea of the temple to which it originally belonged. His Holineſs has crowned it with an image of the Virgin Mary; and, in the inſcription on the pedeſtal, he gives his

his reaſon for chooſing a column belonging to the Temple of Peace, as an ornament to a church dedicated to the Virgin.

Ex cujus viſceribus Princeps veræ Pacis genitus eſt.

Of many triumphal arches which ſtood formerly in Rome, there are only three now remaining, all of them near the Capitol, and forming entries to the Forum; thoſe of Titus, Septimius Severus, and Conſtantine. The laſt is by much the fineſt of the three; but its chief beauties are not genuine, nor, properly ſpeaking, its own; they conſiſt of ſome admirable baſſo relievos, ſtolen from the Forum of Trajan, and repreſenting that Emperor's victories over the Dacians. This theft might, perhaps, not have been ſo notorious to poſterity, if the artiſts of Conſtantine's time had not added ſome figures, which make the fraud apparent, and, by their great inferiority, evince the degeneracy of the arts in the interval between the reigns of theſe two Emperors.

The relievos of the arch of Titus repreſent the table of ſhew-bread, the trumpets, the golden candleſticks with ſeven branches, and other utenſils, brought from the Temple of Jeruſalem. The quarter which is allotted for the Jews is not at a great diſtance from this arch. There are about nine thouſand of that unfortunate nation at preſent in Rome; the lineal deſcendants of thoſe brought captive, by Titus, from Jeruſalem. I have been aſſured that they always cautiouſly avoid paſſing through this arch, though it lies directly in their way to the Campo Vaccino, chooſing rather to make a circuit, and enter the Forum at another place. I was affected at hearing this inſtance of ſenſibility in a people who, whatever other faults they may have, are certainly not deficient in patriotiſm, and attachment to the religion and cuſtoms of their forefathers. The ſame delicacy of ſentiment is diſplayed by a poet of their own country, in the 137th pſalm, as it is finely tranſlated by Buchanan:

Dum

Dum procul a Patria mœſti Babylonis in oris,
Fluminis ad liquidas forte ſedemus aquas ;
Illa animum ſubiit ſpecies miſeranda Sionis,
Et numquam Patrii tecta videnda ſoli.
* * * * * * *
O Solymæ, O adyta, et ſacri penetralia templi
Ullane vos animo deleat hora meo ? &c.

You may read the whole ; you will perhaps find ſome poetical beauties which eſcaped your obſervation when you heard it ſung in churches ; but the poet's ardour ſeems to glow too violently towards the end of the pſalm.

LETTER XLI.

Rome.

THERE are many other intereſting ruins in and about the Campo Vaccino, beſides thoſe I have mentioned; but of ſome ſtructures which we know formerly ſtood here, no veſtige is now to be ſeen. This is the caſe with the arch which was erected in honour of the Fabian family. There is the ſtrongeſt reaſon to believe, that the ancient Forum was entirely ſurrounded with temples, baſilicæ, and public buildings of various kinds, and adorned with porticoes and colonades. In the time of the Republic, aſſemblies of the people were held there, laws were propoſed, and juſtice adminiſtered. In it was the Roſtrum, from whence the orators harangued the people. All who aſpired at dignities came hither to canvaſs ſuffrages. The Bankers had their offices near the Forum,

Forum, as well as thoſe who received the revenues of the Commonwealth; and all kind of buſineſs was tranſacted in this place. In my viſits to the Campo Vaccino, I arrange the ancient Forum in the beſt manner I can, and fix on the particular ſpot where each edifice ſtood. In this I am ſometimes a little cramped in room; for the ſpace between the Palatine Hill and the Capitol is ſo ſmall, and I am ſo circumſcribed by arches and temples, whoſe ruins ſtill remain, that I find it impoſſible to make the Forum Romanum larger than Covent Garden. I looked about for the Via Sacra, where Horace met with his troubleſome companion. Some people imagine, this was no other than the Forum itſelf; but I am clearly of opinion, that the Via Sacra was a ſtreet leading to the Forum, and loſt in it, as a ſtreet in London terminates at a ſquare. I have, at laſt, fixed on the exact point where it joins the Forum, which is very near the Meta Sudans. If we ſhould ever meet here, I ſhall convince

convince you by local arguments, that I am in the right; but I fear it would be very tedious, and not at all convincing, to tranſmit them to you in writing.

As Rome increaſed in ſize and number of inhabitants, one Forum was found too ſmall, and many others were erected in proceſs of time; but when we ſpeak of the Forum, without any diſtinguiſhing epithet, the ancient one is underſtood.

The Tarpeian Rock is a continuation of that on which the Capitol was built; I went to that part from which criminals condemned to death were thrown. Mr. Byres has meaſured the height; it is exactly fifty-eight feet perpendicular; and he thinks the ground at the bottom, from evident marks, is twenty feet higher than it was originally; ſo that, before this accumulation of rubbiſh, the precipice muſt have been about eighty feet perpendicular. In reading the hiſtory of the Romans, the vaſt idea we form of that people, naturally extends

tends to the city of Rome, the hills on which it was built, and every thing belonging to it. We image to ourſelves the Tarpeian Rock as a tremendous precipice; and, if afterwards we ever have an opportunity of actually ſeeing it, the height falls ſo ſhort of our expectations, that we are apt to think it a great deal leſs than it is in reality. A miſtake of this kind, joined to a careleſs view of the place, which is not in itſelf very intereſting, has led Biſhop Burnet into the ſtrange aſſertion, that the Tarpeian Rock is ſo very low, that a man would think it no great matter to leap down it for his diverſion. Criminals thrown from this precipice, were literally thrown out of the city of old Rome into the Campus Martius, which was a large plain, of a triangular ſhape; two ſides of the triangle being formed by the Tiber, and the baſe by the Capitol, and buildings extending three miles nearly in a parallel line with it. The Campus Martius had its name from a ſmall temple built in it, at a very

early

early period, and dedicated to Mars; or it might have this name from the military exercises performed there. In this field, the great assemblies of the people, called Census or Lustrum, were held every fifth year; the Consuls, Censors, and Tribunes, were elected; the levies of troops were made; and there the Roman youth exercised themselves in riding, driving the chariot, shooting with the bow, using the sling, darting the javelin, throwing the discus or quoit, in wrestling, running; and when covered with sweat and dust, in consequence of these exercises, they washed their bodies clean by swimming in the Tiber. Horace accuses Lydia of ruining a young man, by keeping him from those manly exercises in which he formerly excelled.

———Cur apricum
Oderit campum, patiens pulveris atque solis:
Cur neque militaris
Inter equales equitet, Gallica nec lupatis
Temperet ora frænis?
Cur timet flavum Tiberim tangere?

The

The dead bodies of the moſt illuſtrious citizens were alſo burnt in this field, which was adorned gradually by ſtatues and trophies, erected to the memory of diſtinguiſhed men. But every feature of its ancient appearance, is now hid by the ſtreets and buildings of modern Rome.

The inhabitants of Rome may be excuſed for chuſing this ſituation for their houſes, though by ſo doing, they have deprived us of a view of the Campus Martius. But ſurely they, or their Governors, ought to ſhow more ſolicitude for preſerving the antiquities than they do; and they might, without inconveniency, find ſome place for a Cow Market, of leſs importance than the ancient Forum. It is not in their power to reſtore it to its former ſplendor, but they might, at leaſt, have prevented its falling back to the ſtate in which Æneas found it, when he came to viſit the poor Evander.

Talibus inter ſe dictis ad tecta ſubibant
Pauperis Evandri: paſſimque armenta videbant
Romanoque Foro et lautis mugire carinis.

I have already ſaid, that beſides this, there were ſeveral Forums in Rome, where Baſilicæ were built, juſtice adminiſtered, and buſineſs tranſacted. The Emperors were fond of having ſuch public places named after them. The accounts we have of the Forums of Nerva, and that of Trajan, give the higheſt idea of their grandeur and elegance; three Corinthian pillars, with their entablature, are all that remain of the former; of the latter, the noble column placed in the middle, ſtill preſerves all its original beauty. It conſiſts of twenty-three circular pieces of white marble, horizontally placed one above the other; it is about twelve feet diameter at the bottom, and ten at the top. The plinth of the baſe is a piece of marble twenty-one feet ſquare. A ſtaircaſe, conſiſting of one hundred and eighty-three ſteps, and ſufficiently wide to admit a man to aſcend, is cut out of the ſolid marble, leaving a ſmall pillar in the middle, round which the ſtair winds from the bottom to the top. I obſerved

ſerved a piece broken, as I went up, which ſhewed, that thoſe large maſſes of marble have been exquiſitely poliſhed on the flat ſides, where they are in contact with each other, that the adheſion and ſtrength of the pillar might be the greater. The ſtairs are lighted by forty-one windows, exceedingly narrow on the outſide, that they might not interrupt the connection of the baſſo relievos, but which gradually widen within, and by that means give ſufficient light. The baſe of the column is ornamented with baſſo relievos, repreſenting trophies of Dacian armour. The moſt memorable events of Trajan's expedition againſt the Dacians, are admirably wrought in a continued ſpiral line from the bottom of the column to the top. The figures towards the top, are too far removed from the eye to be ſeen perfectly. To have rendered them equally viſible with thoſe below, it would have been neceſſary to have made them larger proportionably as they aſcended.

Viewed from any conſiderable diſtance, all the ſculpture is loſt, and a plain fluted pillar, of the ſame proportions, would have had as fine an effect. But ſuch a frugal plan would not have been ſo glorious to the Prince, whoſe victories are engraven, or ſo intereſting to the legionary ſoldiers, many of whom, no doubt, are here perſonally repreſented. Beſides, it would not now be near ſo valuable a monument, in the eyes of antiquarians, or ſo uſeful a ſtudy to ſculptors and painters, who have occaſion to repreſent the military dreſs of the Romans, or the coſtume of the Eaſt in that age. Excluſive of the ſtatue, this beautiful pillar is a hundred and twenty feet high. The aſhes of Trajan were depoſited in an urn at the bottom, and his ſtatue at the top. Pope Sixtus the Fifth, in the room of the Emperor's, has placed a ſtatue of St. Peter upon this column. I obſerved to a gentleman, with whom I viſited this pillar, that I thought there was not

not much propriety in placing the figure of St. Peter upon a monument, repreſenting the victories, and erected in honour of the Emperor Trajan. "There is "ſome propriety, however," replied he coldly, "in having made the ſtatue of "*braſs*."

LETTER XLII.

Rome.

I Have been witneſs to the beatification of a Saint; he was of the order of St. Francis, and a great many brethren of that order were preſent, and in very high ſpirits on the occaſion. There are a greater number of eccleſiaſtics beatified, and canonized, than any other order of men. In the firſt place, becauſe, no doubt, they deſerve it better; and alſo, becauſe they are more ſolicitous to have Saints taken from among men of their own profeſſion, and particular order, than people in other ſituations in life are. Every monk imagines, it reflects perſonal honour on himſelf, when one of his order is canoniſed. Soldiers, lawyers, and phyſicians, would probably be happy to ſee ſome of their brethren diſtinguiſhed in the ſame manner; that they have not had this gratification of late years,

years, may be imputed to the difficulty of finding ſuitable characters among them. Ancient hiſtory, indeed, makes mention of ſome commanders of armies who were very great ſaints; but I have heard of no phyſician who acquired that title ſince the days of St. Luke; or of a ſingle lawyer, of any age or country.

A picture of the preſent Expectant, a great deal larger than life, had been hung up on the front of St. Peter's church, ſeveral days before the beatification took place. This ceremony was alſo announced by printed papers, diſtributed by the happy brethren of St. Francis. On the day of the ſolemnity, his Holineſs, a conſiderable number of Cardinals, many other eccleſiaſtics, all the Capucin Friars in Rome, and a great concourſe of ſpectators attended. The ceremony was performed in St. Peter's church. An eccleſiaſtic of my acquaintance procured us a very convenient place for ſeeing the whole. The ceremony of beatification

is a previous ſtep to that of canonization. The Saint, after he is beatified, is entitled to more diſtinction in Heaven than before; but he has not the power of freeing ſouls from purgatory till he has been canonized; and therefore is not addreſſed in prayer till he has obtained the ſecond honour. On the preſent occaſion, a long diſcourſe was pronounced by a Franciſcan Friar, ſetting forth the holy life which this Expectant had led upon earth, his devotions, his voluntary penances, and his charitable actions; and a particular enumeration was made, of certain miracles he had performed when alive, and others which had been performed after his death by his bones. The moſt remarkable miracle, by himſelf in perſon, was, his repleniſhing a lady's cupboard with bread, after her houſekeeper, at the Saint's inſtigation, had given all the bread of the family to the poor.

This buſineſs is carried on in the manner of a law-ſuit. The Devil is ſuppoſed

to

to have an intereſt in preventing men from being made Saints. That all juſtice may be done, and that Satan may have his due, an advocate is employed to plead againſt the pretenſions of the Saint Expectant, and the perſon thus employed is denominated by the people, the Devil's Advocate. He calls in queſtion the miracles ſaid to have been wrought by the Saint and his bones, and raiſes as many objections to the proofs brought of the purity of his life and converſation as he can. It is the buſineſs of the Advocate on the other ſide, to obviate and refute theſe cavils. The controverſy was carried on in Latin. It drew out to a great length, and was by no means amuſing. Your friend Mr. R——y, who ſat near me, loſing patience, from the length of the ceremony, and ſome twitches of the gout, which he felt at that moment, whiſpered me, " I wiſh, from my heart, " the Devil's Advocate were with his " client, and this everlaſting Saint fairly in " Heaven, that we might get away." The

whole party, of which I made one, were ſeized with frequent and long-continued yawnings, which I imagine was obſerved by ſome of the Cardinals, who ſat oppoſite to us. They caught the infection, and although they endeavoured to conceal their gaping under their purple robes, yet it ſeemed to ſpread and communicate itſelf gradually over the whole aſſembly, the Franciſcan Friars excepted; they were too deeply intereſted in the iſſue of the diſpute, to think it tedious. As often as the Devil's Advocate ſtated an objection, evident ſigns of impatience, contempt, ſurpriſe, indignation, and reſentment, appeared in the countenances of the venerable brotherhood, according to their different characters and tempers. One ſhook his head, and whiſpered his neighbour; another raiſed his chin, and puſhed up his under-lip with a diſdainful ſmile; a third ſtarted, opened his eyelids as wide as he could, and held up both his hands, with his fingers extended; a fourth raiſed his thumb to his mouth, bit

the

the nail with a grin, and jerked the thumb from his teeth towards the adverſary; a fifth ſtared, in a moſt expreſſive manner, at the Pope, and then fixed his eyes, frowning, on the Advocate. All were in agitation, till the Saint's Counſel began to ſpeak, when a profound ſilence took place, and the moment he had made his anſwer, their countenances brightened, a ſmile of ſatisfaction ſpread around, and they nodded and ſhook their beards at each other with mutual congratulations. In the mean time, the Cardinals, and the other auditors, who were not aſleep, continued yawning; for my own part, I was kept awake only by the interlude of grimaces, played off by the Capucins between the arguments. Excluſive of theſe, the making a Saint of a Capucin, is the dulleſt buſineſs I ever was witneſs to. I hope the man himſelf enjoys much felicity ſince the ceremony, in which caſe no good-natured perſon will grudge the tedium and fatigue which he ſuffered on the occaſion. I ought to have told you,

that

that the Advocate's reaſoning was all in vain; the Devil loſt his cauſe, without the poſſibility of appeal. The Saint's claim being confirmed, he was admitted into all the privileges of beatification; the Convent defraying the expence of the proceſs.

As we returned, Mr. R——y aſked, if I recollected the Saint's name. I ſaid, I did not. "We muſt inform ourſelves," ſaid he; "for when I meet him above, I "ſhall certainly claim ſome merit with him, "from having done penance at his beatifi-"cation *."

* I have been ſince informed, this new Saint is called St. Buonaventura; he was by birth a Neapolitan.

LETTER XLIII.

Rome.

TRavellers are too apt to form haſty, and, for the moſt part, unfavourable opinions of national characters. Finding the cuſtoms and ſentiments of the inhabitants of the foreign countries through which they paſs, very different from their own, they are ready to conſider them as erroneous, and conclude, that thoſe who act and think in a manner ſo oppoſite to themſelves, muſt be either knaves, fools, or both. In ſuch haſty deciſions they are often confirmed by the partial repreſentations of a few of their own countrymen, or of other foreigners who are eſtabliſhed in ſome profeſſion in thoſe countries, and who have an intereſt in giving bad impreſſions of the people among whom they reſide.

That the Italians have an uncommon ſhare of natural ſagacity and acuteneſs, is pretty generally allowed; but they are accuſed of being deceitful, perfidious, and revengeful; and the frequent aſſaſſinations and murders which happen in the ſtreets of the great towns in Italy, are brought as proofs of this charge. I have not remained a ſufficient length of time in Italy, ſuppoſing I were, in all other reſpects, qualified to decide on the character of the inhabitants; but from the opportunities I have had, my idea of the Italians is, that they are an ingenious ſober people, with quick feelings, and therefore irritable; but when unprovoked, of a mild and obliging diſpoſition, and leſs ſubject to avarice, envy, or repining at the narrowneſs of their own circumſtances, and the comparative wealth of others, than moſt other nations. The murders which occaſionally happen, proceed from a deplorable want of police, and ſome very impolitic cuſtoms, which have, from various cauſes, crept among them,

and

and would produce more frequent examples of the ſame kind, if they prevailed to the ſame degree, in ſome other countries. I beg you will keep in your mind, that the aſſaſſinations which diſgrace Italy, whatever may have been the caſe formerly, are now entirely confined to the accidental ſquabbles which occur among the rabble. No ſuch thing has been known for many years paſt among people of condition, or the middle rank of citizens; and with regard to the ſtabbings which happen among the vulgar, they almoſt always proceed from an immediate impulſe of wrath, and are ſeldom the effect of previous malice, or a premeditated plan of revenge. I do not know whether the ſtories we have of mercenary bravos, men who formerly are ſuppoſed to have made it their profeſſion to aſſaſſinate, and live by the murders they committed, are founded in truth; but I am certain, that at preſent there is no ſuch trade in this country. That the horrid practice of drawing the knife and ſtabbing

each

each other, ſtill ſubſiſts among the Italian vulgar, I am perſuaded, is owing to the ſcandalous impunity with which it is treated. The aſylum which churches and convents offer to criminals, operates againſt the peace of ſociety, and tends to the encouragement of this ſhocking cuſtom in two different manners: Firſt, it increaſes the criminal's hopes of eſcaping; ſecondly, it diminiſhes, in vulgar minds, the idea of the atrocity of the crime. When the populace ſee a murderer lodged within the ſacred walls of a church, protected and fed by men who are revered on account of their profeſſion, and the ſuppoſed ſanctity of their lives; muſt not this weaken the horror which mankind naturally have for ſuch a crime, and which it ought to be the aim of every government to augment?

Thoſe who are willing to admit that this laſt conſideration may have the effect I have aſcribed to it, on the minds of the vulgar,

vulgar, ſtill contend, that the hopes of impunity can have little influence in keeping up the practice of ſtabbing; becauſe, as has been already obſerved, theſe ſtabbings are always in conſequence of accidental quarrels and ſudden burſts of paſſion, in which men have no conſideration about their future ſafety. All I have to ſay in anſwer is, that if the obſervations I have been able to make on the human character are well founded, there are certain conſiderations which never entirely loſe their influence on the minds of men, even when they are in the height of paſſion. I do not mean that there are not inſtances of men being thrown into ſuch paroxyſms of fury, as totally deprive them of reflection, and make them act like madmen, without any regard to conſequences; but extraordinary inſtances, which depend on peculiarities of conſtitution, and very ſingular circumſtances, cannot deſtroy the force of an obſervation which, generally ſpeaking, is found juſt. We every day ſee men, who have

have the character of being of the moſt ungovernable tempers, who are apt to fly into violent fits of paſſion upon the moſt trivial occaſions, yet, in the midſt of all their rage, and when they ſeem to be entirely blinded by fury, are ſtill capable of making diſtinctions; which plainly evince, that they are not ſo very much blinded by anger, as they would ſeem to be. When people are ſubject to violent fits of choler, and to an unreſtrained licence of words and actions, only in the company of thoſe who, from their unfortunate ſituation in life, are obliged to bear ſuch abuſe, it is a plain proof that conſiderations which regard their own perſonal ſafety, have ſome influence on their minds in the midſt of their fury, and inſtruct them to be mad *certo ratione modoque*. This is frequently unknown to thoſe choleric people themſelves, while it is fully evident to every perſon of obſervation around them. What violent fits of paſſion do ſome men indulge themſelves in againſt their ſlaves and ſervants, which they

always impute to the ungovernable nature of their own tempers, of which, however, they diſplay the moſt perfect command upon much greater provocations given by their ſuperiors, equals, or by any ſet of people who are not obliged to bear their ill humour. How often do we ſee men who are agreeable, cheerful, polite, and good-tempered to the world in general, gloomy, peeviſh, and paſſionate, to their wives and children? When you happen to be a witneſs to any inſtance of unprovoked domeſtic rage, into which they have allowed themſelves to be tranſported, they will very probably lament their misfortune, in having more ungovernable tempers than the reſt of mankind. But if a man does not ſpeak and act with the ſame degree of violence on an equal provocation, without conſidering whether it comes from *ſuperior*, *equal*, or *dependant*, he plainly ſhews that he can govern his temper, and that his not doing it on particular occaſions,

proceeds from the baſeſt and moſt deſpicable of all motives.

I remember, when I was on the continent with the Engliſh army, having ſeen an officer beat a ſoldier very unmercifully with his cane: I was then ſtanding with ſome officers, all of whom ſeemed to be filled with indignation at this mean exerciſe of power. When the perſon who had performed the intrepid exploit came to join the circle, he plainly perceived marks of diſapprobation in every countenance; for which reaſon he thought it neceſſary to apologize for what he had done. "Nothing," ſays he, "provokes me ſo much "as a fellow's looking ſaucily when I "ſpeak to him. I have told that man ſo "fifty times; and yet, on my reprimanding him juſt now, for having one of the "buttons of his waiſtcoat broken, he "*looked ſaucily* full in my face; which "threw me into ſuch a paſſion, that I "could not help threſhing him.—How-

" ever, I am ſorry for it, becauſe he has " the character of being an honeſt man, " and has always done his duty, as a ſol- " dier, very well. How much," continued he, " are thoſe people to be envied, " who have a full command of their " tempers!"

" No man can command it more per- " fectly than yourſelf," ſaid a gentleman who was then in the foot-guards, and has ſince been a general officer.

" I often endeavour to do it," replied the choleric man, " but always find it out " of my power. I have not philoſophy " enough to check the violence of my " temper when once I am provoked."

" You certainly do yourſelf injuſtice, " Sir," ſaid the officer; " no perſon ſeems " to have their paſſions under better diſci- " pline. With your brother officers, I " never ſaw you, in a ſingle inſtance, " break through the rules of decorum, or

" allow your anger to overcome your po-
" liteneſs to them."

" They never provoked me," ſaid the paſſionate man.

" Provoked you!" rejoined the other; " yes, Sir, often, and in a much greater " degree than the poor ſoldier. Do not I, " at this moment, give you ten thouſand " times more provocation than he, or any " of the unfortunate men under your " command, whom you are ſo apt to beat " and abuſe, ever did?—and yet you ſeem " perfectly maſter of your temper."

There was no way left by which the choleric man could prove the contrary, except by knocking the other down; but that was a method of convincing his antagoniſt which he did not think proper to uſe. A more intrepid man, in the ſame predicament, would very probably have had recourſe to that expedient; but in general mankind are able, even in the violence of paſſion,

paſſion, to eſtimate, in ſome meaſure, the riſk they run; and the populace of every country are more readily kindled to that *inferior* degree of rage, which makes them loſe their horror for the crime of murder, and diſregard the life of a fellow-creature, than to that *higher* pitch, which deprives them of all conſideration for their own perſonal ſafety.

In England, Germany, or France, a man knows, that if he commits a murder, every perſon around him will, from that inſtant, become his enemy, and uſe every means to ſeize him, and bring him to juſtice. He knows that he will be immediately carried to priſon, and put to an ignominious death, amidſt the execrations of his countrymen. Impreſſed with theſe ſentiments, and with the natural horror for murder which ſuch ſentiments augment, the populace of thoſe countries hardly ever have recourſe to ſtabbing in their accidental quarrels, however they may be inflamed with anger and rage.

The loweſt blackguard in the ſtreets of London will not draw a knife againſt an antagoniſt far ſuperior to himſelf in ſtrength. He will fight him fairly with his fiſts as long as he can, and bear the ſevereſt drubbing, rather than uſe a means of defence which is held in deteſtation by his countrymen, and which would bring himſelf to the gallows.

The murders committed in Germany, France, or England, are therefore comparatively few in number, and happen generally in conſequence of a pre-concerted plan, in which the murderers have taken meaſures for their eſcape or concealment, without which they know that inevitable death awaits them. In Italy the caſe is different; an Italian is not under the influence of ſo ſtrong an impreſſion, that certain execution muſt be the conſequence of his committing a murder; he is at leſs pains to reſtrain the wrath which he feels kindling within his breaſt; he allows his rage

full

full ſcope; and, if hard preſſed by the ſuperior ſtrength of an enemy, he does not ſcruple to extricate himſelf by a thruſt of his knife; he knows, that if ſome of the Sbirri are not preſent, no other perſon will ſeize him; for *that* office is held in ſuch deteſtation by the Italian populace, that none of them will perform any part of its functions. The murderer is therefore pretty certain of gaining ſome church or convent, where he will be protected, till he can compound the matter with the relations of the deceaſed, or eſcape to ſome of the other Italian States; which is no very difficult matter, as the dominions of none are very extenſive.

Beſides, when any of theſe aſſaſſins has not had the good fortune to get within the portico of a church before he is ſeized by the Sbirri, and when he is actually carried to priſon, it is not a very difficult matter for his friends or relations to prevail, by their entreaties and tears, on ſome of the

Cardinals or Princes, to interfere in his favour, and endeavour to obtain his pardon. If this is the caſe, and I am aſſured from authority which fully convinces me, that it is, we need be no longer ſurpriſed that murder is more common among the Italian populace than among the common people of any other country. As ſoon as aſylums for ſuch criminals are aboliſhed, and juſtice is allowed to take its natural courſe, that foul ſtain will be entirely effaced from the national character of the modern Italians. This is already verified in the Grand Duke of Tuſcany's dominions. The ſame edict which declared that churches and convents ſhould no longer be places of refuge for murderers, has totally put a ſtop to the uſe of the ſtiletto; and the Florentine populace now fight with the ſame blunt weapons that are uſed by the common people of other nations.

I am afraid you will think I have been a little prolix on this occaſion; but I had

two

two objects in view, and was solicitous about both. The first was to shew, that the treacherous and perfidious disposition imputed to the Italians, is, like most other national reflections, ill founded; and that the facts brought in proof of the accusation, proceed from other causes: the second was, to demonstrate to certain choleric gentlemen, who pretend to have ungovernable tempers, as an excuse for rendering every creature dependent on them miserable, that in their furious fits they not only behave ridiculously, but basely. In civil life, in England, they have the power of only making themselves contemptible; but in the army or navy, or in our islands, they often render themselves the objects of horror.

LETTER XLIV.

Rome.

THEFTS and crimes which are not capital are puniſhed at Rome, and ſome other towns of Italy, by impriſonment, or by what is called the Cord. This laſt is performed in the ſtreet. The culprit's hands are bound behind by a cord, which runs on a pully; he is then drawn up twenty or thirty feet from the ground, and, if lenity is intended, he is let down ſmoothly in the ſame manner he was drawn up. In this operation the whole weight of the criminal's body is ſuſtained by his hands, and a ſtrong man can bear the puniſhment inflicted in this manner without future inconveniency; for the ſtrength of the muſcles of his arms enables him to keep his hands preſſed on the middle of his back, and his body hangs in a kind of horizontal poſition. But when they intend

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to be ſevere, the criminal is allowed to fall from the greateſt height to which he had been raiſed, and the fall is abruptly checked in the middle; by which means the hands and arms are immediately pulled above the head, both ſhoulders are diſlocated, and the body ſwings, powerleſs, in a perpendicular line. It is a cruel and injudicious puniſhment, and left too much in the power of thoſe who ſuperintend the execution, to make it ſevere or not, as they are inclined.

Breaking on the wheel is never uſed in Rome for any crime; but they ſometimes put in practice another mode of execution, which is much more ſhocking in appearance than cruel in reality. The criminal being ſeated on a ſcaffold, the executioner, who ſtands behind, ſtrikes him on the head with a hammer of a particular conſtruction, which deprives him, at once, of all ſenſation. When it is certain that he is completely dead, the executioner, with a large knife, cuts his throat from ear to ear. This

laſt

laſt part of the ceremony is thought to make a ſtronger impreſſion on the minds of the ſpectators, than the bloodleſs blow which deprives the criminal of life. Whether the advantages reſulting from this are ſufficient to compenſate for ſhocking the public eye with ſuch abominable ſights, I very much queſtion.

Executions are not frequent at Rome, for the reaſons already given: there has been only one ſince our arrival; and thoſe who are of the moſt forgiving diſpoſition will acknowledge, that this criminal was not put to death till the meaſure of his iniquity was ſufficiently full; he was condemned to be hanged for his fifth murder. I ſhall give you ſome account of his execution, and the ceremonies which accompanied it, becauſe they throw ſome light on the ſentiments and character of the people.

Firſt of all, there was a proceſſion of prieſts, one of whom carried a crucifix on a pole hung with black; they were follow-

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ed by a number of people in long gowns which covered them from head to foot, with holes immediately before the face, through which thoſe in this diſguiſe could ſee every thing perfectly, while they could not be recognized by the ſpectators. They are of the Company della Miſericordia, which is a ſociety of perſons who, from motives of piety, think it a duty to viſit criminals under ſentence of death, endeavour to bring them to a proper ſenſe of their guilt, aſſiſt them in making the beſt uſe of the ſhort time they have to live, and who never forſake them till the moment of their execution. People of the firſt rank are of this ſociety, and devoutly perform the moſt laborious functions of it. All of them carried lighted torches, and a few ſhook tin boxes, into which the multitude put money to defray the expence of maſſes for the ſoul of the criminal. This is conſidered by many as the moſt meritorious kind of charity; and ſome, whoſe circumſtances do not permit them to beſtow much,

confine all the expence they can afford in charity to the ſingle article of purchaſing maſſes to be ſaid in behalf of thoſe who have died without leaving a *farthing to ſave their ſouls*. The rich, ſay they, who have much ſuperfluous wealth, may throw away part of it in acts of *temporal* charity; but it is, in a more particular manner, the duty of thoſe who have little to give, to take care that this little ſhall be applied to the moſt beneficial purpoſes. What is the relieving a few poor families from the frivolous diſtreſſes of cold and hunger, in compariſon of freeing them from many years burning in fire and brimſtone? People are reminded of this eſſential kind of charity, not only by the preachers, but alſo by inſcriptions upon the walls of particular churches and convents; and ſometimes the aid of the pencil is called in to awaken the compunction of the unfeeling and hard-hearted. On the external walls of ſome convents, immediately above the box into which you are directed to put your money,

views

views of purgatory are painted in the moſt flaming colours, where people are ſeen in all the agonies of burning, raiſing their indignant eyes to thoſe unmindful relations and acquaintances, who, rather than part with a little money, allow them to remain in thoſe abodes of torment. One can hardly conceive how any mortal can paſs ſuch a picture without emptying his purſe into the box, if, by ſo doing, he believed he could redeem, I will not ſay a human creature, but even a poor incorrigible dog, or vicious horſe, from ſuch a dreadful ſituation. As the Italians in general ſeem to have more ſenſibility than any people I am acquainted with, and as I ſee ſome, who cannot be ſuppoſed totally in want of money, paſs by thoſe pictures every day without putting a farthing into the box, I muſt impute this ſtingineſs to a lack of faith rather than of ſenſibility. Such unmindful paſſengers are probably of the number of thoſe who begin to ſuſpect that the money of the living can be of little uſe

to

to the dead. Being abſolutely certain that it gives themſelves much pain to part with it in this world, and doubtful whether it will have any efficacy in abridging the pains of their friends in the other, they heſitate for ſome time between the two riſks, that of loſing their own money, and that of allowing their neighbour's ſoul to continue in torture; and it would appear that thoſe ſceptics generally decide the diſpute in favour of the money.

But in ſuch a caſe as that which I have been deſcribing, where a poor wretch is juſt going to be thruſt by violence out of one world, and ſolicits a little money to ſecure him a tolerable reception in another, the paſſions of the ſpectators are too much agitated for cold reaſoning, and the moſt niggardly ſceptic throws his mite into the boxes of the Compagnia della Miſericordia. Immediately after them came the malefactor himſelf, ſeated in a cart, with a Capucin Friar on each ſide of him. The hangman, with

with two aſſiſtants, dreſſed in ſcarlet jackets, walked by the cart. This proceſſion having moved ſlowly round the gallows, which was erected in the Piazza del Populo, the culprit deſcended from the cart, and was led to a houſe in the neighbourhood, attended by the two Capucins. He remained there about half an hour, was confeſſed, and received abſolution; after which he came out, exclaiming to the populace to join in prayers for his ſoul, and walked with a hurried pace to the gallows; the hangman and his aſſiſtants having hold of his arms, they ſupported him up the ladder, the unhappy man repeating prayers as faſt as he could utter till he was turned off. He was not left a moment to himſelf. The executioner ſtepped from the ladder, and ſtood with a foot on each of his ſhoulders, ſupporting himſelf in that ſituation with his hands on the top of the gallows, the aſſiſtants at the ſame time pulling down the malefactor's legs, ſo that he muſt have died in an inſtant. The executioner, in a

ſhort time, ſlid to the ground along the dead body, as a ſailor ſlides on a rope. They then removed the cloth which covered his face, and twirled the body round with great rapidity, as if their intention had been to divert the mob; who, however, did not ſhew any diſpoſition to be amuſed in that manner. The multitude beheld the ſcene with ſilent awe and compaſſion. During the time appointed by law for the body to hang, all the members of the proceſſion, with the whole apparatus of torches, crucifixes, and Capucins, went into a neighbouring church, at the corner of the Strada del Babbuino, and remained there till a maſs was ſaid for the ſoul of the deceaſed; and when that was concluded, they returned in proceſſion to the gallows, with a coffin covered with black cloth. On their approach, the executioner, with his aſſiſtants, haſtily retired among the crowd, and were no more allowed to come near the body. The condemned perſon having now paid the forfeit due to his crimes, was

no

no longer conſidered as an object of hatred; his dead body was therefore reſcued from the contaminating touch of thoſe who are held by the populace in the greateſt abhorrence. Two perſons in maſks, and with black gowns, mounted the ladder and cut the rope, while others below, of the ſame ſociety, received the body, and put it carefully into the coffin. An old woman then ſaid, with an exalted voice, "Adeſſo "ſpero che l'anima ſua ſia in paradiſo;" "Now I hope his ſoul is in heaven;" and the multitude around ſeemed all inclined to hope the ſame.

The ſerious and compaſſionate manner in which the Roman populace beheld this execution, forms a preſumption of the gentleneſs of their diſpoſitions. The crimes of which this man had been guilty muſt naturally have raiſed their indignation, and his profeſſion had a tendency to increaſe and keep it up; for he was one of the Sbirri, all of whom are held in the moſt

perfect deteſtation by the common people; yet the moment they ſaw this object of their hatred in the character of a poor condemned man, about to ſuffer for his crimes, all their animoſity ceaſed; no rancour was diſplayed, nor the leaſt inſult offered, which could diſturb him in his laſt moments. They viewed him with the eyes of pity and forgiveneſs, and joined, with earneſtneſs, in prayers for his future welfare.

The manner in which this man was put to death was, no doubt, uncommonly mild, when compared with the atrocity of his guilt; yet I am convinced, that the ſolemn circumſtances which accompanied his execution, made a greater impreſſion on the minds of the populace, and would as effectually deter them from the crimes for which he was condemned, as if he had been broken alive on the wheel, and the execution performed in a leſs ſolemn manner.

Convinced as I am that all horrid and refined cruelty in the execution of criminals

nals is, at beſt, unneceſſary, I never heard of any thing of that nature without horror and indignation. Other methods, no way connected with the ſufferings of the priſoner, equally deter from the crime, and, in all other reſpects, have a better influence on the minds of the multitude. The proceſſion deſcribed above, I plainly perceived, made a very deep impreſſion. I thought I ſaw more people affected by it than I have formerly obſerved among a much greater crowd, who were gathered to ſee a dozen or fourteen of their fellow-creatures dragged to the ſame death for houſe-breaking and highway robbery, mere venial offences, in compariſon of what this Italian had perpetrated. The attendance of the Capucins, the cruciſixes, the Society of Miſericordia, the ceremony of confeſſion, all have a tendency to ſtrike the mind with awe, and keep up the belief of a future ſtate; and when the multitude behold ſo many people employed, and ſo much pains taken, to ſave the ſoul of one

of the moſt worthleſs of mankind, they muſt think, that the ſaving of a ſoul is a matter of great importance, and therefore naturally infer, that the ſooner they begin to take care of their own, the better. But when criminals are carried to execution with little or no ſolemnity, amidſt the ſhouts of an unconcerned rabble, who applaud them in proportion to the degree of indifference and impenitence they diſplay, and conſider the whole ſcene as a ſource of amuſement; how can ſuch exhibitions make any uſeful impreſſion, or terrify the thoughtleſs and deſperate from any wicked propenſity? If there is a country in which great numbers of young inconſiderate creatures are, ſix or eight times every year, carried to execution in this tumultuous, unaffecting manner, might not a ſtranger conclude, that the view of the legiſlature was to cut off guilty individuals in the leaſt alarming way poſſible, that others might *not* be deterred from following their example?

LETTER XLV.

Rome.

THOSE who have a real pleaſure in contemplating the remains of antique, and the nobleſt ſpecimens of modern architecture, who are ſtruck with the inimitable delicacy and expreſſion of Greek ſculpture, and wiſh to compare it with the moſt ſucceſsful efforts of the moderns, and who have an unwearied admiration of the charms of painting, may, provided they have not more important avocations elſewhere, employ a full year with ſatisfaction in this city.

What is called a regular courſe with an Antiquarian, generally takes up about ſix weeks; employing three hours a-day, you may, in that time, viſit all the churches, palaces, villas, and ruins, worth ſeeing, in or near Rome. But after having made this

courſe, however diſtinctly every thing may have been explained by the Antiquarian, if you do not viſit the moſt intereſting again and again, and reflect on them at more leiſure, your labour will be of little uſe; for the objects are ſo various, and thoſe you ſee on one day, ſo apt to be effaced by, or confounded with, thoſe you behold on another, that you muſt carry away a very faint and indiſtinct recollection of any. Many travellers have experienced the truth of this obſervation.

One young Engliſh gentleman, who happens not to be violently ſmitten with the charms of virtù, and ſcorns to affect what he does not feel, thought that two or three hours a-day, for a month or ſix weeks together, was rather too much time to beſtow on a purſuit in which he felt no pleaſure, and ſaw very little utility. The only advantage which, in his opinion, the greater part of us reaped from our ſix weeks tour, was, that we *could ſay*, we had

ſeen a great many fine things which he had not ſeen. This was a ſuperiority which he could not brook, and which he reſolved we ſhould not long enjoy. Being fully convinced, that the buſineſs might be, with a little exertion, diſpatched in a very ſhort ſpace of time, he prevailed on a proper perſon to attend him; ordered a poſt-chaiſe and four horſes to be ready early in the morning, and driving through churches, palaces, villas, and ruins, with all poſſible expedition, he fairly ſaw, in two days, all that we had beheld during our crawling courſe of ſix weeks. I found afterwards, by the liſt he kept of what he had ſeen, that we had not the advantage of him in a ſingle picture, or the moſt mutilated remnant of a ſtatue.

I do not propoſe this young gentleman's plan, as the very beſt poſſible; but of this I am certain, that he can give as ſatisfactory an account of the curioſities of Rome, as ſome people of my acquaintance who viewed

viewed them with *equal* ſenſibility, and at a great deal more leiſure.

Thoſe travellers who cannot remain a conſiderable time at Rome, would do well to get a judicious liſt of the moſt intereſting objects in architecture, ſculpture, and painting, that are to be ſeen here; they ought to viſit theſe frequently, and theſe only, by which means they will acquire a ſtrong and diſtinct impreſſion of what they ſee; inſtead of that tranſient and confuſed idea which a vaſt number of things, viewed ſuperficially, and in a hurry, leave in the mind. After they have examined, with due attention, the moſt magnificent and beſt preſerved remains of ancient architecture, very few have ſatisfaction in viewing a parcel of old bricks, which, they are told, formed the foundation of the baths of ſome of the Emperors. And there are not many who would regret their not having ſeen great numbers of ſtatues and pictures of inferior merit, when they had beheld all

that

that are univerſally eſteemed the beſt. Would it not be highly judicious, therefore, in the greateſt number of travellers, without abridging the uſual time of the courſe, to make it much leſs comprehenſive?

Beſides churches, there are about thirty palaces in Rome, as full of pictures as the walls can bear. The Borgheſe Palace alone is ſaid to contain above ſixteen hundred, all original. There are alſo ten or twelve villas in the neighbourhood of this city, which are uſually viſited by ſtrangers. You may judge from this, what a taſk they undertake, who reſolve to go through the whole; and what kind of an idea they are likely to carry away, who perform this taſk during a ſtay of a few months. Of the villas, the Pineiana, which belongs to the Borgheſe family, is the moſt remarkable. I ſhall confine myſelf to a few curſory remarks on ſome of the moſt eſteemed curioſities it contains. The Hermaphrodite

maphrodite, of which you have ſeen ſo many prints and models, is accounted by many, one of the fineſt pieces of ſculpture in the world. The mattreſs, upon which this fine figure reclines, is the work of the Cavalier Bernini, and nothing can be more admirably executed. Some critics ſay, he has performed his taſk *too well*, becauſe the admiration of the ſpectator is divided between the ſtatue and the mattreſs. This, however, ought not to be imputed as a fault to that great artiſt; ſince he condeſcended to make it all, it was his buſineſs to make it as perfect as poſſible. I have heard of an artiſt at Verſailles, in a different line, who attempted ſomething of the ſame nature; he had exerted all his abilities in making a periwig for a celebrated preacher, who was to preach on a particular occaſion before the court; and he imagined he had ſucceeded to a miracle. "I'll be hanged," ſaid he to one of his companions, "if his Majeſty, or any man

"of

" of taſte, will pay much attention to the " *ſermon* to-day."

Among the antiques, there is a Centaur in marble, with a Cupid mounted on his back. The latter has the ceſtus of Venus, and the ivy crown of Bachus, in alluſion to beauty and wine; he beats the Centaur with his fiſt, and ſeems to kick with violence to drive him along. The Centaur throws back his head and eyes with a look of remorſe, as if he were unwilling, though forced, to proceed. The execution of this group, is admired by thoſe who look upon it merely as a jeu d'eſprit; but it acquires additional merit, when conſidered as allegorical of men who are hurried on by the violence of their paſſions, and lament their own weakneſs, while they find themſelves unable to reſiſt.

There is another figure which claims attention, more on account of the allegory than the ſculpture. This is a ſmall ſtatue of Venus Cloacina, trampling on an impregnated

nated uterus, and tearing the wings of Cupid. The allegory indicates, that proſtitution is equally deſtructive of generation and love. Keyſler mentioning this, calls it a ſtatue of Venus, lamenting her raſhneſs in clipping Cupid's wings.

The ſtatue called Zingara, or the Fortune-teller, is antique, all but the head, which is Bernini's; the face has a ſtrong expreſſion of that ſly ſhrewdneſs, which belongs to thoſe whoſe trade it is to impoſe on the credulity of the vulgar; with a great look of ſome modern gypſies I have ſeen, who have impoſed moſt egregiouſly on the ſelf-love and credulity of the great.

Seneca dying in the Bath, in touchſtone; round his middle is a girdle of yellow marble; he ſtands in a baſon of blueiſh marble lined with porphyry; his knees ſeem to bend under him, from weakneſs; his features denote faintneſs, languor, and the approach of death; the eyes are enamelled, which gives the countenance a

fierce

fierce and diſagreeable look. Colouring the eyes always has a bad effect in ſculpture; they form too violent a contraſt with the other features, which remain of the natural colour of the marble. When the eyes are enamelled, it is requiſite that all the face ſhould be painted, to produce the agreeable harmony of life.

The Faun dandling an infant Bacchus, is one of the gayeſt figures that can be imagined.

In this Villa, there are alſo ſome highly eſteemed pieces by Bernini. Æneas carrying his father; David flinging the ſtone at Goliah; and Apollo purſuing Daphne: the laſt is generally reckoned Bernini's maſterpiece; for my part, I have ſo bad a taſte as to prefer the ſecond. The figure of David is nervous, with great anatomical juſtneſs, and a ſtrong expreſſion of keenneſs and exertion to hit his mark, and kill his enemy; but the countenance of David wants dignity. An antique artiſt, perhaps, could

could not have given more ardour, but he would have given more nobleneſs to the features of David. Some may ſay, that as he was but a ſhepherd, it was proper he ſhould have the look of a clown; but it ought to be remembered, that David was a very extraordinary man; and if the artiſt who formed the Belvedere Apollo, or if Agaſias the Epheſian, had treated the ſame ſubject, I imagine they would have rendered their work more intereſting, by blending the noble air of an hero with the ſimple appearance of a ſhepherd. The figures of Apollo and Daphne err in a different manner. The face and figure of Apollo are deficient in ſimplicity; the noble ſimplicity of the beſt antique ſtatues: he runs with affected graces, and his aſtoniſhment at the beginning transformation of his miſtreſs is not, in my opinion, naturally expreſſed, but ſeems rather the exaggerated aſtoniſhment of an actor. The form and ſhape of Daphne are delicately executed; but in her face, beauty is, in ſome degree, ſacrificed

to

to the expreſſion of terror; her features are too much diſtorted by fear. An antique artiſt would have made her leſs afraid, that ſhe might have been more beautiful. In expreſſing terror, pain, and other impreſſions, there is a point where the beauty of the fineſt countenance ends, and deformity begins. I am indebted to Mr. Lock for this obſervation. In ſome converſations I had with him at Cologny, on the ſubject of Sculpture, that gentleman remarked, that it was in the ſkilful and temperate exertion of her powers, in this nobleſt province of the art, *expreſſion*, that ancient ſculpture ſo much excelled the modern. She knew its limits, and had aſcertained them with preciſion. As far as expreſſion would go hand in hand with grace and beauty, in ſubjects intended to excite ſympathy, ſhe indulged her chiſel; but where agony threatened to induce diſtortion, and obliterate beauty, ſhe wiſely ſet bounds to imitation, remembering, that though it may be moral to pity uglineſs in diſtreſs,

it is more natural to pity beauty in the ſame ſituation; and that her buſineſs was not to give the ſtrongeſt repreſentation of nature, but the repreſentation which would intereſt us moſt. That ingenious gentleman, I remember, obſerved at the ſame time, that the Greek artiſts have been accuſed of having ſacrificed character too much to technical proportion. He continued to obſerve, that what is uſually called character in a face, is probably exceſs in ſome of its parts, and particularly of thoſe which are under the influence of the mind, the leading paſſion of which marks ſome feature for its own. A perfectly ſymmetrical face bears no mark of the influence of either the paſſions or the underſtanding, and reminds you of Prometheus's clay without his fire. On the other hand, the moderns, by ſacrificing too liberally thoſe technical proportions, which, when religiouſly obſerved, produce beauty, to expreſſion, have generally loſt the very point which they contended for. They ſeemed to think, that when

when a paſſion was to be expreſſed, it could not be expreſſed too ſtrongly; and that ſympathy always followed in an exact proportion with the ſtrength of the paſſion, and the force of its expreſſion. But paſſions, in their extreme, inſtead of producing ſympathy, generally excite feelings diametrically oppoſite. A vehement and clamorous demand of pity is received with neglect, and ſometimes with diſguſt; whilſt a patient and ſilent acquieſcence under the preſſure of mental affliction, or ſevere bodily pain, finds every heart upon an uniſon with its ſufferings. The ancients knew to what extent expreſſion may be carried, with good effect. The author of the famous Laocoon, in the Vatican, knew where to ſtop, and if the figure had been alone, it would have been perfect; there is exquiſite anguiſh in the countenance, but it is borne in ſilence, and without diſtortion of features. Puget thought he could go beyond the author of Laocoon; he gave voice to his Milo; he made him roaring with pain,

and loſt the ſympathy of the ſpectator. In confirmation of this doctrine, Mr. Lock deſired, that when I ſhould arrive at Rome, I would examine, with attention, the celebrated ſtatue of Niobe, in the Villa de Medici. I have done ſo again and again, and find his remarks moſt ſtrikingly juſt. The author of the Niobe has had the judgment not to exhibit all the diſtreſs which he might have placed in her countenance. This conſummate artiſt was afraid of diſturbing her features too much, knowing full well, that the point where he was to expect the moſt ſympathy was there, where diſtreſs co-operated with beauty, and where *our pity met our love.* Had he ſought it one ſtep farther, in *expreſſion*, he had loſt it. It is unjuſt, you will ſay, that men ſhould not ſympathiſe with homely women in diſtreſs, in the ſame degree as they do with the beautiful. That is very true; but it is the buſineſs of the ſculptor to apply his art to men as he finds them, not as they ought to be. Beſide, this principle has

has full force, and is ſtrictly true, only in ſculpture and painting. For, in real life, a woman may engage a man's eſteem and affections by a thouſand fine qualities, and a thouſand endearing ties, though ſhe is entirely deficient in beauty.

This Villa is alſo enriched by one of the moſt animated ſtatues in the world, and which, in the opinion of many men of taſte, comes neareſt, and in the judgment of ſome, equals the Apollo of the Vatican. I mean the ſtatue of the fighting Gladiator. It is difficult, however, to compare two pieces whoſe merits are ſo different. The Apollo is full of grace, majeſty, and conſcious ſuperiority; he has ſhot his arrow, and knows its ſucceſs. There is, indeed, a ſtrong expreſſion of indignation, which opens his lips, diſtends his noſtrils, and contracts his brows; but it is the indignation of a ſuperior being, who puniſhes while he ſcorns the efforts of his enemy. The Gladiator, on the contrary, full of fire

and youthful courage, oppoſes an enemy that he does not fear; but whom, it is evident, he thinks worthy of his utmoſt exertion; every limb, nerve, and ſinew, is in action; his ardent features indicate the ſtrongeſt deſire, the higheſt expectation, but not a perfect ſecurity of victory. His ſhape is elegant as well as nervous, expreſſive of agility as well as ſtrength, and equally diſtant from the brawny ſtrength of the Farneſian Hercules, and the effeminate ſoftneſs of the Belvedere Antinous. The action is tranſitive (if the term may be ſo uſed), and preparatory only to another diſpoſition of body and limbs, which are to enable him to ſtrike, and which he cannot do in his preſent poſition; for the moment his right arm croſſed the perpendicular line of his right leg, the whole figure would be out of its centre. His action ſeems a combination of the defenſive and offenſive; defenſive in the *preſent* moment, the left arm being advanced to ſecure the adverſary's

blow; and preparing for offence in the next, the left leg already taking its ſpring to advance in order to give the figure a centre, which may enable it to ſtrike, without riſk of falling, if the blow ſhould not take place. The action of the right arm, however, will always remain in ſome degree problematical, the ancient being loſt; by whom the modern arm is reſtored, I never heard.

Though this fine figure generally goes by the name of the fighting Gladiator, ſome antiquarians cannot allow, that ever it was intended to repreſent a perſon of that profeſſion, but a Victor at the Olympic games; and allege, that Agaſias of Epheſus, the ſculptor's name, being inſcribed upon the pedeſtal, ſupports their opinion, becauſe the Greeks never uſed gladiators. But I fear this argument has little weight; for the Greek ſlaves at Rome put their name to their work; and the free Greek artiſts, working in Greece, in public works,

found difficulty in obtaining the ſame indulgence. Thoſe who wiſh to reſcue this ſtatue from the ignoble condition of a common Gladiator, ſay further, that he looks up as if his adverſary were on horſeback, adding, that gladiators never fought on foot againſt horſemen on the Arena. Here again, I am afraid, they are miſtaken. He looks no higher than the eye of an enemy on foot; the head muſt have a much greater degree of elevation to look up to the eye of an horſeman, which is the part of your adverſary which you always fix.

Some learned gentlemen, not ſatisfied that this ſtatue ſhould be thrown indiſcriminately among Gladiators and Victors of the Olympic games, have given it a particular and laſting character; they roundly aſſert, that it is the identical ſtatue, made by order of the Athenian State, in honour of their countryman Chabrias; and that it is preciſely in the attitude which, according to Cornelius Nepos, that hero aſſumed, when

when he repulſed the army of Ageſilaus. This idea is in the true ſpirit of an antiquary.

If, upon turning to that author, you remain unconvinced, and are intereſted in the honour of the ſtatue, I can furniſh you with no preſumptive proof of its original dignity, except, that the character of the face is noble and haughty, unlike that of a ſlave and mercenary Gladiator. And there is no rope around the neck, as the Gladiator Moriens has, whom that circumſtance ſufficiently indicates to have been in that unfortunate ſituation.

LETTER XLVI.

Rome.

A Few days ſince I went to call on an artiſt of my acquaintance. I met, coming out of his door, an old woman, and a very handſome girl, remarkably well ſhaped. I rallied him a little on the ſubject of his viſitors, and his good fortune in being attended in a morning by the prettieſt girl I had ſeen ſince I came to Rome. "I think "myſelf fortunate," ſaid he, "in having "found a girl ſo perfectly well made, who "allows me to ſtudy her charms without "reſtraint, and at a reaſonable price; but "I aſſure you, I can boaſt of no other kind "of good fortune with her." "I am con-"vinced," rejoined I, "that you take great "pleaſure in your ſtudies, and there can be "no doubt that you have made a very de-"ſirable progreſs." "Of that you ſhall be "the judge," replied he, leading me into another

another room, where I ſaw a full length painting of the girl, in the character of Venus, and in the *uſual dreſs* of that goddeſs. "There," ſaid he, "is the only "effect my ſtudies have had hitherto, and "I begin to ſuſpect that they will never "produce any thing more nearly connect-"ed with the original." He then informed me, that the old woman I had ſeen was the girl's mother, who never failed to accompany her daughter, when ſhe came as a model to him; that the father was a tradeſman, with a numerous family, who thought this the moſt innocent uſe that his daughter's beauty could be put to, till ſhe ſhould get a huſband; and to prevent its being put to any other, his wife always accompanied her. "I have drawn her as "Venus," added he; "but, for any thing "I know to the contrary, I ſhould have ap-"proached nearer to her real character if I "had painted her as Diana. She comes "here merely in obedience to her parents, "and gains her bread as innocently as if

"ſhe

" ſhe were knitting purſes in a convent " from morning to night, without ſeeing " the face of a man."

" However innocent all this may be," ſaid I, " there is ſomething at which the " mind revolts, in a mother's being preſent " when her daughter acts a part which, if " not criminal, is, at leaſt, highly in- " delicate."

" To be ſure," replied the painter, " the " woman has not quite ſo much delicacy as " to ſtarve, rather than let her daughter " ſtand as a model; yet ſhe ſeems to have " attention to the girl's chaſtity, too."

" Chaſtity!" anſwered I, " why this " would ſhock an *Engliſh* woman more " than any thing which could be propoſed " to her. Every other kind of liberty muſt " have been previouſly taken with her. She " muſt be a complete proſtitute in every " ſenſe of the word, before ſhe could be " brought to ſubmit to appear in this " manner."

" Your

"Your obſervation is true," replied he; "but it does not prove that thoſe who ſubmit to this, to prevent their becoming "proſtitutes, do not judge better than thoſe "who become proſtitutes, and then ſubmit "to this. In different countries," continued he, "people think very differently on "ſubjects of this kind. The parents of "this girl, to my knowledge, have refuſed "conſiderable offers from men of fortune, "to be allowed the privilege of *viſiting* her. "They are ſo very careful of preventing "every thing of that nature, that ſhe actually lies in the ſame bed with them "both, which is another piece of indelicacy "not uncommon among the lower people "in Italy. Theſe parents have the more "merit in refuſing ſuch offers, as their acting otherwiſe would by no means be "thought extraordinary; nor would it raiſe "the ſame degree of indignation here as in "ſome other countries of Europe. Breach "of chaſtity, in females of low rank, is not "conſidered here in the ſame heinous light

" that it is in ſome parts of Germany and " Great Britain; where it is deemed a crime " of ſuch magnitude, as to require expia- " tion, by a public rebuke from the parſon " in the middle of the church. I have " heard of a clergyman in the North, who " had occaſion to rebuke a young woman " for having borne a child before marriage. " The accomplice in her guilt had married " her immediately after her recovery; but " this did not abate the parſon's indigna- " tion againſt the wickedneſs they had pre- " viouſly committed. Magdalen," ſaid he, with an aweful tone of voice, to the woman, " you ſtand before this congregation " to be rebuked for the *barbarous* and *un-* " *natural* crime of fornication."

" The reverend clergyman, ſaid I, in all " probability intended to terrify his pa- " riſhioners from ſuch irregularities; and " for this purpoſe imagined there would be " no harm in putting them in the moſt " odious point of view." " This is attend-

" ed,

" ed, however, by one dreadful conſe-
" quence," replied the artiſt, " that theſe
" unhappy creatures, to conceal a fault of
" which ſuch a horrible idea is given, and
" to prevent the ſhame of a public expo-
" ſition in the church, are ſometimes tempt-
" ed to commit a crime which is in reality
" barbarous, and unnatural in the higheſt
" degree."

" There is nothing," continued he,
" which has a greater tendency to ren-
" der any ſet of people worthleſs, than the
" idea that they are already conſidered as
" ſuch. The women all over Great Bri-
" tain, who live in an open and avowed
" breach of chaſtity, are generally more
" daringly wicked, and devoid of principle,
" than the Italian women who take the
" ſame liberties."

" Would you then," ſaid I, " have wo-
" men of that kind more reſpected in
" Great Britain, in hopes that it might,
" in time, make them more reſpectable ?"

" I expreſs

"I expreſs no deſire on the ſubject," replied he. "I was only going to remark, "that, in avoiding one inconveniency, "mankind often fall into another; and that "we are too apt to cenſure and ridicule cuſ- "toms and opinions different from thoſe "which prevail in our own country, with- "out having ſufficiently conſidered all their "immediate and remote effects. I did not "intend to decide, whether the indulgence "with which women of a certain claſs are "viewed in Italy, or the ignominy with "which they are treated in Great Britain, "has, upon the whole, the beſt effect in "ſociety. But I have obſerved, that the "public courtezans in England often be- "come quite abandoned, and forget all ſenſe "of gratitude or affection, even to their pa- "rents. But in Italy, women who never "put any value on the virtue of chaſtity, "thoſe who ſell their favours for money, "diſplay a goodneſs of character in other "reſpects, and continue their duty and at- "tachment to their parents as long as they "live.

" live. Foreigners who form a connection " with a girl in this country, find them- " ſelves very often obliged to maintain the " father, mother, and whole family to " which ſhe belongs. The lover generally " conſiders this as a very troubleſome cir- " cumſtance, and endeavours to inſpire his " Italian miſtreſs with that total neglect of " her family which prevails among women " of her ſtamp in other countries; but he " very ſeldom ſucceeds. An Italian woman " is unwilling to quit her native city and " her family, even for a man ſhe loves; " and ſeldom does, till he makes ſome pro- " viſion for her neareſt relations."

" You ſeem to have a very great affec- " tion for the Italian ladies; and, as far as " I can perceive," ſaid I, " your paſſion is " univerſal to the whole claſs in queſtion; " but you have ſaid nothing to the eſſential " article of religion. It is to be hoped, " they do not allow the duties of their pro- " feſſion to make them neglect their ſouls."

" I ſee," replied the painter, " you are " diſpoſed to laugh at all I have ſaid in " their favour; but in anſwer to your " queſtion, I will fairly own, that their re- " ligious, or, if you pleaſe, we ſhall rather " call them their ſuperſtitious, ſentiments, " ſeem to be no way influenced by their " profeſſion; nor are the duties of their " profeſſion in any degree affected by theſe " ſentiments. They attend maſs, and the " ceremonies of devotion, with as much " punctuality as if their lives were regular " in all other reſpects; and they paſs their " lives, in other reſpects, as if they had " never heard of any religious ſyſtem but " that of Epicurus. In ſome countries of " Europe, women of their ſtamp often de- " ſpiſe every appearance of decency, aſſume " the diſguſting depravity of male debau- " chees, with all the airs of affected in- " fidelity, and real profligacy; but *here* " they always remember they are women; " and, after they have loſt the moſt valued " and brighteſt ornament of their ſex,

" ſtill endeavour to retain ſome of the " others."

" After all you have ſaid in their fa- " vour," ſaid I, " their condition is cer- " tainly not to be envied. If, therefore, " you have any regard for your *young* " *Venus*, you will do well to leave her under " the care of her mother, and never en- " deavour to introduce her into the com- " munity whoſe eulogium you have been " making."

When I returned from the houſe of this artiſt, I found Mr. —— waiting for me at our lodgings. He has of late paid his court very aſſiduouſly to a lady of high rank in this place: ſhe is diſtinguiſhed, even here, for a punctilious obſervance of all the ceremonies appointed by the church, and could not eat meat on a meagre-day, or deviate from the canonical regulations in any point of equal importance, without remorſe; but in matters of gallantry, ſhe has the reputation of being infinitely more liberal, both

in her ſentiments and practice. She has been for ſome time provided with a very able and reſpectable lover, of her own country. This did not make her blind to the good qualities of Mr. ——, with whom ſhe formed a very intimate connection, ſoon after his arrival here; not that ſhe prefers him to her other lover, but merely from a ſtrong ſenſe of the truth and beauty of his arithmetical axiom—one and one make two. The new arrangement with our countryman, however pleaſing to the lady, gave offence to her Father Confeſſor. The ſcrupulous eccleſiaſtic was of opinion, that a connection of this nature with a heretic was more criminal than with a man of her own communion. Mr. —— was juſt come from the lady to our lodgings; he had found her in worſe humour than he had ever obſerved before, though her temper is not the mildeſt in the world. Mr. —— entered as the Confeſſor went out; ſhe ſhut the door after him with a violence which ſhook the whole houſe, muttering, as ſhe returned

returned to her ſeat, *Che ti poſſino Caſcar le braccia Vecchio Dondolone.* Mr. —— expreſſed his concern on ſeeing her ſo much agitated. " No wonder," ſaid ſhe, " that " ſtubborn Animalaccio who is juſt gone " out, has had the inſolence to refuſe " me abſolution. As I expected you this " morning, I ſent for him betimes, that " the matter might have been expedited " before you ſhould come; but here I have " been above an hour endeavouring to per- " ſuade him, but all to no purpoſe; nothing " I could ſay was able to mollify the ob- " ſtinate old greaſy raſcal." Mr. —— joined in abuſing the Confeſſor's perverſeneſs, hinting, at the ſame time, that ſhe ought to deſpiſe it as a matter of little importance; that ſhe was ſure of receiving abſolution ſooner or later; and, whenever it happened, all the tranſactions of the interval would be comprehended within that act of grace. Upon the ſtrength of this reaſoning, Mr. —— was proceeding to fulfil the purpoſe of his viſit with as much

alacrity as if the moſt complete diſcharge had been granted for all proceedings—"*Pian Piano Idol mio*," cried the lady, "*biſogna rimetterſi alla voluntà di Dio.*" She then told her lover, that although ſhe deſpiſed the Confeſſor as much as he could do, yet ſhe muſt take care of her own ſoul; that not having ſettled her accounts with heaven for a conſiderable time, ſhe was determined not to begin a new ſcore till the old ſhould be cleared; adding, for her principal reaſon, *Patto chiaro, amico caro.*

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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